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The arms on the cover of this volume are those of Rufus W. Griswold, of New York, who owned this volume in London, and on receiving it at New York, discovering that he had a better copy, presented it to Mr. P. T. Barnum. See his letter to me.

J. H. O.

Aft. 74.

Transcription
J. 6

Sir Thomas Northmore

c. 1 p.

i

The
Dr Heath's copy of this ed. B in mor. by Roger Payne was bo^t
by L^d Hopetoun for 6.8.6

The Roxburghe copy of D^o J. 6. 1. was bo^t by D. Laing for
Sir Mark Sykes's for 8.18.6

In Longman's Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica 1815. a copy of
this ed. B in russia is marked 9.9.0

n

This Book was first printed by Caxton in 1483, not 1493 as the Title page of that Edn imports. It is the only work of Gower's in print. Chaucer & Gower used to submit their works to each other's correction. It is probable Gower survived Chaucer a few years. Biog. Brit. Article "Caxton."

ed. 1532
a copy of this ed. was in the Harleian Collection
[illegible] is in the British Museum
It was sold in Bridgen- or Wastl- or ashem-
Parsons copy sold for 10. 6

Jo. Gower de confessione Amantis.

Imprinted at London in Flete-strete by Thomas Berthelette the. XII. date of Marche. AN. M.D.LIIII.

CVM PRIVILEGIO.

H: Wayland

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153.3.6
May 1873.

EPIGRAMMA AVTORIS IN SVVM LIBRVM.

Torpor, hebes ſenſus, ſchola parua, labor minimusq;
Cauſant, quo minus ipſe minora canam.
Qua tum Engiſti lingua canit inſula Bruti,
Anglica Carmente metra iuuante loquar,
Oſſibus ergo carens, quæ conterit oſſa loquelis,
Abſit, & interpres ſtet procul, oro, malus.

¶ To the moste victorious, and our moste gracious soueraigne lorde kynge Henry the viii. kynge of Englande and of Fraunce, Defender of the feyth, and lorde of Irelande. &c.



Plutarke writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kynge of Perse, amonge other iewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littell cheste of great value, which the noble kyng Alexander beholding saide: This same shall serue for Homere. Whiche is noted for the greate loue and fauour, that Alexander had vnto lernyng: But this I thynke verily, that his loue and fauour therto, was not so great as your graces: whiche caused me, moste victorious, and moste redoubted soueraigne lorde, after I had printed this warke, to deuise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely maiestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernynge the value) was farre to simple (as me thought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some peyne to printe it more correctly than it was before. And though I shulde saie, it was not muche greatter peyne to that excellent clerke the morall Iohan Gower, to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleue it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembred your incomparable Clemencie, the whithe, as I haue my selfe sometyme sene, moste graciously accepteth the slender giftes of small value, which your highnes perceiued were offred with great and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nobils and great estates, but also of your meane subiectes: the whiche so muche boldeth me againe, that though I of all other am your moste humble subiecte and seruaunte, yet my herte geueth me, that your highnesse, as ye are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it were as well in my powre giue vnto your grace the most goodliest & largest cite of al the worlde. And this more ouer I very well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royalme, shall the sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and be the more diligent to marke and beare awey the morall doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come forthe vnder your graces name, whom thei with all their very hertes so truely loue and drede, whom they knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they euer fynde so good, so iuste, and so gracious a prince. And who so euer in redynge of this warke, doth consider it well, shall fynde, that it is plentifully stuffed and furnished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of great auctoritee, perswadynge vnto vertue, not onely taken out of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philosophers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to my dome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the vnderstandynge of many and diuers auctours, whose reasons, sayenges, and histories are translated in to this warke, as for the pleintie of englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later dates, the which began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our englisch tonge, were constreigned to bringe in, in their writynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borowed out of latine, frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that vnderstode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fette, coude not perceiue their writynges. And though our most alowed olde autors did otherwhile vse to borowe of other langages, either because

of their metre, or elles for lacke of a feete englishe worde, yet that ought not to be a president to vs, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we haue all redie wordes approued and receiued, of the same effecte and strength. The whiche if any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Iohn Gower, that shal as a lanterne giue him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnisshe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The which noble auctour, I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present, and beseche your highnes, that it male go forth vnder your graces fauour. And I shall euer praie: God that is almightie preserue your roiall maieste in moste longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite. Amen.

¶ To the reder.

IN time past whan this warke was printed, I can not coniecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the bokes that be written, be contrarie, yet I haue folowed therin the print copie, for as muche as it male serue bothe wales, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder, that the writen copies do not agree with the printed. Therfore I haue printed here those same lines, that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteracion ye shall perceiue began at the .xxiii. line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye shere folowyng.

¶ In our englisshe I thinke make
A boke for kynge Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my ligeance
With all my hertes obeisance,
In all that euer a liege man
Vnto his kynge male done or can,
So farforth I me recommande
To hym, whiche all me male commande,
Preiende vnto the high reigne,
Whiche causeth euery kynge to reigne,
That his corone longe stonde.
¶ I thynke and haue it vnderstonde,
As it befill vpon a tide,
As thynge, whiche shulde tho betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste ioye,
In Themse, whan it was flowende,
As I by bote came rowende:
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lorde perchance I mette.
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,
He bad me come into his barge.
And whan I was with hym at large,
Amonges other thynges seyde,
He hath this charge vpon me leyde,
And bad me do my busnesse,
That to his high worthinesse
Some newe thynge I shulde loke,
That he hym selfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writynge
And this vpon his commandynge
Myn herte is well the more glad
To write so as he me bad.
And eke my feare is well the lasse,
That none enuie shall compasse,
Without a reasonable wite
To feige and blame that I write.
A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,
That it malice none distilleth
But preiseth, that is to be preised:
But he that hath his worde vnpeised
And handleth with ronge any thynge,
I praie vnto the heuen kynge,
Fro suche tonges he me shilde.
And netheles this worlde is wilde.
Of suche langlyng and what befall,
My kynges heste shall not falle,
That I in hope to deserue
His thonke, ne shall his will obserue
And els were I nought excused.
For that thynge male nought be refused,
What that a kynge hym selfe bit.
For thy the simpleist of my wit
I thynke if that it male auaile,
In his seruice to trauaile
Though I sickenes haue vpon honde,
And longe haue had, yet woll I fonde,
So as I made my behestе,
To make a boke after his heste,
And write in suche a maner wise,
Whiche male be wisedome to the wise,
And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
But in prouerbe I haue herde saie,
That who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.
And thus the prologue of my boke,

After

After the worlde, that whilom toke,
And eke somdele after the newe,
I woll begyn for to newe.

¶And thus I saie for these .lxx. lynes, there be as many other printed, that be cleane contrarie vnto these, both in sentence and in meanyng. Farthermore there were lefte out in diuers places of the warke lines and columes, ye and sometyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceiued: for that and chaungeyng of wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde haue mased his mynde in redyng, that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greatter blemisshe vnto a noble auctour? And for to preise worthily vnto you the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe right muche vnable, ye shal your selfe now deme, whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in his owne shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme I maie be bolde to saie, that if we shulde neuer haue sene his conyng warkes, the whiche euen at the full do witnesse, what a clerke he was, the wordes of the moste famous and excellente Gefraie Chaucer, that he wrote in the ende of his moste speciall warke, that is intitled Troilus and Creseide, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Govver, this boke I directe
To the, and to the philosophicall Strode
To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
Of your benignitees and zeles good.

¶By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also vnderstonde, that he and Govver were bothe of one selfe tyme, bothe excellently lerned, both great frendes to gether, and both a like endeuoured them selfes and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so doynge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure and continue, this noble roialme shall be the better, ouer and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus whan thei had gone their iourney, the one of them, that is to saie, Iohñ Govver prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of saynt Marie Oueres, where somwhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies flouriſshed freſshely in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the North side of the fore saide churche, in the chapell of sainte Iohñ, where he hath of his owne foundacion, a masse daily songe. And more ouer he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same churche, on fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope saynte Gregorie.

Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this diuise in hir honde.

En toy qui es filz de dieu le pere
Sauue soit, que gist sous ceſt piere.

¶The seconde is written Mercie, whiche holdeth in hir hande this diuise:

O bone Jesu fait la mercie
Al alme, dont le corps gist icy.

¶The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this deuise following.

Pur la pité Jesu regarde,
Et met ceſt alme in sauue garde.

¶And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appereth, that who so euer praith for the soule of Iohñ Govver, he shall so oft as he so doth, haue a .M. and .D. dates of pardon. The other lieth buried in the monasterie of seynt Peters at westminster in an ile on the south side of the churche. On whose soules, and all christen, Iesu haue merie. Amen.

The table.

The contentes of the prologue.

¶How Iohñ Govver in the .xvi. yere of kyng Richarde the seconde began this boke. fol. i.
¶Of the state of roialmes temporally the same yere. fo. eodem.
¶Of the estate of the clergie the time of Robert Bilbonense, nampnge hym selfe Clement than Antipope. fo. ii.
¶Of the state of the comon people. fo. iii.
¶Howe some blame fortune, some the influence of planettes for thynges that chance. fo. eodem.
¶Of the image, that Nabugodonosor saw in his slepe. fo. iiii.
¶The interpretacion of the same dreme, fo. eodem.

¶ The apostles wordes concerning the ende of the worlde. fo. vi.
¶ The mutabilitee of thinges. fo.eo.
¶ Howe man by the matter of his complexion is diuided, and of the diuision of the bodie & soule: and how Adam diuided from the state of innocence was detected out of Paradise. fo.eodem.
¶ Howe the people through the worlde excepte Noe and his, for diuision were drowned. fo.eodem.
¶ The diuision of languages, and a token of the worldes ende. fo.vii.
¶ Of the harper Arion. fo.eodem.

Thus endeth the contentes of the prologue.

✠ The contentes of the firste boke.

¶ First the auctour nameth this warke Cõfessio Amantis wherin is described not onely the loue humayne, but also of all other liuynge bestes naturall. fo.vii.
¶ Howe Cupide smote Iohñ Govver with a firie darte, and wounded hym, that Venus commised hym to Genius hir preeste to here his confession. fo.xiii.
¶ Howe the louer knelynge, praith Genius to appose hym in his confession. fol.eodem.
¶ The wordes of Genius the preeste. fo.ir.
¶ Howe the louer doth make his confession principally of two of his fiue wittes. fo.eod.
¶ Howe Acteon was turned into an harte. fo. eodem.
¶ Of Phorcus and his three doughters, and howe Perseus slewe them. fo.eodem.
¶ Howe the serpent, bearinge the Carbuncle, stoppeth his eares, whan he is enchanted. fo.x.
¶ How Vlysses escaped fro the mermaidens by stoppyng of his eares. fo.eodem.
¶ Of the seuen deadlie synnes, and firste of pride. fo.xi.
¶ Howe some innocent women are discey-ued fraudulently throughe hypocrisie. fo.eo.
¶ Howe a knight of Rome named Mundus, which by his feigned hypocrisie, and meane of two false preestes, defouled one Pauline the moste chaste wife of Rome. fo.xii.
¶ Howe by the coulour of sacrifice and feigned hypocrisie, Troie was destroied. fo.xiii.
¶ Of the seconde spice of pride. fo.xiiii.
¶ Of two vices longynge to inobedience, murmour and complaynt. fo.xv.
¶ Howe the noble knight Florence, by his obedience restored the kynges doughter of Cicile to hir right shape. fo.eodē.
¶ Of the thirde spice of pryde. fo.xviii.
¶ Of the presumpcion. folio.eodem.
¶ Howe the knight Campaneus for his surquedrie was brente at the siege of Thebes. folio. eodem.
¶ How the kinge of Hungrie humbled him to poore men. fo.xix.
¶ Howe Narcissus ennamored on his owne beautie spilte him selfe. fo.xx
¶ Of the fourth spice of pryde. fo.xxi.
How kinge Albine through his foliche auãtance was slaine of his owne wife fo.eodē.
¶ Of the fifte spice of pride. fo.xxiii.
How Nabugodonosor for his pride, was of god chastised, and transformed in to a beaste eatynge hey. fo.eodē.
¶ Howe a prudent kinge demanded. 3 questions of one of his knightes vpon his head, which were assoiled by the knightes doughter, whom the kynge maried. fo.xxv.

The contentes of the seconde boke.

¶ Of the sinne of Enuie, and of his spices. fo.xxvii.
¶ Howe Poliphemus for enuie slewe Acis, and how he wolde haue rauished Galathee. fo.eodem.
¶ Of the seconde spice of enuie. fo.xxviii.
¶ Of the Couetous & Enuious man. fo.xxix.
¶ Of the thirde spice of enuie. fo.eodem.
¶ How Constance themperours doughter of Rome was sente to the souden of Surrei, and of hir marualous aduentures there. fo.xxxi.
¶ Howe Constance arriued in Englonde, and howe she conuerted Hermegilde to the feith. fo.eodem.
¶ Howe a ponge man was amarous on Constans, and of the mischifes dede that he therfore did. fo.eodem.
¶ Howe kinge Allee was conuerted to the feyth and wedded Constance. fo.xxxii.
¶ How Constance was deliuered of a faire son, whom thei named Maurice, and of the great treason of the kinges mother. fo.eodē.
¶ Howe Constance was ageyne put on the sea, and two yere after arriued in Spayne amonge saraūs, and howe at laste hir shippe was driuen amonge the Romaine flitte. folio.xxxiii.
¶ Howe kinge Allee toke wreche on his mother for hir treason. fo.xxxiiii.
¶ Howe kinge Allee wente to Rome on pilgremage, where he founde his wife and his childe. fo.eodem.
¶ Howe Constance aknowlaged hir to hir fader themperour. fo.xxxv.
¶ How Maurice was constituted heire of the

the empire, and kynge Alle retorned in to Englonde, where within .ii. yere after he deied. fo.xxvi.
¶Of the enuie and detraction betwene Perſius and Demetrius the two ſonnes of kynge Philip of macedon, and howe that one cauſed that other to be ſlayne. fo.eodem.
¶Of the fourth ſpice of Enuy. fo.xxviii.
¶How Neſſus deſceiued Hercules and Deianire at a riuer, and of the ſherte that was the deth of Hercules. fo.xl.
¶Of the fifte ſpice of enuie. fo.eodem.
¶How Agamemnon ſupplanted Achilles, and Diomedes Troilus. fo.xli.
¶Of Geta and Amphitrion. fo.eodem.
¶How an emperours ſonne of Rome was ſupplanted by his felowe, of the ſoudans daughter. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Pope Boniface fradulently ſupplanted Celeſtine his predeceſſour, & howe afterwarde he was taken by the frenche kynge and put in priſon, where he endured great hunger and thirſte, and at laſte died moſt wretchedly. fo.xliii.
¶The prophecie of Iochim the abbotte. fo.xliiii.
¶Howe Ioab ſlewe Abner, and how Achitofell, henge hym ſelfe. fo.eodem.
¶The deſcripcion of enuie. fo.eodem.
¶Howe the vertue of charitee is againſt ennie, and howe Conſtantine themperour was healed of his lepre. fo.xlv.

The contentes of the thirde boke.

¶Of the fynne of yre, and of his fyue ſpices, of whiche the fyrſte is called Melancolie. fo.xlvii.
¶Howe Machareus the ſonne of Eolus the kynge, gotte his ſiſter Canace with chylde. fo.xlviii.
¶How Tyreſias was transformed into the ſhap of a woman. fo.xlix.
¶Of the ſeconde ſpice of yre, named cheſte or ſtrife, and what harme cometh therof. fo.eodem.
¶Of the noble vertue Pacience, with an example of Socrates and his wife. fo.l.
¶Howe Tyreſias was ordeined iudge betwene Iupiter and Juno. fo.li.
¶Howe the crowe that was white became blacke. fo.eodem.
Why Iupiter cut of the tonge of Lara. fo.eo.
¶Of hate the thirde ſpice of yre. fo.lii.
¶How Nauplus reuenged him on the grekes, for that his ſonne Palamides was ſlaine traiterouſly at the ſiege of Troie. fo.eodem.
¶Of contecke and homicide, whiche be the fourthe and fifte ſpices of wrath. fo.liii.
¶The anſwere of Diogenes to Alexander, folio.liiii.
¶The hiſtorie of Pyrramus and Thisbe, and howe eche ſlewe them ſelfe for loue. fo.eo.
¶Of the vengeance, that Athamas and Demophon purpoſed to do in theyr countrey, after they returned from Troie: and howe by the wyſedome of the prudent Nestor, they were pacified. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Clitemneſtra by the counſayle of Egiſthus, ſlew her huſbonde kynge Agamemnon, and how his ſonne Horeſtes toke vengeance therof. fo.eodem.
¶Of the mouers of warre, whiche not onely do cauſe homicede, but alſo deſolacion of all the worlde. fo.lix.
¶Howe the grekes made warre in to euery countrey, that was riche and fertyle, but becauſe Archadie was barayne and poore, it abode ſtill in peace. fo.lx.
¶Of the anſwere that the ſea rouer made, whan he was taken and brought before kynge Alexander. fo.eodem.
¶An example of kynge Alexander, and of his vnlefull warres, whiche not withſtandyng he conquered all the worlde, he was by dethe ſubdued. fo.lxi.
¶Howe light forgiuenes cauſeth offence. fo.eodem.
¶Of the nature of a byrde, the which hath a viſage like to a man. fo.eodem.
¶An example of pitee, howe beneficiall it is to mankynde. fo.lxii.

¶The contentes of the fourth boke.

¶Of the ſinne of ſlouth, and of his ſpices, fo.lxiii.
¶Howe Aeneas lefte Dido at Carthage, and howe ſhe ſlewe hir ſelfe. fo.eodem.
¶The epiſtoll that Penelope wrote to Vlyſſes in blampynge him for his latches and longe tarienge at Troie. fo.eodem.
¶How the ingenious warke that Brokeſt was aboute .vii. yere, was through laches of a moment all loſte. fo.lxiiii.
¶Of the latches of the fiue foliſhe virgins. fo.eodem.
¶Of a ſpice of Slouth called Puſillanimitee. fo.eodem.
¶Of Pigmalion and his ymage that he made in iuorie. fo.lxv.
¶Howe the kynge Lygdus doughter was transformed in to a man. fo.eodem.
¶Of the vice Forgetfulnes. fo.lxvi.
¶Of Demophon and Phillis, and howe Phillis henge hir ſelfe for loue. fo.lxvii.

Of

¶Of the vice of Negligence .fo.lxviii.
¶Howe Phaeton lad his fathers carte, and howe through negligence he set all the worlde a fyre. fo. eodem.
¶How Dedalus and Icharus his sonne flew in the ayre. fo.eodem.
¶Of the spice of Slouthe called idelnesse fo. lxix.
¶Howe the kynge of Armenis daughter mette on a tyme a companie of the fairy, after whom rode a ladie alone, that caried all their horse halters. fo.lxx.
¶Howe Iepte auowed to sacrifice to god the first that cam to welcom him home, and that was his owne daughter, that delyred to bewayle hir virginitee. fo. lxxi.
¶Howe for the cause of loue valiant exercise of chiualrie shulde not be lefte. fo.lxxii.
¶Howe Achilles for the loue of Polixene lefte to do armes at Troie. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Vlysses was taken by the grekes for to go to Troie, and what wrenches he sought to tary at home with his wife. f.lxxiii.
¶Howe Protheselaus settynge his wiues counseile aparte, had leuer die honorably at Troie, than abide at home in idelnesse. fo. eodem.
¶How kynge Saul, not withstandyng that Samuel and the Phitones tolde him he shuld be slayne, preferred chiualrie, and wente to bataile. fo.eodem.
¶How Chiro a centaure encouraged Achilles in youth to be hardie. fo.lxxiii.
¶Howe Hercules for loue of Deianire conquered Achilous. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Penthesilea the quene of Amazons, came to Troie for Hectors sake, and there did dedes of armes. fo. eodem.
¶Howe for the fame of chiualrie Philimenis came to Troie, and gat to haue thre maidens sente him perely from the roialme of Amazons. fo.lxxv.
¶Howe Aeneas by his conquelle gotte the loue of Lauine, and the realme of Italie. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Gentilnesse is ofte preferred, and what gentilnes is. fo.lxxvi.
¶Of the diligence of our predecessours, and their doctrine. fo. eodem.
¶Of the thre stones that the philosophres made, that is to saie, Vegeta, Animall, and minerall. fo. lxxvii.
¶Of Sompnolence, which is chamberlaine to Slouth. fo. lxxviii.
¶Of kynge Ceix and Alceon his wife, which lepte in to the sea and dreinte hir selfe for hir husbondes sake. fo. lxxix.
¶Howe Cephalus by watchynge gate Aurora his loue. fo. lxxx.
¶Howe Io was transformed into a Cowe, and put to the kepinge of Argus by Iuno, & howe Mercurius slewe him. fo.lxxxi.
¶Of the laste spice of Slouthe, called Tristresse, which causeth wanhope. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Iphis the sonne of Theucer loued a mayde, and howe whan he coude not gette hir loue, he henge him selfe at hir fathers gate, and howe the goddes therfore turned the mayde in to an harde stone. fo.lxxxii.

The contentes of the fifte boke.

¶Of Couetise and Auarice, whiche is the roote of al euels, and of his spices. fo.lxxxiii.
¶Howe Meda the kinge of Frige vndiscretly desyred, that euery thynge, the whiche he touched, might be torned in to golde. fo.lxxxiiii.
¶Of the vice of Ielosie. fo.lxxxvi.
¶How Vulcanus toke Venus his wife a bed with Mars, whom to see, he called all the goddes, and thei for his labour laughed him to scorne. fo. lxxxvii.
¶Of the false sectes of goddes, and howe they firste began by the paynyms. fo.eodem.
¶The pistoll sente by the kynge of Bragmans to kynge Alexander. fo.xci.
The firste culture or worshipping of Idols. fo. eodem.
¶The seconde that fonde out ymages. f.xcii.
¶The thyrde Image. fo.eodem.
¶Of the Iewes Synagoge the which failed whan the churche of Christe beganne. fo.eodem.
¶Of the Christen feyth. fo.xciii.
¶Howe Thoas the high preste of the Temple of Minerue, was corrupted with golde and howe he turned his face aside wittingly, while Anthenor toke awey the Palladium. fo.eodem.
¶A notable saiynge of sainte Gregorie touchinge the increace of the Christen feythe fol.xciiii.
¶Of the spice of auarice, called Couetise. fo. eodem.
¶A great and notable example of the couetous emperour of Rome called Crassus. fo.eodem.
¶Of them that serue princes and grutche at their rewarde. fo.xcvi.
¶Howe themperour Frederike herde two poure men striue, of whiche the one sayd, that he maie wel be riche, whom the kinge woll, and the other sayde, he who that god woll, shall be riche, and howe themperour made a profe therof. fo.eodem

¶Of

¶Of the kynges stewarde that shamfully solde his wife for couetousnesse of money fo. xcviii.
¶Of the spices of Auarice called false witnesand periurie. fo.xcix.
¶Howe Thetis clothed Achilles hir sonne in a maydes clothinge, and sente him to kinge Lichomede, where he laie with his doughter, and got hir with childe, and how at laste he was perceiued. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Iason wonne the flees of golde, and after falsly forsoke Medea for loue of Creusa. fo.ci.
¶How Medea by hir artemagik made olde Eson, Iasons father, yonge againe. fo.cb.
¶Howe the golden flees came firste in to the yle of Colchos. fo.cbi.
¶Of the spice of auarice, whiche is called vsurie. fo. cbii.
¶Howe Iuno auenged hir vpon Eccho for hir baudrie. fo.cbiii.
¶Of the spice of auarice, that is called Scarsnesse. fo.cix.
¶Howe the Romaine nigarde, called Cabione, was deceiued of his fayre loue Viola, by the liberalitee and gentilnesse of Croceus. fo.eodem.
¶Of that monstrous spice of auarice, called Ingratitude or vnkyndnes. fo.cx.
¶Howe vnkindly Adrian the Senatour of Rome quite the kyndenesse of the poure man called Bardus, which saued his life. fo.eodem.
¶Howe vnkyndly and falsly duke Theseus quite the great kyndernes of the yonge ladie Ariadne. fo.cxii.
¶Of the spice of auarice, called Rauine, the whose mother is called Ertorciō. fo.cxiii.
¶How Thereus rauished Philomene, and howe hir sister Prognes and she did reuenge it. fo.eodem.
¶Of ỳ spice of auarice, called thefte. f.cxvi.
¶Howe Neptune wolde haue rauished the fayre virgin Coenir, and howe she was preserued from him by pallas. fo.cxvii.
¶Howe Iupiter transformed him selfe into the lykenesse of a mayden, and so rauished Calisto. fo.eodem.
¶What the faire yonge man Phirinus did, to thende to kepe his chastitee. fo.eodem.
¶A commendacion of virginitee. fo. cxviii.
¶Howe the emperour Valentinian reioysed more, that he had subdued his flesshe, and kepte him selfe a virgine, thā of all his other victories. fo. eodem.
¶Of the spice of Couetousnesse, called secrete thefte. fo. cxix.
¶Howe Phebus defouled the mayde Leucothea, and howe hir father therfore buried hir quicke. folio.cxx.
¶Howe Hercules changed rayment with his loue Iole, and howe therby Faunus was beceyued and came to bedde to Hercules folio.cxxii.
¶Of the spice of Couetise, called Sacrilege fo.eodem.
¶Of three great Capitaynes, that committed sacrilege. fo.eodem.
¶Of the writynge that the hand wrote on the walle in the tyme of Balthasar the kinge fol. cxxiii.
¶Of a clerke in Rome that was called Lucius, the whiche committed sacrilege vnder a visared conscience. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Paris kinge Priamus sonne, sacrilegely rauished in the temple of Venus faire Helayne kinge Menelaies wife, and howe he ledde hir awaie with him. fo.cxxiiii.
¶Of the vertue, the whiche is called Largesse, that stondeth betwene Liberalitee and Prodigalitee. fo.cxxvi.

The contentes of the sixte boke.

¶Of the sinne of Glotonie, and of two spices that longe therto, Dronkeship and Delicacie fo.cxxvii.
Of Iupiters two tonnes. fo.cxxx.
¶Howe Bacchus, beinge destitute of drink for him and his holke, prayde vnto Iupiter, and howe he was satisfied to his mynde folio.eodem.
¶Howe Tristram was of loue dronke on Bellisoulde. fo.eodem.
¶Howe the dronken Centaures rauished the fayre Ipotacia the same daie that Perithous wedded hir. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Galba and Vitellus, two gentilmen of Spayne, for theire riote were iudged to deth, and howe they chees to die beinge drōken. fo.eodem.
¶Of that spice of glotonie, called Delicacie fo.eodem.
¶The euangelical exemple of Dives and Lazar agaynste the delicate. fo.cxxxi.
¶The delicate sight in loue. fo.cxxxii.
¶The delite of the eare in loue. fo.cxxxiii.
¶The delicate thought in loue. fo.eodem.
¶The delicacie of Nero. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Delicacie and dronkenes prouoke carnall concupisence. fo.cxxxiiii.
¶The names of bokes and authors, that wrote as welle of naturall as cursed magike. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Vlysses returnynge home from the siege of Troye, arriued in the yle of Cilli,

Cilli, where dwelt the greate witche Circes, on whom he begate a sonne that after slewe him. fo.cxxxb.
¶Howe Nectanabus by his arte magike decepued Olimpias kynge Philippe of Macedones wife, whyle he was absente, and on hir gote Alexander the greate Conqueroure, and howe he was after warde of his owne sonne the same Alexander slayne fo.cxxxbii.
¶Howe Zoroastes the fyrste fynder of art magike, laughed at his birth, and howe the kinge of Surrie slewe him. fo.cxl.

¶The contentes of the. bii. boke.

¶Of the doctrine of Aristotle, whiche he taught Alexander, and howe philosophie is deuided into three partes. fo.eod.
¶Of Theorike the fyrste parte of philosophie, the which is departed vpon three, that is to saie Theologie, Phisike, and Mathematike, fyrste of Theologie. fo.eodem
¶Of Essentia, whiche is three maner wyse fol.eodem.
¶Of the seconde parte of Theorike called phisike. fo.eodem
¶Of the thirde parte of Theorike called Mathematike, which conteineth in it 4 sciẽces, the first of them is Arithmetike.fo.eodẽ.
¶Of Musike the seconde parte of Mathematike. fol.eodem.
The thirde spice of Mathematike, whiche is called Geometrie. fo.eodem.
¶The creation of the. 4. elementes, and of their propertees. fo.cxlii.
¶Of the erthe the firste element. fo.eo.
¶Of the water the seconde element. fo.eod.
¶Of the aire the third element. fo. eodem.
¶Howe the ayre is deuided into three periferies. fo.eodem.
¶Of the first periferie of thaire. fo.eodem.
¶Of the second periferie of thaire. fo eodẽ.
¶Of the thirde periferie of thair.fo. eodem.
¶Of the sleinge fyres in the ayre by night, and of their names. fo. eodem.
¶Of the fyre the forth element. fo.cxliii.
¶Of the foure complexions in man, and firste of Melancolie. fo.eodem.
¶Of fleumatike complexion. fol.eodem.
¶Of sanguine complexion. fo.eodem.
¶Of Colerike complexion. fo. eodem.
¶Of the foure mansions that the four complexions haue in mans bodie. fo.eodem.
¶Wherfore the stomake serueth.fo.eodem.
¶Howe the erth after Noes flud was deuided in to three partes. fo.cxliiii.
¶Of the sea called Oceanum. fo. eodem.
¶Of the fyfte elemente, whiche as the philosopher saithe, conteyneth within his circuite, all thinges vnder heuen, called Orbis. fo. eodem.
¶Of the fourthe spice of Mathematyke called Astronomie, with whiche as followe, Astrologie is counted, and of the. 7. planettes. fo.eodem.
¶Of the Moone the first planet. fo. cxlv.
¶Of Mercurie the seconde planete.fo.eodẽ.
¶Of Venus the thyrde planet. fo. eodem.
¶Of the Sonne, whiche reynninge in the middes of the planettes, is the chefe of all the sterres. fo.eodem.
¶Of the Sonnes chare, and the diuers apparayle therof. fo.eodem.
¶Of the fifte planete called Mars. fo.cxlvi.
¶Of the sixte planete, called Jupiter.fo.eo.
¶Of the seuenth planette called Saturne, whiche is higher than the other. fo.eodem.
¶Of the .12. signes. fo.eodem.
¶Of the first signe called Aries. fo. eodem.
¶Of Taurus the .2. signe. fo.eodem.
¶Of Gemini the thirde signe. fo.eodem.
¶Of Cancer the fourth signe. fo.eodem.
¶Of the fifte signe called Leo. fo.eodem.
¶Of the sixte signe called Virgo. fo.eodem.
¶Of the the. 7. signe called Libra. fo.eodẽ.
¶Of the. 8. signe called Scorpio. fo.eodem.
¶Of the. 9. signe called Sagittary. fo.eodẽ.
¶Of the. 10. signe called Capricorn. fo.eo.
¶Of the 11. signe called Aquari. fo.eodem.
¶Of the. 12. signe called Pisces. fo.cxlviii.
¶Of the doctrine that Nectanabus taught Alexander, and of .15. principall sterres with their stones and herbes. fo. eodem.
¶The names of the auctors, that compiled bokes of Astronomie. fo.cxlix.
¶Of the seconde parte of philosophie called Rhetoric, & of the two spices therof, Grammer and Logic. fo.eodem.
¶The eloquence of Iulius Cæsar in Catilins cause. fo.cl.
¶Of the thirde parte of philosophie called practike, and of the three spices therof, Ethic, Economic, and policie. fo.eodem.
¶Fyue speciall rules of policy belongyng to a prince. fo.cli.
¶The question of Darius, whether was stronger, a kinge, wine, or a woman.fo.eo.
¶An example of loues force, betwene Cirus kinge of Perse, and Apemen his concubine. fo. clii.
¶The great trouth and fidelitee of the noble Alceste, wife to kinge Admete.fo.eodem.
¶The seconde policie belongynge to a kinges maiestie, whiche Aristotle calleth Largesse. fo.eodem.

¶Howe

¶Howe a kynge ſhulde flee the vice of prodigalitee fo. eodem.
¶A notable example of Iulius Cæſar. f. cliii.
¶An example of kynge Antigonus, howe a prince ſhulde vſe diſcrete moderacion in geſtes. fo. eodem.
¶Howe the ſtate of a king ought to be ſupported of his trewe lieges. fo. eodem.
¶How after Ariſtotle, the prodigalitee of a prince cauſeth commune pouertee fo. eodē.
¶Howe flaterers in princes courtes do hurte three maner wiſe. fo. eodem.
¶How Ariſtippus reproued Diogenes, becauſe he wolde not dwel in courte, & howe Diogenes anſwerde him agayne. fo. cliii.
¶Howe Dante the poete aunſwerde a flaterer. fo. eodem.
¶A notable example agaynſt flatterie. f. eo.
¶An other cuſtome againſt flaterie, that the Romayns vſed. folio. clv.
¶Howe ſome that make them ſelfe wiſe, are founde fooles in thende. fo. eodem.
¶Why flatterours ſhulde rather be dryuen out of courte than receiue any rewarde of a prince. fo. eodem.
¶Howe kynge Achas refuſed the trewe prophesie of Michee, to his owne deſtruction. fo. eodem.
¶The thirde policie that moſte ſpecially belongeth vnto a kinge, called Juſtice. fo. clvi.
¶Howe a kynges maieſtee ſhulde be armed. fo. eodem.
¶The great Juſtice of Maximine the emperour. fo. clvii.
¶The noble ſainge of L. Fabricius, that wolde not be corrupted with golde. fo. eodē.
¶Of the great Juſtice of Conradus the emperour. fo. eodem.
¶Of him that ſlewe him ſelfe for the loue of Juſtice. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Cābices the kinge of Perſe cauſed a corrupt Judge to be ſlaine quicke. f. clviii.
¶They that fyrſte inuented and made lawes, and ſpecially of Licurgus, who preferred the cōmune welth before his owne. f. eo.
¶The fourth Policie belōginge to a kinge, whiche is called Pitee. fo. clix.
¶Howe a knight that was iudged to deth by Alexander, appeled from the kinges pye vnto his pitee. fo. eodem.
¶A notable talke of a Jewe that went a fote, and a pagane that rode, through a wildernes. fo. eodem.
¶Of the greate pitee of kynge Codrus, which to ſaue his people cheſe to be ſlaine him ſelfe. fo. clx.
¶Howe Pompeius after he had take the kynge of Armenie, lete hym go quite ſaynge, It is more noble to make a kynge, than to depoſe a kynge. fo. clx.
Leoncius great crueltee to Iuſtinian. fo. clxi.
¶Of the cruell inuencion of the bulle of braſſe, and how Berillus the inuentor was firſt turmented therin. fo. eodem.
¶How the tyrannous Denyſe was deuoured of horſes. fo. eodem.
¶Howe the tyranne Lychaon, was tourned into a wolfe. fo. eodem.
¶The nature of the Lyon. fo. clxii.
¶How the cruel kynge of Perſe, for that he ſlew without pitee thoſe that he conquered, was at laſte cruelly ſlaine him ſelfe. fo. eod.
¶How like as a prince ought not to be cruell, ſo he ſhulde not be ouer feint herted and ferefull. fo. clxiii.
¶Of the ſtoute ſtomaked Achilles, and the feint herted Therſites. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Gedeon, with thre hundred men of warre ouercame fiue kynges, in whoſe hoſte were. lxxx. thouſande men. fo. eodem.
¶Howe a kynge is bounde of right to ſlea the aduerſaries to iuſtice. fo. clxiiii.
¶Howe kynge Dauid at his laſt ende commanded his ſonne Salomon, that he ſhulde ſlea Ioab without any remiſſion. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Salomon deſiryng of god to haue wiſedome to gouerne his people. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Lucius the emperour beinge flatered of his counſeilours, was tolde the trouth of his foole. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Roboas by enclinyng to yonge counſayle, and refuſynge of olde, loſte. x. partes of his kyngdoome. fo. eodem.
¶Whether were beter a wiſe prince with yuell counſaile, or a foliſſhe prince with good counſelle. fo. clxvi.
¶Of Anthonius, whiche by exaumple of Scipio, ſaide, he had leauer ſaue one of his owne people, than ſlea an. C. enemies. fo. eo.
¶Of the fifte policie belongyng to a prince, called chaſtitee. fo. eodem.
¶A prince to reioyce his minde ought ſome tyme to beholde beautifull women. f. clxvii.
¶How Sardanapaulus became all womanliche, wherby he was ſubdued, and loſt his realme. fo. eodem.
¶Howe kynge Dauid, for loue of women lefte not the exerciſe of knighthode. fo. eodem.
¶Howe kynge Cirus coude not ſubdue the Lydes, till by diſceite he cauſed them to fall to lykinges of fleſhly luſtes. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Amoleche by counſayle of Balaam ſent feire women to the hebrewes. fo. clxviii.
¶How Salomon was ouercome with carnall concupiſcence, and howe by thenticement of his concubines, he did worſhip fals goddes.

goddes. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Achias the prophet shewed before vnto Ieroboas the son of Nabat, that after Salomons deth he shulde reigne ouer .x. tribes of Israell. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Arrous the sonne of Tarquine by a false imagination deceiued and subdued the Gabiens. fo. clxix.
¶How and vnder what maner Arrous rauished Lucrece. fo. eodem.
¶How the worthy knight Virginius slough his owne doughter, because she shulde not lese hir virginitee. fo.clxxii.
¶A right notable example, howe delite and lustе in mariage ought to be moderate, by the seuen husbondes of Sara the doughter of Raguelis, whiche were slaine the first night of their mariage by a fende called Asmodius, And how Thobie was preserued by the counseile of the aungell Raphael. fo. eodem.

¶The contentes of the eight boke.

¶Howe some in loues cause do against nature, as in their kinrede and sibrede, both contrarie to the lawes of reason and of the churche. fo.clxxiii.
¶Howe Caius Caligula laie by his owne thre sisters, and afterwarde exiled them. And howe Amon also agepnst kinde rauished his owne sister Thamar, the whiche dede he dere abought afterware. fo. clxxiiii.
¶Howe Loth laie by his owne two doughters and gote on them two sonnes, of the whiche the one was called Moab, and the other Amon. fo. clxxv.
¶A wretched example of kynge Antiochus, whiche defouled his owne doughter, and of the probleme that he put to them; that desyred to haue hir vnto wife. fo.eodem.
¶Howe Appolin of Tyre came to Antioche, and desyred the kynges doughter, and howe he assoiled the kynges probleme. fo. eodem.
¶What the question was, that the kynge Antiochus put to them, that desyred to haue his doughter. fo. clxxvi.
¶How Appolin for feare of the cruell kyng Antiochus, fledde aweie and durste not abide in his owne countrey. fo. clxxvii.
¶How the kynge Antiochus sente a knight priuely to Tyre to slea Appoline with poison. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Appolin arriued in the hauen of Tharse, and was lodged with Strangulio. fo. eodem.
¶Howe one Hilcane a citezen of Tyre came to Tharse, and howe he knewe Appoline, and warned hym of Antiochus deceite, and howe Appolin therfore forsoke Tharse, and sayled to Pentapolin, and howe he did behaue hym selfe there. fo.clxxviii.
¶Howe the kynges doughter of Pentapolin loued Appolin, and forsoke all other for his sake, that offered to marie hir, and howe at laste he maried hir. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Appolinus wife trauailed on the sea, and how she there died, and of the great calamitees that fell to hym afterwarde. fo. clxxix.
¶Howe Appolin deliuered his doughter to nource, and of the wretched chaunces that she had. fo. clxxx.
¶Of the dole and heuines that Appolin made whan he thought his doughter had ben dead, and howe at laste he fonde hir. fo. clxxxiii.
¶Howe Appolin mette with his wife, that he for dead before had caste in to the sea. fo. clxxxiiii.
¶How Appolin toke wreche on Strangulio and Dionyse his wyfe for their falthead. fo. eodem.
¶Howe the louer for a finall conclusion of his confession, desyred counsaile of his confessor. fo. clxxxv.
¶How finally Genius enioyneth the louer these thynges, that be holsome for him. f. eo.
¶The controuersie that fell betwene the confessor and the louer in the ende of his confession. fo. clxxxvi.
¶The fourme of a supplicacion that Genius in the louers behalfe deliuered to Venus. fo. eodem.
¶The answere that Venus made to the supplicacion, after she had receiued it. f. clxxxvii.
¶Howe Venus scorneth them, that in their olde age set their hertes to be louers. fo. eod.
¶Howe the mockyng exhortacion of Venus had almost slayne the louer for sorow. f. eo.
¶The names of the holy louers both ponge and olde, that came to comforte this louer in his deadly peyne. fo. eodem.
¶Howe Cupide, whan he had serched the bowels of the louer, and fonde that he was wethered awey by age, drewe out of hym his firie darte. fo. clxxxix.
¶How the state of man is compared to the monthes of the yere. fo. Cxc.
¶Here in the ende he maketh a recapitulacion on that, that he promised, touchynge loues cause, in the beginnynge of the boke: for he concludeth, that all delectacion of loue out of Charitee, is nothynge. fo. Cxci.

¶Thus endeth the table.

Prologus.

Hic imprimis declarat Joānes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellū composuit, & finaliter complevit, An. regni regis Ric. secundi. 16.

Of them, that writen vs to lore
The bokes dwelle: and we therfore
Ben taught of that was writen tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our time amonge vs here
Do write of newe some mattere
Ensampled of the olde wise
So that it might in suche a wise
Whan we be deade and els where
Beleue to the worldes ere
In tyme comyng after this
And for men seyne, and sothe it is,
That who that all of wisdome write
It dulleth ofte a mans witte.
To hym that shall it all daie rede
For thilke cause if that ye rede
I wyll go the middell wey
And write a boke betwene the twey
Somwhat of lust, and somwhat of lore
That of the lasse, or of the more
Some man maie like of that I write
And for that few men endite
In our englisshe, for to make
A booke for Englandes sake
The yere .xvi. of kynge Richarde
What shall befalle here afterwarde
God wote, for nowe vpon this tide
Men see the worlde on euery side
In sondrie wise so diuersed
That it well nigh stant all reuersed.
Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
It nedeth nought to specifie,
The thynge so open is at the eie
That euery man it maie beholde.
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes weren leuer,
Writyng was beloued euer
Of them, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonge vs
If no man write howe it stode,
The pris of them that were good
Shulde (as who saiyh a great partie)
Be lorne: so for to magnifie
The worthy princes, that tho were.
The bookes shewen here and there
Wherof the worlde ensampled is
And tho that diden than amis
Thrzough tyrannie and crueltee
Right as thei stonden in degree,
So was the writyng of the werke.
Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
Purpose for to write a booke
After the worlde that whilom toke
Longe time in olde daies passed.
But for men seyn it is now lassed
In wers plight than it was tho,
I thynke for to touche also
The worlde, whiche neweth euery daie
So as I can, so as I maie
Though I sekenesse haue vpon honde
And longe haue had, yet wolde I fonde
To write, and do my besinesse,
That in some partie, so as I gesse,
The wise man maie be aduised.
For this prologue is so assised
That it to wisedome all belongeth,
That wise man that it vnderfongeth,
He shall drawe into remembrance
The fortune of the worldes chance,
The whiche no man in his persone
Maie knowe, but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended
The boke shall afterwarde be ended
Of loue, whiche dothe many a wonder,
And many a wise man hath put vnder.
And in this wise I thynke to treate
Towarde them, that nowe be greate,
Betwene the vertue and the vice,
Whiche longeth vnto this office.
But for my wittes ben to smale
To telle euery mans tale
This booke vpon amendement
To stonde at his commandement
With whom mine herte is of accorde,
I sende vnto mine owne lorde,
Whiche of Lancaster is Henry named
The hygh God hath hym proclamed
Full of knyghthode and all grace,
So wolde I nowe this werke embrace

God graunte I mote it well acheue
With whole truthe and whole beleue.

Tempus præteritũ præsens fortuna beatum
Linquit, & antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
Legibus vnicolor tunc tẽporis aura refulsit,
Iustitiæ planæ tuncq; fuere viæ.
Nuncqúe latens odiũ vultũ depingit amoris,
Paceqúe sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
Instar & ex variis mutabile camelliontis
Lex gerit, & regnis sunt noua iura nouis.
Climataq; fuerant solidissima, sicq; per orbẽ
Soluuntur, nec eó centra quietis habent.

¶ De statu, regnoque, vt dicunt, secundũ tem-
poralia, videlicet tempore regis Ri-
chardi secundi, Anno regni
sui sextodecimo.

IF I shall drawe in to my mynde
The time passed, than I fynde
The worlde stode in all his welthe.
Tho was the life of man in helth,
Tho was plentee, tho was richesse,
Tho was the fortune, tho was prowesse,
Tho was knighthode in price by name,
Wherof the wide worldes fame
Write in cronicles is yet withholde,
Iustice of lawe tho was holde,
The priuilege of regalie
Was safe, and all the Baronie
Worshipped was in his astate,
The cities knewe no debate,
The people stode in obeisance
Vnder the rule of gouernance
And peace with vnrightwisenesse kesse
With charitee tho stode in resse:
Of mans herte the courage
Was shewed then in the visage.
The worde was like to the conceite
Without semblant of dereite.
Tho was there vnenuied loue,
Tho was vertue set aboue,
And vyce was put vnder foote,
Nowe stante the crope vnder the roote.
The worlde is changed ouerall,
And therof mosse in speciall
That loue is falle in to discorde,
And that I take in to recorde
Of euery lande for his partie
The common voice, whiche maie not lie.
Nought vpon one, but vpon all
Is that men nowe clepe and calle,
And seyn, that reignes bene deuided,
In stede of loue is hate guided.
The warre woll no peace purchace,
And lawe hath take hir double face,
So that Iustice out of the waie
With rightwisenes is gone awaie.
And thus to loke on euery halue
Men sene the sore without salue,
Whiche all the worlde hath ouertake
There is no reigne of all out take.
For euery climat hath his dele
After the tournyng of the whele,
Whiche blinde fortune ouerthroweth,
Wherof the certaine no man knoweth.
The heuen wote what is to doone,
But we that dwell vnder the moone
Stonde in this worlde vpon a were,
And namely but the powere
Of them that bene the worldes guides,
With good counsell on all sides,
Ben kept vpright in suche a wise,
That hate breke nought thassise
Of loue, whiche is all the chiefe
To kepe a reigne out of mischiefe:
For all reason wolde this,
That vnto him, whiche the head is,
The membres burom shall bowe,
And he shulde eke their trouth alowe
With all his herte, and make them chere:
For good counseill is good to here,
All though a man be wise hym selue,
Yet is the wisdome more of twelue:
And if thei stande both in one,
To hope it were then anone,
That God his grace wolde sende
To make of thilke werre an ende,
Whiche euery daie nowe groweth newe
And that is greatly for to rewe,
In speciall for Christes sake,
Whiche wolde his owne life forsake
Amonge the men to yeuen pees,
But nowe men tellen natheles,
That loue is from the worlde departed,
So stant the peace vneuen parted.

With

With them that liuen now a daies.
But for to loke at all assaies
To him, that wold reson seche
After the comen worldes speche.
It is to wonder of thilke werre,
In whiche none wote who hath the werre.
For euery lond him selfe deceiueth,
And of disease his parte receiueth
And yet take men no kepe,
But thilke lorde, whiche all maie kepe,
To whom no counseill maie be hid,
Upon the worlde, whiche is betide
Amende that, wherof men plaine
With trewe hertes and with plaine
And reconcele loue againe:
As he, whiche is kynge soueraine
Of all the worldes gouernance
And of his high puruiance
Afferme peace betwene the londes,
And take their cause in to his hondes,
So that the world maie stand appeased,
And his godheade also be pleased.

Quas colait Moſes vet⁹, aut nou⁹ ipſe Ioānes,
Heſternas leges vix colit iſta dies.
Sic prius Eccleſia bina virtute polita,
Nunc magis inculta pallet vtrāq; via.
Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro reſumens
Horruit ad Chriſti verba cruoris iter.
Nunc tamē aſsiduo gladiū de ſanguine tinctū
Vibrat auaricia lege repente ſacra.
Sic lup⁹ eſt paſtor, pr̄ hoſtis, mors miſerator,
Prædóq; largitor, pax & in orbe timor.

De ſtatu clerici Et dicunt, ſecundum ſpiritualia, videlicet tempore Roberti Gibbonenſis, qui nomen Clementis ſortitus eſt ſibi tunc Antipapæ.

TO thinke vpon the daies olde,
The life of clerkes to beholde,
Men seyn how that thei were tho
Ensample, and rewle of all tho,
Whiche of wisdome the vertue soughten,
Unto the god firste thei besoughten,
As to the substance of their schoole,
That thei ne shulde not besoole
Their witte vpon none erthly werkes,
Whiche were ayenst the astate of clerkes.
And that thei mighten flee the vice,
Whiche Symon hath in his office.
Wherof he taketh golde in honde.
For thilke time (I vnderstonde)
The lumbarde made non eschange
The bisshoprices for to change:
Ne yet a letter for to sende
For dignitee, ne for prouende,
Or cured, or without cure.
The churche laie in aduenture
Of armes and of brigantaille
Stode no thyng then vpon battaille:
To fight or for to make cheste
It thought them then not honeste.
But of simplicitee and patience
Thei maden then no defence.
The courte of worldly regallie
To them was then no baillie,
The vaine honour was nought desired,
Whiche hath the proude herte fired
The humilitee was tho withholde,
And pride was a vice holde.
Of holy churche the largesse,
Pase then and did great almesse
To poure men, that had neede.
Thei were eke chaste in word and deede,
Wherof the people ensample toke,
Their lust was all vpon the boke,
Or for to preche or for to praie,
To wise men the right waie
Of suche as stode of trouth vnlered.
Lo thus is Peters barge steered
Of them, that thilke time were.
And thus came firste to mans ere
The feith of Christe and all good,
Through them that then were good,
And sobre, and chaste, and large, and wise.
And nowe (men seyn) is other wise
Simon the cause hath vndertake,
The worldes swerde in hond is take.
And that is wounder neiheles,
Whan Christe him selfe hath bode pees
And set it in his testament.
Now now that holy churche is went,
Of that their lawe positife
Hath set to make werre and strife
For worldli goodes, whiche maie not last.
God wote the cause to the last
Of euery right and wronge also.
But whyle the lawe is ruled so,

That clerkes to the werre intende,
I not howe that thei shall amende
The woefull worlde in other thinges
To make peace betwene kynges
After the lawe of charitee,
Whiche is the proper dewtee
Belonged vnto the priesthood:
But as it thinketh to manhood.
The heauen is far, the worlde is nigh,
And vaine glorie is eke so sligh,
Whiche couetise hath now withholde,
That thei none other thinge beholde,
But only that thei mighten winne.
And thus the werres thei beginne,
Wherof the holy churche is tared,
That in the point as it is ared,
The diuine goth to the battaile,
As though Christe might not auaile
To do them right by other waie:
In to the sworde the churche kaie
Is turned, and the holy bede,
In to curlynge, and euery stede,
Whiche shulde stonde vpon the feithe
And to this cause an eare leithe
Astonyed is of the quarele,
That shulde be the worldes hele,
Is nowe men sayn the pestilence,
Whiche hath expelled patience
Fro the clergie in speciall,
And that is shewed ouerall,
In euery thyng whan thei be greued:
But if Gregorie be beleued,
As it is in the bokes writte,
He dothe vs somdele for to witte
The cause of thilke prelatie
Where God is nought of companie.
For euery werke as it is founded
Shall stande, or els be confounded.
Who that onely for Christes sake
Desireth cure for to take,
And nought for pride of thilke astate
To beare a name of a prelate,
He shall by reason do profite
In holy Churche vpon the plite,
That he that set his conscience:
But in the worldes reuerence
Ther be of suche many glade,
Whan thei to thilke astate be made
Nought for the merite of the charge,
But for thei wolde him selfe discharge
Of pouertee, and become grete,
And thus for pompe and for behete
The scribe and eke the pharisee,
Of Moyses vpon the see,
In the chaire on high ben sette,
Wherof the feith is ofte lette,
Whiche is betake them to kepe.
In Christes cause all daie thei slepe
But of the worlde is nought forpete
For well is him, that nowe maie gete
Office in court to be honoured:
The stronge Coffre hath all deuoured
Vnder the keie of auarice
The tresour of the benefice,
Wherof the poure shulden clothe,
And ete, and drinke, and house bothe.
The charitee goth all vnknowe.
For thei no graine of pitee sowe,
And slouthe kepeth the librarie,
Whiche longeth to the sanctuarie.
To studie vpon the worldes lore
Sufficeth nought without more
Delicacie his sweete toothe
Hath suffred so that it fordoothe
Of abstinence all that ther is:
And for to loken ouer this
If Ethna brenne in the clergie
Al openly to mans eie,
At Auignon therperience
Therof hath youen an euidence,
Of that men seen them so deuided,
And yet the cause is nought decided.
But it is saide, and euer shall
Betwene two stooles is the fall,
Whan that men wenen best to sitte.
In holy churche of suche a slitte
Is for to rewe vnto vs alle,
God graunte it mote well befalle
Towardes him whiche hath the trouth.
But ofte is seen, that muche slouth,
Whan men ben drunken of the cup
Doth muche harme, whan the fire is vp,
But if somwho the flame stanche:
And so to speke vpon this branche,
Whiche proud enuie hath made to spring
Of schisme, causeth for to bringe

This

This newe secte of lollardie,
And also many an heresie
Amonge the clerkes in them selue,
It were better dike and delue,
And stande vpon the right feith,
Than knowe all that the bible seith,
And erre, as some clerkes doo.
Vpon an hande to weare a shoo,
And set vpon the foote a gloue,
Acordeth not to the behoue
Of reasonable mans vse.
If men behelden the vertuse
That Christe in erthe taught here,
Thei shulde not in suche manere
Amonge them, that be holde wise
The papacie so desguise,
Vpon diuers election,
Whiche stant after thaffection
Of sondrie landes all aboute:
But whan god woll, it shall weare out.
For trothe mote stande at lasse,
But yet thei argumenten fasse
Vpon the pope and his astate,
Wherof thei fallen in great debate.
This clerke saide ye, that other naie:
And thus thei driue forthe the daie,
And eche of them hym selfe amendeth
Of worldes good: but none entendeth
To that, whiche common profite were.
Thei seien, that god is mighty there,
And shall ordeine, what he wyll,
There make thei none other skyll.
Where is the peryll of the feith,
But euery clerke his herte leieth
To kepe his worlde inspectall:
And of the cause generall,
Whiche vnto wholy churche longeth,
Is none of them that vnderfongeth
To shapen any resistence,
And thus the right hath no defence:
But there I loue, there I holde.
Lo thus to broke is Christes folde,
Wherof the flocke without guide
Deuourd is on euery side,
In lacke of them, that be vnware
Shepherdes, whiche their witt̃ beware
Vpon the worlde in other halue,
The sharpe pricke in stede of salue
They blen nowe, wherof the hele
Thei hurte of that thei shulde hele,
What shepe, that is full of wulle
Vpon his backe thei tose and pulle
Whyle ther is any thynge to pille,
And though there be none other skille,
But onely for thei wolde winne,
Thei leaue nought, whan thei beginne
Vpon their acte to procede,
Whiche is no good shepeherdes dede.
And vpon this, also men sayn,
That fro the lease, whiche is plaine,
In to the briers thei forcatche,
Here of for that thei wolden lache
With suche dursse, and so bereue,
That shal vpon the thornes leue
Of wooll, whiche the briere hath tore,
Wherof the shepe ben all to tore,
Of that the herdes make them lese
Lo how thei feignen chalke for chese.
For though thei speake and teche welle,
Thei done them selfe therof no dele.
For if the wolfe come in the waie
Their gostly staffe is then awaie,
Wherof thei shuld their flocke defende.
But if the poure shepe offende
In any thynge, though it be lite,
Thei ben all ready for to smite.
And thus how euer that thei tale
The strokes fall vpon the smale:
And vpon other that bene greate
Them lacketh herte for to beate
So that vnder the clerkes lawe
Men seen the merell all misrawe,
I woll not saie in generall.
For there be some in speciall,
In whom that all vertue dwelleth,
And tho bene, as the Apostell telleth
Qui vocantur a deo tanquam Aaron,
That God of his election
Hath cleped to perfection,
In the maner as Aaron was,
Thei be nothynge in thilke cas
Of Symon, whiche the foldes gate
Hath lete: and goth in other gate:
But thei gone in the right waie.
¶There bene also somme (as men saie)
That folowen Symon at heles,

Whose carte goth vpon wheles
Of couetise and worldes pride,
And holy churche goth beside:
Whiche sheweth outwarde a visage
Of that is nought in the courage.
For if men loke in holy churche
Betwene the worde, and that thei worche,
There is a full great difference.
Thei prechen vs in audience,
That no man shall his soule empeire.
For all is but a cherie feire
This worldes good, so as thei tell.
Also thei saien, there is an hell,
Whiche vnto mans sinne is due:
And bidden vs therfore eschewe
That wicked is, and do the good,
Who that their wordes vnderstode,
It thinketh thei wolde do the same.
But yet betwene ernest and game,
Full oft it torneth other wise,
With holy tales thei deuise,
How meritory is thilke dede
Of charitee to clothe and fede
The poore folke, and for to parte
The worldes good, but thei departe
Me thinke nought fro that thei haue.
Also thei sain good is to saue
With penance, and with abstinence,
Of chastitee the continence:
But plainly for to speke of that
I not how thilke bodye sat,
Whiche thei with deintie meates kepe,
And laien it softe for to slepe,
Whan it hath elles of his will
With chastitee shall stonde still:
And netheles I can not saye
In aunter that I missaye
Touchend of this, how euer it stande
I here, and will nought vnderstande.
For therof haue I nought to doone,
But he that made first the moone,
The high god of his goodnes,
If ther be cause, he it redresse.
But what that any man can accuse,
This maie reason of trouthe excuse,
The vice of them that ben vngood
Is no repreefe vnto the good.
For euery man his owne werkes
Shall beare: and thus as of the clerkes
The good men ben to commende,
And all these other god amende.
For thei be to the worldes eie
The mirrour of examplarie,
To reulen and taken hede,
Betwene the men, and the godhede.

Vulgaris populus regali lege subactus
Dum iacet vt mitis digna subibit onus:
Si caput extollat, & lex sua frena relaxat,
Vt sibi velle iubet, tygridis instar habet.
Ignis aqua dominās duo sunt pietate carētes,
Ira tamen plebis est violenta magis.

¶ De statu plebis, Vt dicunt, secundum accidentia mutabilia.

NOwe for to speke of the commune,
It is to drede of that fortune,
Which hath befalle in sondrye lōdes:
But ofte for defaute of bondes
All sodeinly, er it be wist,
A tunne, whan his lie arist
Torreketh, and renneth all aboute,
Whiche els shulde nought gone out.
And eke full ofte a littell share
Vpon a banke, er men be ware,
Let in the streme, whiche with gret peine,
If any man it shall restreine.
Where lawe failleth, errour groweth.
He is not wise, who that ne troweth.
For it hath proued oft er this.
And thus the common clamour is
In euery londe, where people dwelleth:
And eche in his complainte telleth,
How that the worlde is miswent,
And therupon his argument
Beueth euery man in sondrie wise:
But what man wolde him selfe auise
His conscience, and nought misuse,
He maie well at the first excuse
His god, whiche euer stant in one,
In him there is defaute none
So must it stande vpon vs selue,
Nought only vpon ten ne twelue,
But plenarly vpon vs all.
For man is cause of that shall fall.

¶ Nota contra hoc, quod aliqui ponunt Fortunam, aliqui influentiā planetarum ponūt, per quod

Et

(Vt dicitur) rerum euentus necessario contingit, sed potius dicendum est, quod ea quæ nos prospera et aduersa in hoc mundo vocamus, secundum merita et demerita hominum, digno dei iudicio prouenium.

AND netheles yet some men write
And sayn fortune is to wite:
And some men holde opinion,
That it is constellacion,
Whiche causeth all that a man doothe.
God wote of bothe whiche is soothe,
The worlde, as of his propre kinde
Was euer vntrew, and as the blinde
Improperly he demeth fame:
He blameth, that is nought to blame
And preiseth, that is nought to preise
Thus whan he shall the thinges peise
Ther is deceit in his balance,
And all is that the variance
Of vs, that shulde vs better auise,
For after that we fall and rise
The worlde ariste, and falleth with all:
So that the man is ouer all
His owne cause of wele and wo,
That we fortune clepe so,
Out of the man him selfe it groweth,
And who that other wise troweth,
Beholde the people of Israel,
For euer, while thei didden well,
Fortune was them debonaire:
And when thei didden the contraire,
Fortune was contrariende:
So that it proueth wele at ende,
Why that the worlde is wonderfull,
And maie no while stande full,
Though that it seme wele besayn,
For euery worldes thing is vaine,
And euer goth the whele aboute,
And euer stant a man in doute,
Fortune stant no while still:
So hath ther no man his will,
Als far as any man maie knowe
There lacketh nothing but a throwe.

Boetius.

O quam dulcedo humane vite multa amaritudine aspersa est.

THe worlde stante euer vpon debate,
So maie be siker none astate,
Now here, now there, now to, now fro,
Now vp, now down, the worlde goth so,
And euer hath done, and euer shall:
Wherof I finde in special
A tale writen in the Bible,
Whiche muste nedes be credible,
And that as in conclusion,
Saith, that vpon diuision
Stant, why no worldes thing maie laste
Til it be drive to the lasse,
And fro the first reigne of all
Vnto this daie how so befall
Of that the reignes be meuable,
The man him selfe hath be culpable,
Whiche of his gouernance
Fortuneth all the worldes chance.

Prosper & aduersus obliquo tramite versus
Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
Mundus in euentu versatur, vt alea casu,
Quam celer in ludis iactat auara manus.
Sicut imago viri variantur tempora mundi,
Statq; nihil firmum præter amare deum.

THic in prologo tractat de statua illa, quã rex Nabugodonosor viderat in somnis, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, venter eneus, tibie ferree, pedum vero quedam pars ferrea, quedam fictilis videbatur: sub qua mẽbrorum diuersitate secundum Danielis exposicionem huius mundi variatio figurabatur.

THe high almighty puruetance,
In whose eterne remembrance
From first was euery thing present,
He hath his prophecie sent
(In suche a wise as thou shalt here)
To Daniel of this matere,
How that this worlde shal torne and wende
Till it be falle vnto his ende:
Wherof the tale tell I shall,
In whiche is betokened all.
AS Nabugonosor slepte
A sweuen him toke, the whiche he kept
Til on the morowe he was arise.
For therof he was sore agrise,
Til Daniel his dreme he tolde,
And praied him faire, that he wolde
A rede what it token maie,
And saide, a bedde where I laie,
Me thought I seighe vpon a stage,

where

Where stoode a wonder strange image:
His head with all the necke also
They were of fine golde bothe two,
His breaste, his shoulders, and his armes
Were all of siluer, but tharmes,
The wombe, and all downe to the knee
Of bras thei were vpon to see:
His legges thei were made all of steele,
So were his feete also somdele,
And some dele parte to them was take
Of erthe, whiche men pottes make.
The feble mengled was with the stronge
So might it not stande longe.

¶Hic narrat Valer⁹ de quodã lapide grãdi, qui vt in dicto somnio videbatur ab excelso mõte super statuã corruens, ipsam quasi in nihilum penitus contriuit.

¶And tho me thought, that I sighe
A great stone from an hille on highe
Fell downe of sodeine auenture
Upon the feete of this figure:
With whiche stone all to broke was
Golde, syluer, erthe, steele, and bras,
That was in to pouder brought,
And so forthe torned in to nought.

¶Hic loquitur de interpretacione somnii, et primo dicit de significacione capitis aurei.

¶This was the sweuen, whiche he had,
That Daniell anone arad,
And saied hym, that figure strange
Betokeneth how the worlde shall change,
And wax lasse worthe and lasse,
Till it to nought all ouer passe:
The necke, and head, that weren golde
He saied, howe that betoken sholde
A worthie worlde, a noble a riche,
To whiche none after shall be liche.

De pectore argenteo.

¶Of siluer that was ouer foorthe
Shall ben a worlde of lasse woorthe.

De ventre æneo.

¶And after that the wombe of bras
Token of a wers worlde it was,
The whiche steele he sawe afterwarde
A worlde betokeneth more harde.

De tibeis ferreis.

¶But yet the werste of euery deele
Is last, that when of erth and steele
He sawe the feete departed so.
For that betokeneth muche wo.

¶De significatione pedum, que ex duabus materiis discordantibus adinuicem diuisi extiterunt.

¶When that the worlde deuided is,
It mot algate fare amis.
For erthe, whiche mengled is with steele
To gider maie not lasse wele.
But if that one that other waste,
So mote it nedes fall at the laste.

¶De lapide statuam confringente.

The stone, whiche from that hilly stage
He sawe downe fall on that ymage,
And hath it in to poudre broke,
That sweuen hath Daniell vnloke
And saied, that it is gods might,
Whiche whan men wene moste vpright
To stonde, shall them ouer casse:
And that is of this worlde the lasse,
And than a newe shall begynne,
From whiche a man shall neuer twinne,
Or all to paine, or all to pees,
That worlde shall lasse endles.

¶Hic scribit, qualiter huius seculi regna variis mutationibus, prout in dicta statua figurabatur, secundum temporum distinctiones sensibiliter hactenus diminuuntur.

¶So thus expowned Daniell
The kynges sweuen faire and well
In Babylone the citee,
Where that the wisest of Caldee
Ne couden witte what it mente,
But he tolde all the whole entente
As in the partie it is befalle
Of golde the firste reigne of all.

¶De seculo aureo, quod in capite statuæ designatum est a tempore ipsius Nabugodonosoris regis Caldee vsq; in regnũ Cyri regis Persarũ.

¶Was in that kynges tyme tho,
And lasse many dates so
There, whiles that the monarchie
Of all the worlde in that partie
To Babylone was subgette

And

And helde him ſtill in ſuche a pleght,
Till that the worlde began diuerſe,
And that was, whan the kynge of Perſe,
Whiche Cyrus hight, ayen the pees
Forthe with his ſonne Cambyſes
Of Babylone all that Empire,
Right as thei wolde them ſelfe deſire
Put vnder in ſubiection,
And toke it in poſſeſſion,
And ſayne was Baltaſar the kynge,
Whiche loſt his reigne, and all his thynge.

¶ De ſecuꝛo argenteo, quod in pectoꝛe deſignatum eſt a tempoꝛe ipſius regis Cyꝛi uſque in regnum Alexandꝛi regis Macedonie.

¶ And thus whan thei had it wonne
The worlde of ſiluer was begonne
And that of golde was paſſed out
And in thus wiſe it goth aboute
In to the reigne of Darius
And than it felle to Perſe thus
There Alexander put them vnder
Whiche wꝛoght of armes many a wonder
So that the monarchie lefte
With grekes, and their eſtate vp lefte
And Perſiens gone vnder foote
So ſuffre thei, that nedes mote.

¶ De ſecuꝛo eneo, quod in ventre deſignatum eſt a tempoꝛe ipſius Alexandꝛi uſque in regnum Julii Romanoꝛum imperatoꝛis.

¶ And tho the worlde began of bꝛas
And that of ſiluer ended was
But foꝛ the time thus it laſte
Till it befelle, that at laſte
This kyng, whan that his date was come
With ſtrength of dethe was ouercome
And netheles yet oꝛ he dyde
He hope his reigne to deuide
To knightes, whiche him had ſerued
And after that thei haue deſerued
Pafe the conqueſtes, that he wanne
Wherof great werre tho beganne
Amonge them, that the reignes had
Thꝛough pꝛoud enuy, whiche them lad
Till it befelle ayene them thus
The noble Ceſar Julius
Whiche tho was kynge of Rome londe
With great battaile, and ſtronge honde
All Grece, Perſe, and Chaldee
Wan, and put vnder: ſo that he
Not all only of thoꝛient:
But all the marche of thoccident
Gouerneth vnder his Empire,
As he that was holle loꝛde and ſire
And helde thꝛough his cheualrie
Of all the woꝛlde the monarchie
And was the firſte of that honour
Whiche taketh name of Emperour.

¶ De ſecuꝛo ferreo, quod in tibiis deſignatum eſt, a tempoꝛe Julii Ceſaris uſque in regnum Caroli magni regis Francoꝛum.

¶ Where Rome than wolde aſſaile,
There might no thyng contreuaile
But euery contrey muſt obeye,
Tho goth the reigne of bꝛas aweye,
And comen is the woꝛlde of ſteele,
And ſtode aboue vpon the wheele.
As ſteele is hardeſt in his kinde
Aboue all other, that men finde
Of metalles, ſuche was Rome tho
The mightyeſt, and laſte ſo
Longe time amonge the Romains,
Till thei become ſo villains
That the empereur Leo,
With Conſtance his ſonne alſo,
The patrimonie, and the richeſſe,
Whiche to Silueſter in pure almeſſe.
The firſt Conſtantinus lefte,
Fꝛo holy churche thei bereſte.
But Adꝛian, whiche pope was,
And ſawe the miſcheſe of this cas,
Gothe in to France foꝛ to plaine,
And pꝛaieth the great Charlemaine,
Foꝛ Chꝛiſtes ſake, and ſoule hele,
That he wolde take the quarele
Of holy churche in his defence.
And Charles, foꝛ the reuerence
Of god, the cauſe hath vndertake,
And with his holke the waie hath take
Ouer the mountes of Lumbardie
Of Rome, and all the tyꝛannie
With blodie ſwerde he ouercome,
And the citee with ſtrength nome
In ſuche a wiſe, and ther he wꝛought,

That

That holy churche ayene he brought
In to franchise, and dothe restore
The popes lusse, and yaf him more.
And thus whan he his god hath serued,
He toke, as he hath well deserued
The diademe, and was corouned
Of Rome, and thus was abandoned
Thempire, whiche came neuer againe
In to the hande of no Romaine:
But a longe time it stode still
Under the frenche kynges will,
Till that fortune her wheele so lad,
That afterwarde the Lumbardes it had,
Not by the sword, but by the suffrance
Of him, that tho was kyng of france,
whiche Carle Caluus cleped was
And he resigned in this cas
Thempire of Rome vnto Lowis
His Cosin, whiche a lumbarde is:
And so it lasse in to the yere
Of Alberte, and of Berengere.

¶De seculo nouissimis iam temporibus ad similitudinem pedum in discordiam lapso et diuiso, quod post decessum ipsius Caroli cum imperium Romanorum in manus Longobardorum peruenerat tempore Alberti et Berengarii incepit. Nam ob eorum diuisionem contingit, vt Alemani imperatoriam adepti sunt maiestatem: in cuius sortium quendam principem theutonicum Othonem nomine sublimari primitus constituerunt.

¶But than vpon discencion
Thei fell, and in diuision
Amonge them selfe, that were greate
So that thei lost the beyete
Of worship, and of worldes pees.
But in prouerbe netheles
Men saine, full seldome is, that welthe
Can suffre his owne astate in helthe,
And that was in the lumbardes sene,
Suche common strife was them betwene,
Through couetise, and through enuie,
That euery man drough his partie,
whiche might lede any route,
Within bourgh and eke without.
The common right hath no felawe,
So that the gouernance of lawe
Was lost: and for necessitee
Of that thei stode in suche degree,
All only through diuision,
Them nedeth in conclusion
Of strange londes helpe beside,
And thus for thei them selfe diuide,
And standen out of rewle vneuen,
Of Almaine princes seuen
Thei chosen in this condicion,
That vpon their election
Thempire of Rome sholde stonde:
And thus thei left it out of honde
For lacke of grace, and it forsoke,
That Almains vpon them toke
And to confermen their astate,
Of that thei stoden in debate
Thei token the possession
After the composicion
Amonge them selfe, and ther vpon
Thei made an Emperour anon,
whos name (the Cronicle telleth)
was Othes, and so forth it dwelleth
Fro thilke daie yet vnto this
Thempire of Rome hath be and is
To thalmains, and in this wise,
As to fore ye haue herde deuise
How Daniel the sweuen expounneth
Of that image, on whom he foundeth
The world, whiche afterward shold fall,
Comen is the last token of all
Upon the feete of erthe and stele,
So stant the world now euery dele.
Departed, whiche began right tho,
whan Rome was deuided so,
And that is for to rewe sore.
For alwaie sith more and more
The worlde empeireth euery daie,
whereof the sooth shewe maie
At Rome first if we begin,
The wall and all the citie within
Stante in ruine, and in decaies,
The felde is where was the palais,
The towne is wast, and ouer thate,
If we behold thilke astate
whiche whilom was of the Romains
Of knighthod, and of citezens
To peise nowe with that before,
The chaffe is take from the corne,
And so to speke of Romes might
Unnethes stante ther ought vpright

Of

Of worshyp or of worldes good,
As it before time stode.
And why the worshyp is awaie,
If that a man the soothe shall saie:
The cause hath ben deuision,
Whiche moder of confusion
Is, where she cometh ouer all,
Nought only of the temporall,
But of the spirituall also,
The dede proueth it is so
And hath do many a daie er this
Through venim, whiche that medled is
In holy churche of erthely thynge.
For Christ him selfe maketh knowlageing,
That no man maie togeder serue
God and the worlde, but if he swerue
Froward that one, and stonde vnstable:
And Christes worde maie not be fable,
The thynge so open is at the eye
It nedeth nought to specifie
Or speke ought more in this matere.
But in this wise a man maie lere
How that the worlde is gone aboute,
The whiche well nigh is wered out
After the forme of that figure,
Whiche Daniell in his scripture
Expowned, as to fore is tolde,
Of bras, of siluer, and of golde
The worlde is passed, and agone,
And nowe vpon his olde tone
It stant of brutell erthe and stele,
The whiche acorden neuer a dele:
So mote it nedes swerue aside
As thynge, the whiche men seen diuide.

¶Hic dicit, secundum apostolum, quod nos sumus, in quos fines seculi deuenerunt.

¶The Apostell writeth vnto vs all,
And saieth, that vpon vs is fall
Thend of the worlde: so maie we knowe
This ymage is nighe ouerthrowe,
By whiche this worlde was signified,
That whilom was so magnified,
And nowe is olde, and feble, and vile,
Full of mischyefe, and of perille:
And stante diuided eke also,
Lyke to the feete, that were so
As I tolde of the statue aboue.
And thus men saine for lacke of loue,
Where as the londe diuided is,
It mote algate fare amis.
And now to loke on euery side
A man maie see the worlde diuide.
The warres bene so generall
Amonge the Christen ouer all,
That euery man nowe seketh wreche,
And yet these clerkes aldaie preche
And sayne, good dedes maie none bee,
Whiche stante nought vpon charitee.
I not howe charitee shulde stonde,
Where deadly warre is taken on honde.
But all this wo is cause of man,
The whiche that witte and reason can,
And that in token and in witnesse,
That ilke ymage bare likenesse
Of man, and of none other beste.
For first vnto the mans heste
Was euery creature ordeined.
But afterwarde it was restreined,
Whan that he fell, thei fellen eke,
Whan he wer seke, thei weren seke.
For as the man hath passion,
Of sekenes in comparison,
So suffren other creatures,
To sirke the heuenly figures.

¶Hic scribit, quod ex diuisionis passione singula creati detrimentum corruptibile patiuntur.

¶The sonne and moone eclypsen both,
And bene with mans sinne wroth.
The pureste ayre for sinne aloste,
Hath ben and is corrupted full ofte.
Right now the highe windes blowe:
And anon after thei ben lowe.
Now cloudie, and now clere it is,
So maie it prouen well by this
A mans sinne is for to hate,
Whiche maketh the welken to debate,
And for to see the propertee
Of euery thynge in his degree.
Benethe foorthe amonge vs here
All stante a like in this matere,
The sea nowe ebbeth, and nowe it floweth.
The lond now welketh, & now it groweth.
Now ben the trees with leaues greene,
Now thei be bare and nothynge seene.

Nowe

Nowe be there luſtie ſomer floures,
Nowe be there ſtormie winter ſhoures
Now be the daies, now be the nightes,
So ſtant there nothyng all vpryghtes.
Nowe it is light, now it is derke,
And thus ſtant all the worldes werke
After the diſpoſicion
Of man and his condicion.
For thy gregorie in his morall
Saieth, that a man in ſpeciall
The laſſe worlde is properly,
And that he proueth redily.
For man of ſoule reaſonable
Is to an angell reſemblable,
And like to beaſt he hath felyng,
And like to tres he hath growyng.
The ſtones ben, and ſo is hee,
Thus of his propre qualitee
The man (as telleth the Clergie)
Is a worlde in his partie.
And whan this littell worlde miſtorneth
The great worlde all ouertorneth,
The londe, the ſea, the firmament
Thei aſken all iudgemedt
Ayene the man, and make hym warre
Ther while him ſelfe ſtant out of harre,
The remenant ſtant out of acorde,
And in this wiſe (as I recorde)
The man is cauſe of all wo
Why this worlde is diuided ſo.
Diuiſion (the goſpell ſaieth)
One houſe vpon an other laieth
Till that the reigne all ouer thrawe.
And thus may euery man well knowe
Diuiſion aboue all
Is thyng, whiche maketh the worlde fall,
And euer hath do, ſith it began,
It maie firſte proue vpon a man.

¶Quod ex ſue complexionis materia diuiſus homo mortalis exiſtat.

The whiche for his complexion
Is made vpon diuiſion
Of colde, hotte, moiſte, and drie
Ye mote by verray kynde die.
For the contrarie of his eſtate
Stant euermore in ſuche debate,
Tyll that a parte be ouercome
There maie no finall peas be nome
But otherwiſe if a man were
Made all togeder of one matere
Without interruption,
There ſhuld no corruption
Engendre vpon that vnitee:
But for there is diuerſitee
Within him ſelfe, he maie not laſte,
But in a man yet ouer this
Full great diuiſion there is,
Through whiche that he is euer in ſtrife
While that hym laſt any life.

¶Quod homo ex corporis et anime condicione diuiſus, ſicut ſalutationis, ita damnationis aptitudinem ingreditur.

The bodie and the ſoule alſo
Amonge them ben deuided ſo,
That what thyng that the bodie hateth
The ſoule loueth and debateth:
But netheles full ofte is ſeene
Of werre, whiche is them betweene
The feble hath worme the victorie,
And who ſo draweth in to memorie.

¶Qualiter Adã a ſtatu innocentie diuiſus a paradiſo voluptatis in terram laboris peccator proiectus eſt.

What hath befall of olde and newe,
Ye maie that werre ſore rewe,
Whiche firſt began in paradis.
For there was proued what it is,
And what diſeaſe there it wrought.
For thilke werre tho forthe brought
The vice of all deadly ſinne,
Through whiche diuiſion came in.

¶Qualiter populi per vniuerſum orbem a cultura dei diuiſi, Noe cum ſua ſequela dumtaxat exceptis, diluuio interierunt.

Amonge the men in erthe here,
And was the cauſe and the mattere
Why god the great flodes ſende,
Of all the worlde and made an ende:
But Noe, with his felowſhip,
Whiche only weren ſauſe by ſhyp,
And ouer that through ſinne it come
That Nembroth ſuche price nome

Quali-

¶Qualiter in edificatione Turris Babylonis, quam in dei contemptum Nembroth erexit, lingua prius Hebraica in varias linguas celica vindicta dividebatur.

¶Whan the toure Babylon on hight
Lette make, as he that wolde fight
Ayene the high goddes might,
Wherof deuided anon right
Was the language in suche entent
There wiste none what other ment,
So that thei might nought procede
And thus it stant of euery dede,
Where sinne taketh the case on honde
It maie vpright not longe stonde.
For sinne of hir condition
Is mother of diuision.

¶Qualiter mundus, qui in statu divisionis quasi cotidian⁹ presenti tempore flagellis a lapide superueniente, id est a divina potestia usq; ad resolutionem omnis carnis subito conteretur.

¶And token whan the world shall faile
For so saith Christe without faile
That nigh vpon the worldes ende
Peace and accorde away shall wende
And all charitee shall ceasse
Amonge the men, and hate encreasse
And whan these tokens ben befall
All sodeinly the stone shall fall
As Daniell it hath beknowe
Whiche all this worlde shall ouerthrow
And euery man shall than arise
To ioye or elles to iuise
Where that he shall for euer dwell
Or streight to heuen, or streight to hell.
In heuen is peace and all accorde
But helle is full of suche discorde
That there maie be no loue day
For thy good is whyle a man may
Echone to sette peace with other
And louen as his owne brother
So maie he wynne worldes welthe
And afterwarde his soule helthe.

¶ Hic narrat exemplum de concordia et vnitate inter homines prouocanda: Et dicit qualiter quidam Arion nuper citharista ex sui cantus citharе que consona melodiam tante virtutis extiterat, vt ipse non solum virum cum viro, sed etiam leonem cum cerua, lupum cum agno, canem cum lepore (ipsum audientes) vnanimiter absq; vlla discordia ad inuicem pacificauit.

¶But wolde god that nowe were one
An other suche as Arione
Whiche had an harpe of suche temprure
And therto of so good measure
He longe, that he the beastes wilde
Made of his note tame and milde
The hynde in peace with the lyon
The wolfe in peace with the motton
The hare in peace stode with the hounde
And euery man vpon this grounde
Whiche Arion that time herde
As well the lorde as the shepeherde
He brought them all in good accorde
So that the common with the lorde
And lorde with the common also
He sette in loue bothe two
And put awaie melancolie.
That was a lustie melodie
Whan euery man with other lough
And if there were suche one nowe
Whiche coude harpe as he did.
He might auaile in many a stede
To make peace, where nowe is hate
For whan men thinken to debate
I not what other thyng is good
But wher that wisdome wareth wood
And reason tourneth in to rage
So that measure vpon outrage
Hath set this worlde, it is to drede
For that bringeth in the common drede
Whiche stant at euery mannes doze
But whan the sharpnes of the spore
The hors side smiteth to sore
It greueth ofte. And nowe no more
As for to speke of this mater
Whiche none, but onely god maie stere
So were it good at this tide
That euery man vpon his side
Besought, and prayed for the peace
Whiche is the cause of all increase
Of worshippe, and of worldes welthe
Of hertes reste, and soules helthe
Without peace stonde nothyng good

For thi to Chriſt, which shed his blond
For peace, byseketh all men.
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Explicit prologus.

Naturatus amor naturæ legibus orbem
Subdit, & vnanimes concitat esse feras.
Hui⁹ enim mũdi princeps amore esse videtur,
Cuius eget diues pauper & omnis opes.
Sũt in agóne pares amor & fortunáq; cæcas,
Plebis ad insidias vertit vtérq; rotas.
Est amor, ægra salus, vexata quies, pius error
Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suaue malum.

¶ Poſtquam in prologo tractatum hactenus exiſtit, qualiter hodierne conditionis diuiſio charitatis dilectionem superauit, intendit et auctor ad preſens ſuum libellum (cuius nomen Confeſſio Amantis nuncupatur) componere de illo amore, a quo non ſolum humanum genus ſed et cuncta animantia naturaliter ſubiiciuntur.

¶ Incipit Liber primus.

I Mate not stretche vp to the heuen
Myn honde ne set al in euen
This worlde whiche euer is in balance.
It stant not in my suffisance
So great thinges to compasse:
But I mote lette it euerpasse,
And treaten vpon other thinges.
For thy the stile of my writinges
Fro this date forth I thynke change,
And speake of thing is not so strange,
Whiche euery kinde hath vpon honde,
And whervpon the worlde mote stonde,
And hath done sith it began:
And shall while there is any man:
And that is loue, of whiche I meane
To treate, as after shal be sene,
In whiche there can no man him rule.
For loues lawe is out of reule
That of to muche or of to lite
Well nigh is euery man to wite
And netheles there is no man
In all this worlde so wise, that can
Of loue temper the measure:
But as it falleth in auenture.
For witte ne strength mate not helpe
And whiche els wolde him yelpe,
Is rathest throwen vnder foote,
There can no wighte therof do boote.
For yet was neuer suche couine,
That couth ordeine a medicine
To thing, whiche god in law of kynde
Hath set, for there mate no man finde
The right salue for suche a sore,
It hath and shall be euermore,
That loue is maister, where he will:
There can no life make other skille
For where as him selfe liste to set
There is no might, which him mate let.
But what shall fallen at laste,
The soth can no wisedome cast,
But as it falleth vpon chance.
For if there euer was balance,
Whiche of fortune stant gouerned,
I mate well leue as I am lerned,
That loue hath that balance on honde,
Whiche will no reason vnderstonde.
For loue is blinde, and mate not see.
For thy mate no certeintee
Beſette vpon his iudgement
But as the whele about went
He yeueth his grates vnderserued
And fro that man, whiche hath him serued,
Full ofte he taketh awey his fees,
As he that plaieth at the dies:
And therupon what shall befall,
He not, till that the chance fall:
Where he shall lese or he shal wynne:
And thus full ofte men begyn,
That if thei wisten what it ment
Thei wolde change all their intent.

¶ Hic quaſi in perſona aliorum, quos amor allicat, fingens ſe auctor eſſe amantem, varias eorum paſſiones variis huius libri diſtinctionibus per ſingula ſcribere proponit.

¶ And for to preue it is so,
I am my selfe one of tho,
Whiche to this schole am vnderfonge.
For it is sothe go not longe
As for to speake of this matere
I mate you tell, if you woll here,
A wonder happe, whiche me befelle
That was to me bothe harde and felle

Tow

Touchyng of loue and his fortune,
The whiche me liketh to commune,
And playnly for to tell it out
To them that louers be aboute,
Fro poynt to poynt I woll declare,
And writen of my wofull care,
My wofull day my wofull chance,
That men mowe take remembrance
Of that thei shall here after rede.
For in good feithe this wolde I rede,
That euery man ensample take
Of wisedome, whiche is hym betake:
And that he wote of good apprise
To teche it forthe for suche empryse
As for to preyse: And therfore I
Will write and shewe all openly,
Howe loue and I togedre mette,
Wherof the worlde ensample sette
May after this, whan I am go
Of thilke vnsely iolife wo,
Whose reule stant out of the wey,
Nowe gladde, and nowe gladnes aweie:
And yet it maie not be withstonde
For ought that men maie vnderstonde.

Non ego Samsonis vires, non Herculis arma
Vinco, sum sed vt hij victus amore pari,
Vt discant alij docet experiencia facti,
Rebus in ambiguis quæ sunt habenda via,
Deuius ordo ducit temtata pericla sequẽtem,
Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.
Me quib⁹ ergo Venus casus laqueauit amãtẽ,
Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.

Hic declarat materiã dicens qualiter Cupido quodã ignito iaculo, sui cordis memoriam graui vlcere perforauit, quod Venus percipiens ipsum vt dicit, quasi in mortis articulo spasmatum, ad confitendũ se Genio sacerdoti super amoris causa sic seminium speciaciter commendauit.

Upon the poynt that is befalle
Of loue, in whiche that I am falle,
I thynke tell my matere:
Now herken who that woll it here
Of my fortune howe that it ferde
This endyrdaie, as I forthe ferde
To walke, as I you tell maie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie,
Whan euery bird hath chose his make,
And thinketh his mirthes for to take
Of loue, that he hath acheued:
But so was I nothyng relieued.
For I was further fro my loue
Than erthe is from the heauen aboue,
And for to speake of any spede
So wiste I me none other rede,
But as it were a man forsake.
Unto the wood my waie gan take
Not for to synge with the birdes.
For whan I was the wood amiddes,
I fonde a soote greene plaine,
And there I gan my wo complaine,
Wisshyng and weppng all mine one.
For other mirthes made I none.
So harde me was that ilke throwe
That ofte sithes ouerthrowe
To grounde I was without breathe:
And euer I wished after death.
Whan I out of my peine awooke,
And caste vp many a pitous looke
Unto the heauen, and saied thus
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus
Thou god of loue, and thou goddesse
Where is pitee? where is mekenesse?
Nowe dothe me plainely liue or die
For certes suche a maladie
As I now haue, and longe haue hadde
It might make a wise man madde
If that it shulde longe endure
O Venus queene of loues cure
Thou life, thou lustе, thou mans hele
Beholde my cause, and my quarele
And yeue me some parte of thy grace
So that I maie finde in this place
If thou be gracious or none:
And with that worde I sawe anone
The kynge of loue, and queene bothe
But he that kynge with eyen wrothe
His there aweiwarde fro me caste
And forthe he passed at the laste
But netheles or he forthe went
A fyry darte me thought he sent
And threwe it through mine herte roote
In hym fonde I none other boote
For lenger lyst hym note to dwell
But she, whiche is the source and well
Of wele and wo, that shall betide
To them that louen at that tide

Abode but for to tellen here.
She talk on me no goodly there.
Thus netheles to me she saide.
What arte thou sonne: and I abraide
Right as a man doth out of slepe,
And therof she toke right good kepe,
And bad me nothyng be adradde.
But for all that I was not gladde.
For I ne sawe no cause why:
And ofte she asked, what was I.
I saide a caitife, that lieth here.
What wolde ye my ladie dere?
Shall I be whelle, or elles die?
She saide, tell me thy maladie.
What is thy sore, of whiche thou pleinest?
Ne hide it nought, for if thou feignest,
I can do the no medicine.
Madame, I am a man of thyne,
That in thy courte haue longe serued,
And aske that I haue deserued,
Some wele after my longe wo.
And she began to loure tho,
And saide, there be many of you
Faitours: and so maie be that thou
Art right suche one, and by feintise
Seyste, that thou haste me do seruice:
And netheles she wiste wele
My worde stode on an other whele,
Without any feiterie.
But algate of my maladie
She bad me tell, and saie hir trouthe.
Madame, if ye wolde haue routhe
(Quod I) then wolde I tell you
Sei forth (quod she) and tell me how.
Shew me thy sekenes euery dele.
Madame, that can I do wele:
Be so my lyfe therto woll laste.
With that hir loke on me she caste,
And saide, in aunter if thou liue,
My wyll is first, that thou be shriue.
And netheles how that it is
I wote my selfe, but for all this
Unto my preest, whiche cometh anone,
I woll thou tell it one and one,
Both of thy thought, and all thy werke.
O Genius mine owne clerke
Come forth, and here this mans shrifte
(Quod Venus tho) and I vplifte
My heade with that, and gan beholde
The selfe preeste, whiche as she wolde,
Was redy there, and set him doune
To here my confession.

Confessus Genio si sit medicina salutis
Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus.
Lesa quidē ferro medicantur membra saluti,
Raro tamen medicū vulnus amoris habet.

¶ Hic dicit quakiter Genio pro cōfessore sedenti prouolutus amans ad confitendum se plexis ge uibus incurnatur, supplicans tamen, vt ad sui sen sus informationem confessor ille indicendis ops ponere sibi benignus dignaretur.

¶ This worthie preest, this wholy man
To me spekend thus began,
And saide: Benedicite
My sonne of the felicitee
Of loue, and eke of all the wo
Thou shalt be shriue of bothe two,
What thou er this for loues sake
Haste felte, let nothynge be forsake:
Tell pleinly, as it is befall.
And with that worde I gan downe fall
On knees with good deuocion,
And with full great contricion,
I saied than: Dominus,
Myn holy fader Genius
So as thou haste experience
Of loue, for whose reuerence
Thou shalt me shriue at this tyme,
I praie the let me not misdyme
My shrifte. For I am destourbed
In all myn herte, and so conturbed,
That I ne maie my wittes gete:
So shall I muche thynge forgete
But if thou wolte my sinne oppose
Fro pointe to pointe, than I suppose,
There shall nothynge be lefte behynde
But nowe my wittes be so blynde,
That I ne can my selfe teche.
Tho he beganne anone to preche,
And with his wordes debonayre
He saied to me softe and fayre:
In this place I am set here
Thy shrifte to oppose and here
By Venus the goddesse aboue,
Whose preest I am touchend of loue.

Sermo

¶ Sermo Genii sacerdotis super confessione ad amantem.

¶But netheles for certaine skill
I mote algate, and nedes wille
Nought only make my spekynges
Of loue, but of other thinges,
That touchen to the cause of vice
For that belongeth to thoffice
Of prestes, whose ordre that I bere:
So that I wol nothing forbere,
That I the vices one and one
Ne shall the shewe euery chone,
Wherof thou might take euidence
To rewle with thy conscience.
But of conclusion finall
Conclude I wolde in speciall
For loue, whose seruant I am,
And why the cause is that I am
So thinke I to do bothe two.
Firste that myn ordre longeth to
The vices for to telle on rewe,
But nexte aboue all other shewe
Of loue I wol the proprietees
How that thei stande by degrees
After the disposicion
Of Venus, whose condicion
I must folowe as I am holde.
For I with loue am all withholde
So that the lesse I am to wite
Though I now can but a lite
Of other thinges, that bene wise,
I am not taught in suche a wise.
For it is nought my comen vse
To speke of vices, and vertuse:
But all of loue, and of his lore.
For Venus bokes of nomore
Me techen, nether text ne glose:
But for as muche as I suppose
It sit a preest to be well thewde:
And shame it is, if he be lewde.
Of my presthode after the forme
I wol thy shrifte so enforme,
That at the last thou shalte here
The vices, and to thy matere
Of loue I shall them so remeue,
That thou shalt know what thei meue.
For what a man shall are or seine
Touchend of shrifte, it mote be pleine
It nedeth nought to make it queint.
For trouth his wordes wol not peinte,
That I wol are of the for thy
My sonne it shall be so pleinly
That thou shalt know and vnderstande
The pointes of shrift how that thei stande.

Visus & auditus fragiles sunt ostia mentis,
Quæ vitiosa manus claudere nulla potest.
Est ibi larga via, gradit qua cordis ad antrũ,
Hostis & ingrediens fossa talenta rapit.
Hæc mihi cõfessor Genius primordia, pfert,
Dum sit in extremis vita remorsa malis.
Nunc tamẽ vt poterit fœmina loquela fateri,
Verba per os timide conscia mentis agam.

¶Hic confessio amantis, cui de duobus præcipue quinque sensibus, hoc est de Visu et auditu confessor præ ceteris opponit.

¶Betwene the life and dethe I herde
This prestes tale er I answerde:
And than I praied him for to saie
His will: and I it wolde obeie
After the forme of his apprise.
Tho spake he to me in suche wise,
And bad me that I shulde me shriue
As thouchende of my wittes fiue,
And shape, that thei were amended,
Of that I had them mispended.
For tho be properly the gates
Through which, as to the hert algates
Cometh all thing vnto the feire,
Whiche maie the mannes soule empeire.
And now is this matter brought in
My sonne I thinke firste begynne
To witte, how that thyn eie hath stande,
The whiche is (as I vnderstande)
The moste principall of all
Through whom that peril maie befall,
And for to speke in loues kinde,
Full many suche a man maie finde,
Whiche euer caste aboute their eie
To loke, if that thei might aspie
Full oft thing, whiche them ne toucheth,
But only that their hertes soucheth
In hyndryng of a nother wight.
And thus ful many a worthy knight,
And many a lusty lady bothe
Hath be full ofte sithe wrothe:
So that an eie is as a theefe

To loue, and doth full great meschiefe.
And also for his owne parte,
Ful ofte thilke firie darte
Of loue, whiche that euer brenneth,
Through him in to the hert renneth,
And thus a mans eie first
Him selfe greueth alder werst.
And many a time that he knoweth
Unto his owne harme it groweth.
My sonne herken now for thy
A tale, to be ware therby,
Thyn eie for to kepe and warde,
So that it passe nought his warde.

¶ Hic narrat Confessor exẽplum de visu ab illicitis preseruando, dicens, qualiter Acteon Cadmi regis Thebarum nepos, dum in quadam foresta venationis causa spaciarit, accidit, vt ipse quendam fontem nemorosa arborum pulchritudine circumuẽtum superueniẽs, vidit ibi Dianam cũ suis Nimphis nudã in flumine balneãtem, quã diligentius intuens oculos suos a muliebri nuditate nullatenus auertere volebat, vnde indignata Diana ipsum in cerui figuram transformauit.

¶ Ouide telleth in his boke
Ensample touchend of misloke,
And saith, how whilome ther was one
A worthy lorde, which Acteon
Was hote, and he was cosin nighe
To him, that Thebes first on high
Upset, which kyng Cadme hight.
This Acteon, as he well might
A boue all other cast his chere,
And vsed it from yere to yere,
With houndes, and with great hornes
Amonge the woddes, and the thornes,
To make his huntyng, and his chace,
Where him best thought in euery place
To finde game in his waie,
There rode he for to hunte and plaie.
So him befelle vpon a tide
On his huntyng as he can ride,
In a forest a lone he was
He sawe vpon the grene gras
The faire floures freshe springe,
He herd among the leues singe
The throstel, with the nightyngale.
Thus (er he wiste) in to a dale
He came, wher was a litell plaine
All rounde aboute, well beseyne
With bussches greene, and rederes hie.
And there within he caste his eie
A middes the plaine, he sawe a welle
So faire, there might no man telle,
In whiche Diana naked stoode
To bathe and plaie hir in the floode,
With many nymphes, whiche hir serueth:
But he his eie awei ne swerueth
From hir, whiche was naked all:
And she was wonder wroth with all,
And him, as she whiche was godesse,
Forthoght anone, and the likenesse
She made him taken of an herte,
Whiche was tofore his houndes sterte,
That ronne beslly aboute,
With many an horne, and many a route
That maden muche noyse and crie.
And at the laste vnhappilie
This hert his owne houndes slough,
And him for vengeance all to drough.
¶ Lo nowe my sonne, what it is
A man to caste his eie amis:
Whiche Acteon hath dere abought:
Beware for thy, and do it nought
For ofte, who that hede take,
Better is to winke than to loke.
And for to proven it is so
Ouide the Poete also
A tale (whiche to this matere
Accordeth) saith, as thou shalt here.

¶ Hic ponit aliud exẽplũ de eodẽ, vbi dicit, quod quidam princeps nomine Forcus, tres progenuit filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, quæ vno partu exorte, deformitatẽ mõstrorum serpentinã obtinuerũt, quibus cum in etatem pernenerãt, talis destinata fuerit natura, quod quicunqz in eas aspiceret, in lapidẽ subito mutabatur, et sic quãplures incaute respicientes, visis illis perierunt, sed Perseus miles clipeo Palladis, gladioque Mercurii munitus, eas extra montẽ Atlãtis cohabitãtes, alio audaci absqz sui periculo interfecit.

¶ In Methamor. it telleth thus
How that a lorde, whiche Forcus
Was hote, had doughters three:
But vpon their natiuitee
Suche was the constellacion,
That out of mans nacion

Fro

Fro kynde thei be so miswent,
That to the likenes of a serpent
Thei were bothe, and that one
Of them was cleped Stellybone,
That other suster Surpale,
The thirde (as telleth in the tale)
Meduſa hight, and netheles
Of comon name Gorgones
(In euery countrey there about
As monſtres, which that men doute)
Men clepen them, and but one eie
Amonge them thre in purpartie
Thei had, of which thei might se.
Now hath it this, now hath it the
After that nede it ladde
By throwes eche of them it hadde.
A wonder thing yet more amis
There was, wherof I telle all this
What man on them his chere caste,
And them beheldе, he was als faste
Out of man in to a ſtone
Forſhape, and thus full many one
Deceiued were, of that thei wolde
Miſloke, where thei ne ſholde.
But Perſeus, that worthie knight,
Whom Pallas, of hir great might
Halpe, and toke him a ſhelde therto.
And eke the god Mercury alſo
Lent him a ſwerde: he as it ſille
Beyonde Athlans the highe hille
Theſe monſtres ſought, and there he fonde
Diuerſe men of thilke londe,
Through ſight of them miſformed were
Standing as ſtones here and there:
But he (which wiſedome and proweſſe
Hath of the god and the godeſſe)
The ſhelde of Pallas gan embrace,
With which he couereth faufe his face.
And Mercurius ſwerde out he drough
And ſo he bare him, that he ſlough
Theſe dredfull monſtres all thre.

Confeſſor.

Lo now my ſonne auiſe the,
That thou thy ſight not miſuſe,
Caſt not thin eie vpon Meduſe,
That thou be torned in to ſtone.
For ſo wiſe man was neuer none,
But if he woll his eie kepe
And take of foule delite no kepe,
That he with luſte nis ofte nome
Through ſtrengthe of loue, and ouercome.
Of miſlokyng how it hath ferde,
As I haue tolde, now haſt thou herde.
My good ſonne take good hede,
And ouer this I the rede,
That thou beware of thine hering,
Which to the herte the tiding
Of many a vanitee hath brought
To tarie with a mans thought.
And netheles good is to here,
Suche thing, wherof a man máie lere,
That to vertue is accordant
And towarde all the remenant
Good is to torne his ere fro,
For elles but a man do ſo,
Him máie full ofte miſbefalle.
I rede enſample amonges alle,
Wherof to kepe wel an eare
It ought put a man in feare.

¶ Hic confeſſor exẽplum narrat, vt non ab auris expauditione fatua animus deceptus inuoluatur. Et dicit qualiter ille ſerpens, qui aſpis vocatur, quẽdam pretioſiſſimum lapidẽ nomine carbunculum, in ſue frontis medio geſtans, cõtra verba incantatis aurem vnã terre affigẽdo premit, et aliam ſue caude ſtimulo firmiſſime obturat.

A ſerpent, whiche that aſpidis
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
That he the ſtone nobleſt of all,
The whiche that men Carbuncle call,
Bereth in his heed aboue on high,
For whiche whan that a man by ſlight
(The ſtone to wynne, and him to dante)
With his carecte him wolde enchante,
Anone as he perceiueth that,
He leyth downe his one eare all plat
Unto the grounde, and halt it faſt:
And eke that other eare als faſte
He ſhoppeth with his taille ſo ſore,
That he the wordes, laſſe or more
Of his enchantement ne hereth.
And in this wiſe him ſelfe he ſkereth,
So that he hath the wordes wayued,
And thus his eare is nought deceiued.

¶ Aliud exẽplũ ſuper eodẽ qualiter rex Vlyſſes cum a bello Troiano verſus Greciam nauigio remiaret

remiaret, et prope illa monstra maxima, Syrenes nitempata, angelica voce canorans ipsum Vlixem aduersitate nauigare oporteret, omnium nautarum suorum aures obturari coegit.

¶ In other thing who that reconeth,
Like vnto this sample accordeth,
Whiche in the tale of Troie I finde.
Syrenes of a wonder kinde
Ben monstres, as the bokes tellen,
And in the great sea thei dwellen,
Of body bothe and of visage
Like vnto women of yonge age
Vp fro the nauil on highe thei bee,
And downe benethe (as men maie see)
Thei beare of fisshes the figure.
And ouer this of suche nature
Thei ben, that with so sweete a steuen
Like to the melodie of heuen
In womens voice thei singe,
With notes of so great likynge,
Of suche measure, of suche musike,
Wherof the shippes thei beswike
That passen by the rockes there.
For whan the shipmen laie an eare
Vnto the voice in there aduice,
Thei wene it be a paradyse:
Whiche after is to them an helle.
For reason maie not with them dwelle,
Whan thei the great lustes here,
Thei can not their shippes stere,
So besily vpon the note
Thei herken, and in suche wise assote,
That thei their right cours and weie
Forgete, and to their eare obeie,
And saylen, till it so befalle,
That thei in to the perille falle,
Where as the shippes ben to drawe,
And thei be with the monstres slawe.
But fro this perille netheles
With his wisedome kinge Vlysses
Escapeth, and it ouerpasseth.
For he to fore the hande compasseth,
That no man of his companie
Hath power vnto that folie
His eare for no luste to take.
For he then stopped als faste,
That non of them maie here them singe.
So whan thei come forth saylinge,
There was suche gouernance on honde,
That the monstres haue withstonde,
And slough of them a great partie,
Thus was he sauf with his nauie
This wise kinge through gouernance.

Confessor.

¶ Herof my sonne in remembrance
Thou might ensample taken here,
As I haue tolde, and what thou here
Be well ware, and yeue no credence:
But if thou se more euidence.
For if thou woldest take kepe,
And wisely couthest warde and kepe
Thine eie and eare, as I haue spoke:
Than hadst thou the gates stoke
Fro suche folie, as cometh to wynne
Thyn hertes witte, whiche is within:
Wherof that now thy loue excedeth
Measure, and many a peine bredeth.
But if thou couthest sette in rewle
Tho two, the thre were ethe to rewle.
For thy as of thy wittes fiue
I woll as now no more shriue,
But only of these yike two,
Tel me therfore if it be so,
Hast thou thyne eie ought misshowe?

Amans.

¶ My fader ye, I am beknowe,
I haue them cast vpon Meduse,
Therof I may me nought excuse,
Myn hert is growen in to stone,
So that my lady there vpon
Hath suche a printe of loue graue,
That I can nought my selfe saue.

Opponit Confessor.

¶ What saiste thou sonne, as of thyn ere?
My fader I am giltie there.
For whan I my ladye here,
My witte with that hath lost his stere:
I do nought as Vlysses dede,
But falle anon vpon the stede,
Where as I se my ladye stande:
And there I do you vnderstande
I am to pulled in my thought,
So that of reason leueth nought,
Wherof that I maie me defende.

Confessor.

¶ My good sonne, god the amende.

My

For as me thinketh by thy speche,
Thy wittes be right far to seche,
As of thyn eare, and of thine eie
I woll no more specifie:
But I woll asken ouer this
Of other thynge howe that it is.

Celsior est aquilâq; leone forcior ille,
Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta mouet.
Sũt species quinq;, quib⁹ est superbia ductrix
Clamat & in multis mundus adheret eis.
Laruando faciem ficto pallore subornat
Fraudibus hypocrisis mellea verba suis.
Sicq; pios animos q̃ sæpe ruit muliebres
Ex humili verbo sublatitante dolo.

¶ Hic loquitur, quod septem sunt peccata mortalia, quorum caput superbia Varias species habet, & earũ prima hypocrisis dicitur, cuius proprietatẽ secundum Vitium Confessor amanti declarat.

¶ My sonne, as I shall the informe,
There ben yet of an other forme
Of dedly vices seuen applied,
Wherof the herte is often plied
To thyng, whiche after shall hym greeue:
The first of them thou shalt beleeue
Is pryde, whiche is principall,
And hath with hym in speciall,
Mynistres fyue full dyuerse:
Of whiche as I shall the reherce,
The firste is saide hypocrisie,
If thou arte of his companie
Tell forth my sonne, and shrine the cleane

Amans

¶ I wote not sadre what ye meane.
But this I wolde you beseche,
That ye me by some wey teche,
What is to ben an hypocrite,
And than if I be for to wite
I woll beknowen, as it is

Confessor

¶ My sonne, an hypocrite is this:
A man, whiche feigneth conscience,
As though it were all innocence
Without, and is not so within:
And doth so for he wolde winne
Of his desyre the vaine astate:
And whan he cometh anone there at,
He sheweth than, what he was,
The corne is torned in to grasse.
That was a Rose, is than a thorne,
And he that was a lambe before
Is than a wolfe: and thus malice
Under the colour of iustice
Is hid, and as the people telleth,
These ordres witen where he dwelleth,
As he that of her counseyll is,
And thilke worde, whiche thei er this
Forsoken, he draweth in ayene.
He clotheth riches (as men seyne)
Under the simplest of pouerte,
And doth to seme of great deserte
Thynge, whiche is littell worthe within.
He seith in open, phy, to sinne,
And in secrete there is no vice,
Of whiche that he nys a norice:
And euer his chere is sobre and softe,
And where he goth he blesseth ofte,
Wherof the blynde worlde he dretcheth.
But yet all onely he ne stretcheth
His rewle vpon religion,
But nert to that condicion,
In suche as clepe them holy churche.
It sheweth eke how he can worche
Amonge the wide furred hoodes
To gete them the worldes goodes,
And them selfe ben thilke same,
That setten moste the worlde in blame.
But yet in contrarie of their lore
There is nothyng thei louen more,
So that feignyng of light thei werke
The dedes, whiche are inwarde derke.
And thus this double hypocrisie,
With his deuoute apparancie
A vyser set vpon his face
Wherof towarde the worldes grace
He semeth to be right well thewed:
And yet his herte is all beshrewed.
But netheles he stant beleued,
And hath his purpos ofte acheued
Of worship, and of worldes welthe,
And taketh it, as who saith by stelthe
Through couerture of his fallas:
And right so in semblable cas
This vice hath eke his officers
Amonge these other seculers
Of great men, for of the smale
As for to accompte he set no tale.

But

But thei that passen the commune,
With suche hym lyketh to commune.
And where he saieth, he woll socoure
The people, there he woll devoure.
For nowe a daie is many one
Whiche speaketh of Peter and of John,
And thynketh Judas in his herte,
There shall no worldes good asserte
His hande: and yet he geueth almesse,
And fasteth ofte, and hereth messe,
With mea culpa, whiche he seith
Upon his brestе full ofte he leith
His hande, and cast upwarde his eie,
As though Christes face he seie:
So that it semeth at sight,
As he alone all other might
Rescue with his holy dede:
But yet his herte in other stede
Amonge his beades moste devoute,
Goth in the worldes cause aboute
How that he might his warison
Encrease, and in comparison.

¶Hic tractat confessor cū amāte super ista hypocrisia, que sub amoris facie fraudulenter latitando mulieres ipsius ficticiis credulas sepissime decepit innocentes.

¶There ben louers of suche a sorte
That feignen them an humble porte,
And all is but hypocrisie,
Whiche with deceite and flatterie
Hath many a worthy wife begiled.
For whan he hath his tonge afiled
With softe speche, and with lesynge,
Forthwith his false pitous lokynge
He wolde make a woman weene
To gone upon the feire greene,
Whan that she fauleth in the myre.
For if he maie haue his desyre,
How so falleth of the remenant,
He holte no worde of couenant:
But er the time that he spede
There is no sleigthe at thilke nede,
Whiche any loues faitour maie,
That he ne put it in assaie,
As him belongeth for to doone.
The colour of the reiny Moone
With medicine upon his face
He set, and than he asketh grace,
As he, whiche hath sekenes feigned,
Whan his visage is so disfeigned,
With eie up casse on her he siketh
And many a countinance he piketh,
To bringen hir in to beleue
Of thing, whiche that he wolde acheue,
Wherof he beareth the pale hewe.
And for he wolde seme trewe,
He maketh him sicke, whan he is heile,
But whan he beareth lowest seile,
Than is he swiftest to begyle
The woman, whiche that ilke whyle
Set upon hym feith or credence.
¶My sonne if thou thy conscience
Entamed hasse in suche a wise,
In shrifte thou the might auise
And tell it me, if it be so.

Amans

¶Myn holy fadre certes no,
As for to feigne suche sickenesse
It nedeth nought: for this witnesse
I take of god, that my courage
Hath ben more sicke than my visage,
And eke this maie I well auowe
So lowe couthe I neuer bowe
To feigne humilitee without
That me ne lisse better loute
With all the thoughtes of mine herte.
For that thynge shall me neuer asserte.
I speke as to my ladie dere
To make hir any feigned chere
God wote well there I lie nought,
My chere hath ben such as my thought.
For in good feithe this leueth wele,
My wyll was better a thousande dele
Than any chere that I couthe.
But syre, if I haue in my youthe
Done other wise in other place,
I put me therof in your grace.
For this excusen I ne shall,
That I haue elles ouer all,
To loue and to his companie
Be pleine without hypocrisie.
But there is one, the whiche I serue,
All though I maie no thanke deserne,
To whom yet neuer vnto this daie
I saied only ye or naie.

But if it so were in my thought,
As touchend other saie I nought,
That I nam somdele for to wite,
Of that ye clepe an hypocrite.

Confessor.

¶ My sonne it sit well euery wight
To kepe his worde in trouth vpright
Towardes loue in all wise.
For who that wolde him well adwise,
What hath befalle in this mattere,
He shulde nought with feigned chere
Deceyue loue in no degree
To loue is euery hert free.
But in deceite if that thou feigneste,
And therupon thy luste atteyneste,
That thou hafte wonne with thy wile,
Though it the like for a while,
Thou shalt it afterwarde repente.
And for to prouen myne entente
I finde ensample in a Croniq;,
Of them that loue so bifwike.

¶ Quod hypocrisia sit in amore periculosa narrat exemplum, qualiter sub regno Tiberii imperatoris quidam miles nomine Mundus, qui Romanorum dux militie tunc prefuit, dominā Paulinam pulcherrimā castitatisq; famosissimam inebriantibus duobus falsis presbyteris in Templo Ysis domini sui se esse fingens sub ficte sanctitatis hypocrisi nocturno tempore stituit, Unde idem dux in ephium, presbyteri in mortem ob sui criminis enormitatem damnati extiterant.

¶ It befelle by olde daies thus
Whilome the emperour Tiberius
The monarche of Rome ladde,
There was a worthy Romain had
A wife, and she Paulina hight:
Whiche was to euery mannis sight
Of all the citee the faireste:
And as men saiden eke the beste.
It is and hath ben euer yet,
That so stronge is no mans witte,
Whiche through beautee ne maie be drawe
To loue, and stande vnder the lawe
Of thilke boze freile kinde,
Whiche maketh the hertes eies blinde,
Where no reason maie be communed:
And in this wise stode fortuned
This tale, of whiche I woll meene.

This wife, whiche in hir luftes greene
Was faire and freshe and tender of age,
She maie not let the courage
Of him, that wol on hir assotte.
There was a duke, and he was hotte
Mundus, whiche had in his baillie
To lede the chiualrie
Of Rome: and was a worthy knight.
But yet he was nought of suche might
The strengthe of loue to withstonde,
That he ne was so brought to honde,
That maulgre whether he wol or no,
This yonge wife he loueth so,
That he hath put all his assaie
To winne thing, which he ne maie
Gette of hir grant in no maner
By yefte of gold, ne by praier.
And whan he sawe, that by no mede
Toward hir loue he might spede
By sleight feigned than he wrought,
And therupon he him bethought,
Howe that there was in the citee
A temple of suche auctoritee,
To whiche, with great deuotion
The noble women of the towne
Moste comonly a pilgrimage
Gone, for to pray thilke image,
Whiche the goddesse of childyng is,
And cleped was by name Isis:
And in hir temple than were
(To rewle and to minister there
After the law, whiche was tho)
Aboue all other prestes two.
This duke, which thought his loue get
Upon a daie them two to mete
Hath bede: and thei come at his heste,
Where thei had a riche feste.
And after mete in preuy place
This lord, which wolde his thāke purchace,
To eche of them yafe than a gifte,
And spake so by waie of shrifte
He drough them in to his couine
To helpe and shape how Paulline
After his luste deceiue might:
And thei their trouthes bothe plight,
That thei by night hir shulde winne
Into the temple, and he therinne
Shall haue of hir all his intent.

And

And thus accorded forth thei wente.
Now like through whiche hypocrisie
Ordeined was the trecherie,
Wherof this lady was deceiued.
These prestes hadden wel conceiued,
That she was of great holynesse,
And with a counterfeit simplesse,
Whiche hid was in a fals courage,
Feigned an heuenly message.
Thei come, and saide vnto her thus:
Paulyne, the God Anubus
Hath sente vs both presente here,
And saith, he wol to the appere
By nightes time him selfe alone
For loue he hath to thy persone:
And therupon he hath vs bede
That we in Isis Temple a stede
Honestly for the purueye,
Where thou by night as we the seye
Of him shalt take a vision.
For vpon thy condition
The whiche is chaste and full of feithe
Suche price (as he vs tolde) he leith,
That he woll stande of thin accorde:
And for to beare herof recorde
He sende vs hider bothe two.
Glad was hir innocence tho
Of suche wordes, as she herd.
With humble chere, and thus answerde
And saide, that the gods will
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by hir housbondes leue,
She wolde in Isis Temple at eue
Vpon hir gods grace abide,
To seruen him the nightes tide.
The prestes tho gon home againe.
And she goth to hir souereine,
Of gods will, and as it was
She tolde him all the plaine cas:
Wherof he was deceiued eke,
And badde, that she hir shulde meke
All hole vnto the gods heste.
And thus she, whiche was all honeste
To godwarde, after hir entent,
At night vnto the temple went,
Where that the fals prestes were,
And thei receiuen hir there
With suche a token of holynesse,
As though thei seen a goddesse,
And all within in preuy place
A softe bedde of large space
Thei hadde made, and encorteined,
Where she was afterward engined.
But she, whiche all honour supposeth,
The fals prestes than opposeth
And areth by what obseruance
She might mosse, to the plesance
Of god, that nightes reule kepe.
And thei hir bidden for to slepe
Lyggend vpon the bedde a lofte.
For so thei saiden, still and soft
God Anubus hir wolde awake.
The counseill in this wise take,
The prestes fro this lady gone,
And she that wisse of gile none
In the maner as it was saide
To slepe vpon the bedde, is laide
In hope that she shulde acheue
Thing, whiche stode than vpon beleue,
Fulfilled of all holynesse.
But she hath failed as I gesse.
For in a closet fasse by
The duke was hid so priuely,
That she him might not perceiue
And he that thought to deceiue
Hath suche arate vpon nome,
That whan he wolde vnto hir come,
It shulde semen at hir ye,
As though she verily seie
God Anubus, and in suche wise.
This hepocrite, of his queintise
Awayteth euer till she slept,
And than out of his place he crept
So still, that she nothing herde,
And to the bedde stalkyng he ferde:
And sodenly, er she it wiste
Beclipt in armes he hir kiste:
Wherof in womannysshe drede
She woke, and nisse what to rede.
But he, with softe wordes milde
Comforteth hir, and saith, with childe
He wolde hir make in suche a kynde,
That all the world shall haue in minde
The worshippe of that ylke sonne.
For he shall with the gods wone,
And ben him selfe a god also.

With suche wordes, and with mo,
The whiche he feigneth in his speche:
This ladies witte was all to seche,
As she, whiche all trouthe weneth.
But he, that all untrouth meneth,
With blynde tales so hir ladde,
That all his will of hir he hadde.
And whan him thought it was enough,
Againe the daie he him withdrough
So priuely, that she ne wiste
Where he become, but as hym liste
Out of the temple he goth his waie:
And she beganne to bid and praie
Upon the bare grounde knelende:
And after that made hir offrende,
And to the prestes yeftes great
She yafe, and homeward by the strete
The duke hir mette, and saide thus:
The mightie god, whiche Anubus
Is hote, he saue the Pauline.
For thou arte of his discipline
So holy, that no mans might
Maie do, that he hath do to night
Of thyng, whiche thou hast euer eschued:
But I his grace haue so pursued,
That I was made his leutenant.
For thy by waie of couenant
From this daie forth I am all thyne,
And if the like to be myne,
That stonte upon thyn owne wyll:
She herde this tale, and bare it styll,
And home she went as it befill
Into hir chambre, and there she fill
Upon hir bedde to wepe and crie,
And saide, O derke hypocrisie,
Through whose dissimulacion
O falle imaginacion,
I am thus wickedly disceiued:
But that I haue it apperceiued,
I thanke unto the gods all.
For though it ones be befall,
I shall neuer efte while that I liue:
And thilke auowe to god I yeue.
And thus wepende she complaineth,
Hir faire face and all disfeineth
With wofull teares hir eie,
So that upon this agonie
Hir husbonde is in come,
And sawe how she was overcome
With Sorow, & asketh hir what hir eileth,
And she with that hir selfe beweileth
Well more than she did afore,
And saide, alas wifehode is lore
In me, whiche whilom was honest,
I am none other than a beaste:
Nowe I defouled am of two.
And as she might speake tho
Ashamed with a pitous onde
She tolde unto hir husbonde
The sothe of all the hole tale,
And in hir speche, dead and pale
She swouneth well nigh to the last,
And he hir in his armes fast
Upholde, and ofte swore his othe,
That he with hir is nothynge wroth.
For well he wote she maie there nought.
But netheles within his thought
His herte stode in a sorie plite,
And saide, he wolde of that despite
Be auenged, howe so euer it fall,
And sent unto his frendes all.
And whan thei were comen in fere,
He tolde them upon this matere,
And asketh them, what was to done.
And thei auised were soone,
And said: If thought them for the best,
To sette first his wife in reste:
And after plaine to the kynge
Upon the matter of this thynge.
Tho was his wofull wife comforted
By all waies, and disported,
Till that she was somedele amended:
And thus thei a daie or two dispended.
The thirde daie she goth to plaine
With many a worthie citezaine
And he with many a citezeine.
Whan the emperour it herde seine
And knewe the falsehead of the vice,
He saide, he wolde do Justice.
And first he let the prestes take,
And for thei shulde it not forsake,
He put them in to question:
But thei of the suggestion
Ne coude not a worde refuse:
But for thei wolde them selfe excuse
The blame upon the duke thei laide.

But there ayene the counsaile saide
That thei be nought excused so.
For he is one, and thei be two:
And two haue more witte than one,
So thilke excusement was none.
And ouer that was saide them eke,
That whan men wolde vertue seke,
Men shulde it in the prelles synde,
Their order is of so highe a kynde,
That thei be diuisers of the weie.
For thy if any man forsweye
Through them, thei be not excusable.
And thus by lawe reasonable
Amonge the wise iudges there,
The prelles both damned were,
So that the priuie trecherie,
Hid vnder the false hipocrisie,
Was than all openly shewed,
That many a man them hath beshrewed.
And whan the prelles weren dede
The temple of thilke horrible dede
Thei thoughten purge, and thilke image,
Whose cause was the pilgremage
Thei drouen out, and also fast
Farre into the Tyber thei it cast,
Where the riuer it hath defied:
And thus the temple purified,
Thei haue of thilke horrible sinne,
Whiche was that time do therin
Of this point suche was the deuise.
But of the duke was otherwise.
For he with loue was beskadde,
His dome was nought so harde ladde.
For loue put reasone awaie,
And can nought see the right waie.
And by this cause he was respited
So that the death him was acquited.
But for all that he was exiled.
For he his loue had so begiled,
That he shall neuer come ayene,
For he that is to trouth vnpleine
Ne maie not failen of vengeance.
And eke to take remembrance
Of that hipocrisie hath wrought,
On other halue men shulden nought
To lightly leue all that thei here:
But than shulde a wise man stere
The ship, whan suche wyndes blowe.
For first though thei beginne lowe
At ende thei be nought meuable,
But all to broke mast and cable,
So that the ship with sodaine blaste
(Whan men leste wene) is ouercast.
As nowe full often a man maie see.
And of olde tyme howe it hath bee,
I finde a great experience,
Wherof to take an euidence
Good is, and to beware also
Of the perill or him be wo.

¶ Hic Vlterius ponit exemplum de illa etiam Hipocrisia, que inter Virum et virum decipiens periculosissima consistit, Et narrat qualiter Greci in obsidione ciuitatis Troie, cum ipsam Vi apprehendere nullatenus potuerūt, fallaci animo cum Troianis pacem Vt dicunt pro perpetuo statuebant: et super hoc quendam equum mire grossionis de ere fabricatum ad sacrificandum in templo Minerue confingentes.

Of them that ben so derke within,
At Troie also if we beginne
Hypocrisie it hath betraied.
For whan the grekes had all assaied,
And fonde, that by no bataile,
Ne by no siege it might auaile
The towne to winne through prowesse,
This vice feigned of simplesse
Through sleight of Calcas and of Vlyss,
It wanne by suche a maner wyse.
An horse of brasse thei lette do forge
Of suche entaile, and of suche a forge,
That in this worlde was neuer man
That suche an other werke began.
The craftie werkeman Epius
It made, and for to tell thus,
The grekes that thoughten to begile
The kynge of Troie in thilke while,
With Antenor, and with Enee,
That were bothe of the citee,
And of the counsell the wisest
The richest, and the mightiest,
In priuie place so thei treate
With faire behestes and yeftes greate
Of golde, that thei than haue engined
To gether, and whan thei be couined,
Thei feignen for to make peace,
And vnder that neuer the lesse

They

Thei shopen the destruction
Bothe of the kyng, and of the towne.
And thus the fals peace was take
Of them of Grece, and vndertake:
And therupon thei fonde a way
Where strength might not awey,
That sleight shulde helpe than.
And of an ynche a large spanne,
By colour of the peace thei made,
And tolden how thei were gladde
Of that thei stonden in accorde.
And for it shall ben of recorde,
Unto the kyng the grekes saiden
By waie of loue, and thus thei praiden,
As thei that wolde his thanke deserue,
A sacrifice vnto Minerue
(The peace to kepe in good intent)
Thei muste offre, er that thei went.
The kynge counsailed in the case
By Antenor and Eneas,
Therto hath youen his assent.
So was the plaine trouthe blent
Through counterfete hypocrisie
Of that thei shulden sacrifie.
The grekes vnder the holynes
Anone with all besmelle
Their hors of brasse lette faire dight,
Which was to sene a wonder light.
For it was trapped of him selue,
And had of smale wheles twelue,
Upon the which men enough
With craft toward the towne it drough,
And goth glistrende ayenst the sonne.
Tho was there ioye enough begonne.
For Troie in great deuocion
Came also with procession
Ayenst this noble sacrifice
With great honour, and in this wise
Unto the gates theilit brought.
But of their entree whan thei sought,
The gates weren all to smale,
And therupon was many a tale.
But for the worshippe of Minerue,
To whom thei comen for to serue,
Thei of the towne, which vnderstode,
That all this thing was done for good,
For peace, wherof that thei be gladde,
The gates, that Neptunus made
A thousande winter ther to fore,
Thei haue anone to broke and tore.
The stronge walles downe thei bete,
So that in to the large strete
This horse with great solemnitee
Was brought within the citee,
And offered with great reuerence,
Which was to Troie an euidence
Of loue and peace fur euermo.
The grekes token leaue tho,
With all the hole felaushippe
And foorth thei wenten in to shippe,
And crossen saile, and made hem yare,
Anone as though thei wolden fare.
But whan the blacke winter nighte
(Without moone or sterre lighte)
Bederked hath the water stronde,
All priuely thei gone to londe
Full armed out of the naue,
Symon, which was made their espie
Within Troie, as was conspired,
Whan tyme was, a token fired,
And hath with that their waie holden,
And comen right as thei wolden,
There as the gate was to broke,
The purpose was full take and spoke
Er any man maie take kepe,
While that the citee was a slepe,
Thei slowen all that was within,
And token what thei mighten wynne
Of suche good as was sufficant,
And brenden vp the remenant.
And thus come out the trecherie
Which vnder false hypocrisie
Was hid, and thei that wened peace
Tho mighten finde no release
Of thilke swerde, which all deuoureth:
Full ofte and thus the swete soureth
Whan it is know to the talke:
He spilleth many a worde in walke,
That shall with suche a people trete.
For whan he weneth most bepete,
Than is he shape most to lese.
And right so if a woman chese
Upon the wordes, that she hereth,
Som man when he most true appereth,
Than is he forthest fro the trouth:
But yet full ofte, and that is routh

That speden, that be most vntrue,
And louen euery daie a newe:
Wherof the life is after lothe,
And loue hath cause to be wrothe.
But what man his lustes desireth
Of loue, and therupon conspireth
With wordes feigned to deceiue,
He shall not faile to receiue
His peine, as it is ofte sene.

Confessor.

¶ For thy my sonne, as I the mene,
It sitte the well to take hede,
That thou eschewe of thy manhede
Hypocrisie, and his semblant,
That thou ne nought be deceiuant,
To make a woman to beleue
Thing, which is not in thy beleue.
For in suche feint hypocrisie
Of loue, is all the trecherie:
Through which Loue is deceiued ofte.
For feigned semblant is so softe
Unnethes loue maie bewarе,
For thy sonne, as I well dare,
I charge the to flee that vice,
That many a woman hath made nice:
But loke thou deale not with all.

Amans.

Alwys father nomore I shall.

Confessor.

Now son kepe, that thou hast swore.
For this that thou hast herde before
Is said, the first point of pride:
And next upon that other side
To shriue and speake ouer this
Touchande of pride yet there is
The pointe seconde I the behote,
Whiche Inobedience is hote.

Flectere quã frangi melius reputatur, & ollæ
Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.
Quem neq; lex hoim, neq; lex diuina valebit
Flectere, multouens corde reflectit amor.
Quẽ nõ flectit amor, nõ est flectẽdus ab vllo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.
Dedignat amor, poterit quos scire rebelles,
Et rudibus sortem præstat habere rudem.
Sed qui sponte sui subicit se cordis amore,
Frangit in aduersis omnia fata pius.

¶ Hic loquitur de secunda specie superbie, quæ Inobedientia dicitur. Et primo illius vicii naturã simpliciter declarat. Et tractat cõsequenter super illa inobedientia, quæ in curia Cupidinis exposa amoris causã ex sua iberalitate sepissime retardat.

¶ This vice of inobediente
(Againe the reule of conscience)
All that is humble he disaloweth,
That he towarde his god ne boweth
After the lawes of his hesse,
Not as a man, but as a beaste,
Which goth upon his lustes wilde:
So goth this proude vice unmilde,
That he disdeigneth all lawe,
He not what is to be felawe,
And serue maie he not for pride:
So is he ledde on euery side:
And is that selue, of whom men speake,
Which woll not bowe, or that he breke.
I not, if loue might him plie,
For els for to iustifie
His herte, I not what might auaile.
For thy me sonne of suche entaile
If that thyn herte be disposed,
Telle out and let it nought be glosed.
For if that thou unburome bee
To loue, I not in what degree
Thou shalte thy good worde acheue.

¶ My father ye shall well beleue
The ponge whelpe, which is affaited,
Hath not his maister better awaited
To couche, whan he saith go lowe
Than I anone, as I maie knowe
My ladie will me bowe more:
But other while I grutche sore
Of some thinges, that she dooth,
Wherof that I woll tell sooth.
For of two pointes I am bethought,
That though I wolde, I might nought
Obeye unto my ladies hesse.
But I dare make this beheste,
Saufe only of that like two
I am unburome of no mo.

Confessor.

What ben tho two, tell on quod heer?

My father this is one, that thee
Commandeth me my mouthe to close,
And that I shulde hir nought appose
In loue, of which I ofte preache,
And plenarly of suche a speache

Forbere,

Forbere, and suffre hir in peace.
But that ne might I netheles
For all this worlde obey I wis.
For whan I am there, as she is,
Though she my tales mought alowe
Ayene hir will, yet mote I bowe
To seche, if that I might haue grace:
But that thinge maie I not embrace
For ought that I can speake or do:
And yet full ofte I speake so,
That she is wroth, and saith be still.
If I that hest shall fulfill,
And therto ben obedient:
Than is my cause fully shent.
For specheles maie no man spede,
So wote I not what is to rede.
But certes I maie nought obeie,
That I ne mote algates saie
Some what, of that I wolde mene.
For euer it is a liche grene
The great loue, whiche I haue,
Wherof I can not bothe saue
My speche, and this obedience.
And thus full ofte my silence
I breke: and is the firste point,
Wherof that I am out of point
In this, and yet it is no pride.
Nowe then vpon that other side
To tell my disobeisance
Full sore it stant to my greuance,
And maie not sinke in to my witte,
Full ofte time she me bitte
To leuen hir, and chese a newe,
And saith, if I the sothe knewe,
Howe farre I stonde from hir grace,
I shulde loue in an other place.
But therof woll I disobeie.
For also well she might seie,
Go take the moone, there it sitte,
As bringe that into my witte,
For there was neuer rooted tree,
That stoode so faste in his degree,
That I ne stande more faste
Vpon hir loue, and maie not caste
Myn herte awey, all though I wolde.
For god wote though I neuer shulde
Sene hir with eie after this daie:
Yet stont it so, that I ne maie
Hir loue out of my breast remue.
This is a wonder retenue,
That maulgre where she woll or none,
Myn herte is euermo in one,
So that I can none other chese,
But whether that I winne or lese.
I mote hir louen till I deye.
And thus I breke as by that wey
Hir hestes, and hir commandynges:
But truly in none other thynges.
For thy my father what is more
Touchande vnto this ilke lore
I you beseche, after the forme,
That ye plainly me wolde enforme,
So that I maie mine herte rule
In loues cause after the rule.

Murmur in aduersis ita cõcipit ille superbus,
Poena quod ex bina sorte purget eum.
O bina fortunæ cum spes in amore resistit,
Non sine mẽtali murmure plangit amans,

¶ Hic loquitur de murmure et planctu, qui super omnes alios inobedientie secretiores, Vt ministri illi deseruiant.

¶ Towarde this vice, of which we trete,
There ben yet tweie of thilke estrete,
Hir name is murmure and compleint,
There can no man hir chere peint,
To sette a glad semblant therin.
For though fortune make them winne,
Yet grutchen thei: and if thei lese,
There is no waie for to chese:
Wherof thei might stonde appeased.
So ben thei commonly diseased.
There maie no welth ne pouerte
Attempren them to the deserte
Of buxomnes by no wise.
For ofte tyme thei despise
The good fortune as the bad,
As thei no mans reasone had
Through pride, wherof thei ben blinde:
And right of suche a maner kynde
Ther be louers, that though thei haue
Of loue all that thei wolde craue:
Yet woll thei grutchen by some weie,
That thei wolde not to loue obeie
Vpon the trouth, as thei do shulde.
And if them lacketh, that thei wolde,

Anone thei falle in ſuche a peine,
That euer vnburomly thei pleine
Upon foztune, and curſe and crie,
That thei woll not her hertes plie
To ſuffre, tyll it better fall.
Foz thy, if thou amonges all
Haſt vſed this condition
My ſonne, in thy confeſſion
Nowe tell me plainly, what thou arte.

Amans.

¶My father, I beknowe a parte
So as ye tolden here aboue
Of murmure, and complaint of loue,
That foz I ſee no ſpede commende,
Againſt foztune complainende
I am (as who ſaith) euermo:
And eke full ofte time alſo,
Whan ſo as that I ſee and here
Of heuy wozde, oz heuy chere
Of my lady, I grutche anone.
But wozdes dare I ſpeke none,
Wherof ſhe might be diſpleaſed:
But in myne herte I am diſeaſed
With many a murmour, god it wote.
Thus drinke I in myn owne ſwote.
And though I make no ſemblant,
Myn herte is all diſobeiſant
And in this wiſe I me confeſſe
Of that ye clepe vnburomnes.
Nowe tell what your counſaile is.

Confeſſor.

¶My ſonne as I the rede this,
What ſo befall of other weie,
That thou to loues heſt obeie,
As far as thou it might ſuffice.
Foz ofte ſith in ſuche a wiſe
Obedience in loue auaileth,
Where all a mans ſtrength faileth.
Wherof if thou liſte to witte,
In a cronicle as it is writte,
A great enſample thou maiſte finde,
Whiche nowe cometh to my minde.

¶Hic contra amozi inobedientes ad cõmendatiõnem obedientie confeſſoz ſuper eodem exemplũ ponit, vbi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Sicilie filia in ſue iuuentutis flozibus pulcherrime ex eius Nouerce incantationibus in Vetulam turpiſſimam tranſfozmata extitit, Flozencius tunc imperatozis Claudii nepos, miles in armis ſtrenuiſſimus amozoſiſq; legibus intendens, ex ſua obedientia in pulchzitudinem pziſtinã refozmauit.

¶There was whylom by dates olde
A wozthy knight, as men tolde:
He was neuew to the emperour,
And of his courte a courteour.
Wyfeles he was, Flozent he hight,
He was a man, that mochell might:
Of armes he was deſyzous,
Chiualrous, and amozous,
And foz the fame of wozldes ſpeche
Strange auentures wolde he ſeche.
He rode the marches all aboute.
And fell a tyme, as he was out,
Foztune, whiche maie euery thzede
To bzeke and knitte of mans ſpede
Shope, as this knight rode in a paſe
That he by ſtrength taken was,
And to a caſtell thei him ladde,
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
Foz ſo it fell that ilke ſtounde,
That he hath with a deadly wounde
(Fightende) his owne hande ſlaine
Bzanchus, whiche to the Capitaine
Was ſonne and heire, wherof ben wzoth
The father and the mother bothe.
That knight Bzanchus was of his honde
The wozthieſt of all his londe:
And faine thei wolde do vengeance
Upon Flozent, but remembzance,
That thei toke of his wozthines
Of knighthode, and of gentilnes,
And how he ſtode of coſinage
To themperour, made them aſſnage,
And durſt not ſlaine him foz feare.
In great deſputeſon thei were
Amonge them ſelfe, what was the beſt.
There was a ladie (the elieſt
Of all that men knewe tho
So olde) ſhe might vnnethes go:
And was grandame vnto the dede,
And ſhe with that began to rede:
And ſhe ſaide, ſhe wolde bzing him in
That ſhe ſhall him to death winne,
All onely of his owne grante,
Thzough ſtrength of veray couenant
Without blame of any wight.

Anone

Anone she sent for this knight,
And of hir sonne she aleide
The death, and thus to him she saide.
Florent howe so thou be to wite
Of Branchus deathe, men shall respite
As nowe to take auengement,
Be so thou stonde in iudgement
Upon certaine condicion,
That thou vnto a question,
Whiche I shall aske, shalt answer.
And ouer this thou shalt eke swere,
That if thou of the sothe faile,
There shall none other thynge auaile,
That thou ne shalt thy dethe receiue.
And for men shall the not deceiue,
That thou therof mightest ben aduised,
Thou shalt haue daie and time assised,
And leue, safely for to wende.
Be so that at thy daies ende
Thou come ageine with thine auise.
This knight, whiche worthy was & wise.
This lady praieth, that he maie witte,
And haue it vnder seales writte,
What question it shulde bee,
For whiche he shall in that degree
Stonde of his life in ieopardie.
With that she freygneth companie
And saith Florent, on lone it hongeth
All that to myn askyng longeth,
What all women most desyre:
This woll I aske, and in thempire
Where thou hast most knowlageyng
Take counseile of this askynge.
Florent this thynge hath vndertake.
The tyme was sette, and daie take:
Vnder his seale he wrote his othe
In suche a wyse, and foorthe he gothe
Home to his emes courte againe,
To whome his auenture plaine
He tolde, of that is hym befall.
And vpon that thei were all
The wisest of the londe assent.
But netheles of one assent
Thei might not accorde plat.
One sayde this, an other that
After the disposicion
Of naturall complexion.
To some woman it is plesance,
That to an other is greuance.
But suche a thynge in speciall,
Whiche to them all in generall
Is most plesant, and most desired
Aboue all other, and most conspired,
Suche one can thei not finde
By constellacion, ne by kinde.
And thus Florent without cure
Muste stonde vpon his auenture,
And is all shape vnto his liere,
And as in defaulte of his answere
This knight hath leauer for to die
Than breke his trouth and for to lie
In place where he was swore.
And shapeth him gone ayene therfore,
Whan time come he toke his leaue,
That lenger wolde he not beleue,
And praieth his eme he be not wroth:
For that is a point of his othe
He saith, that no man shall him wreke,
Though afterwarde men here speke,
That he perauenture deie.
And thus he went forth his weie
Alone, as a knight auenturous,
And in his thought was curious
To witte, what was best to do.
And as he rode alone so,
And cam nigh there he wolde bee,
In a forest there vnder a tree
He sawe, where satte a creature,
A lothly womanniss̄he figure,
That for to speake of flesshe and bone
So foule yet sawe I neuer none.
This knight beheld hir redily,
And as he wolde haue passed by,
She cleped hym, and bad him abide.
And he his hors head aside
Tho torned, and to hir he rode,
And there he houed, and abode
To wit what she wolde mene.
And she began him to bemene
And saide: Florent by thy name,
Thou halte on honde suche a game,
That if thou be not better auised,
Thy deth shapen is, and deuised,
That all the worlde ne male the saue,
But if that thou my counsell haue.
Florent whan he this tale herde,

Vnto

Unto this olde wight answerde,
And of hir counsaile he hir praide.
And she ayene to him thus saide.
Florent, if I for the so shape,
That thou through me thy death escape,
And take worshippe of thy dede,
What shall I haue to my mede?
What thing (quod he) that thou wold axe,
I bid neuer a better taxe
Quod she: but firste er thou be spedde,
Thou shalt me leaue suche a wedde,
That I woll haue thy troth on honde,
That thou shalt be myn husbonde.
Nay (saide Florent) that maie not bee,
Ride than forth thy wey, quod shee:
And if thou go forth without reade,
Thou shalt be sikerly deade.
Florent behight hir good enough,
Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough:
But all that counteth she at nought.
Tho fell this knight in muche thought.
Now goth he forth, now cometh ayene,
He wote not what is beste to seyne:
And thought, as he rode to and fro,
That chose he mote one of the two,
Or for to take hir to his wife,
Or elles for to lese his life.
And than he caste his auantage,
That she was of so great an age,
That she maie liue but a while,
And thought to put hir in an Ile,
Where that no man hir shulde knowe,
Till she with death were ouerthrowe.
And thus this ponge lustie knight
Unto this olde lothely wight
Tho said: If that none other chance
Maie make my deliuerance,
But onely thilke same speche,
Whiche (as thou seist) thou shalt me teche,
Haue here min honde, I shall the wedde:
And thus his trouth he leyth to wedde.
With that she frounceth vp the browe.
This couenant woll I alowe
She saith, if any other thynge,
But that thou hast of my teachyng,
Fro deth thy body maie respite,
I woll the of thy trouth acquite:
And elles by none other wete
Now herken me, What I shall seie.
When thou art come into the place,
Where nowe thei maken great manace,
And vpon thy comyng abide:
The[i] woll anone the same tide
Oppose the of thine answere.
I wote thou wolt nothinge forbere
Of that thou weneste be thy beste.
And if thou mighteste so kynde reste,
Well is, for than is ther no more:
And elles this shall be my lore,
That thou shalt saie vpon this molde,
That all women leueste wolde
Be soueraine of mans loue.
For what woman is so aboue,
She hath as who saith, all hir will,
And elles maie she nought fulfill
What thinge were hir leueste haue.
With this answer thou shalt saue
Thy selfe, and other wise nought.
And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,
Come here ayene thou shalt me fynde,
And let nothyng out of thy mynde.
He goth hym forthe with heuy chere,
As he that not in what manere
He may this worldes ioie atteine.
For if he die, he hath a peine:
And if he liue, he mote him bynde
To suche one, whiche of all kynde
Of women is the vnsemelieste:
Thus wote he not, what is the beste.
But be him liefe, or be him loth,
Unto the castell forth he goth,
His full answere for to yeue
Or for to die, or for to liue.
Forth with his counselle came the lorde,
The thynges stoden of record,
He sent vp for the ladie soone:
And forth she came that olde moone
In presence of the remenant.
The strengthe of all the couenant
Tho was rehersed openly,
And to Florent she bad for thy,
That he shall tellen his auise,
As he that wote, what is the price.
Florent saieth all that euer he couth.
But suche worde cam ther none to mouth,
That he for pees, or for beheste

Might

Might any wise his deth areste:
And thus he tarieth longe and late,
Till this ladie bad algate,
That he shall for the dome finall
Yeue his answere in speciall,
Of that she had him first opposed.
And than he hath truly supposed,
That he him maie of nothyng yelpe,
But if so be tho wordes helpe,
Which as the woman hath him taught,
Wherof he hath an hope caught,
That he shall be excused so,
And tolde out plaine his will tho.
And whan that this matron herde
The maner how this knight answerde,
She saide, ha treson wo the bee,
That hast thus tolde the privitee,
Which all women most desire:
I wolde that thou were a fire.
But netheles in suche a plite
Florent of his answere is quite.
And tho began his sorowe newe.
For he mote gone, or be untrewe,
To hir, which his trouthe had.
But he, which all shame dread,
Goth forth in stede of his penance,
And taketh the fortune of his chance,
As he, that was with trouth affaited.
This olde wight him hath awaited
In place, where as he hir lefte.
Florent his wofull heed up liste,
And sawe this becke, where that she sit,
Which was the lothest wighte
That euer man caste on his eie:
Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
Hir eies small, and depe sette,
Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
And riuelyn, as an empty skyn,
Hangyng downe unto the chyn,
Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
There was no grace in hir visage.
Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
She loketh forth, as doth a more:
Hir necke is short, hir shulders courbe,
That might a mans luste disturbe:
Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
And shortly to describe hir all,
She hath no lith without a lacke
But like unto the woll sacke.
She profereth hir unto this knight,
And bad him, as he hath behight
(So as she hath bene his warrant)
That he hir held couenant:
And by the bridell she him seaseth:
But god wot how that she him pleaseth.
Of suche wordes, as she speketh,
Him thinketh wel nye his hert breketh
For sorow, that he maie not flee,
But if he wolde untrewe bee.
Loke how a sicke man, for his hele
Taketh baldemoyn with the canele,
And with the myrre taketh the sugre:
Right upon suche a maner lucre
Stant Florent, as in this diete.
He drinketh the bitter with the swete,
He medleth sorowe with likynge,
And liueth so, as who saieth, dynge:
His youth shall be cast awey
Upon suche one, whiche as the wey
Is olde, and lothely overall:
But nede he mot, that nede shall.
He wolde algate his trouth holde,
As euery knight therto is holde,
What hap so euer him is befall,
Though she be the foulest of all,
Yet to honour of woman head
Him thought he shulde taken head:
So that for pure gentilnesse,
As he hir couth best adresse
In ragges, as she was to tore,
He set hir on his hors tofore,
And forth he taketh his wey softe.
No wonder though he sigheth ofte
But as an oule fleeth by night
Out of all other brides sight:
Right so this knight on daies brode
In close him helde, and shope his rode
On nightes tyme, till the tide
That he come there, he wolde abide
And priuely, without noyse
He bringeth this foule great coyse
To his castell, in suche a wise,
That no man might hir shape auise,
Till she in to the chamer came,
Where he his preuy counseille name
Of suche men as he most truste,

And

And told them, that he nedes muſte
This beaſte wedde to his wife.
For els had he loſte his life.
The priuie women were aſſent,
That ſhulden ben of his aſſent,
Hir ragges thei anone of drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe,
She had bathe, ſhe had reſte,
And was arraied to the beſte.
But with no craft of combes brode
Thei might hir hore lockes ſhode.
And ſhe ne wolde not be ſhore
For no counſaill, and thei therfore
With ſuche a tyre, as tho was vſed,
Ordeynen, that it was excuſed,
And had ſo craftely about
That no man might ſeen them out.
But whan ſhe was fully arraied,
And hir a tyre was all aſſaied,
Tho was ſhe fouler vnto ſee.
But yet it maie none other bee.
Thei were wedded in the night:
So wo begone was neuer knight,
As he was than of mariage.
And ſhe bygan to plaie and rage,
As who ſaith, I am well enough.
But he therof nothyng ne lough.
For ſhe toke than chere on honde,
And clepeth him hir buſbonde,
And ſaith: My lorde, go we to bedde.
For I to that entent the wedde,
That thou ſhalt be my worldes bliſſe,
And profereth him with that to kiſſe,
As ſhe a luſty lady were.
His bodye might well be there,
But as of thought, and of memorie
His herte was in purgatorie.
But yet for ſtrengthe of matrimonie
He might make non eſſonie,
That he ne mote algates plie
To go to bed of companie.
And when thei were a bed naked,
With oute ſlepe he was awaked.
He torneth on that other ſide,
For that he wolde his eyen hide
Fro lokynge of that foull wight.
The chamber was all full of light,
The courteins were of ſendall thyn.
This newe bride, which laie within,
Though it be nought with his acorde,
In armes ſhe beclept hir lorde,
And praied, as he was torned fro,
He wolde him torne ayenward tho.
For now (ſhe ſaith) we be both one.
But he laie ſtill as any ſtone
And euer in one ſhe ſpake and praide,
And bad him thynke on that he ſaide,
When that he toke hir by the honde.
He herd, and vnderſtode the bonde,
How he was ſet to his penance:
And as it were a man in trance,
He torneth him all ſodenly,
And ſawe a lady laie him by
Of eightene wynter age,
Whiche was the faireſt of viſage
That euer in all this worlde he ſighe:
And as he wolde haue take hir nighe
She put hir honde, and by his leue
Beſought him, that he wolde leue,
And ſaith, for to wynne or leſe
He mot one of two thynges cheſe,
Where he woll haue hir ſuche on night,
Or els vpon daies light.
For he ſhall not haue both two.
And he began to ſorowe tho
In many a wiſe, and caſte his thought.
But for all that yet coude he nought
Deuiſe him ſelfe, which was the beſte.
And ſhe that wolde his hert reſte,
Praieth, that he ſhulde cheſe algate.
Till at the laſte longe and late
He ſaide: O ye my liues hele,
Saie what ye liſte in my quarele.
I not what anſwere I ſhall yeue:
But euer while that I maie liue
I woll, that ye be my maiſtreſſe.
For I can not my ſelfe geſſe,
Whiche is the beſte vnto my choyce.
Thus grante I yow myn holl voyce,
Cheſe for vs both, I yow praie:
And what as euer that ye ſaie,
Right as ye woll, ſo woll I.
¶ My lorde, ſhe ſaide, grant mercy
For of this worde, that ye now ſaine
That ye haue made me ſoueraine
My deſtnye is ouerpaſſed,

That

That neuer here after shall be lasted
My beautee whiche that I nowe haue,
Tyll I be take in to my graue.
Both night and daie, as I am nowe,
I shall alwey be suche to you.
The kynges doughter of Cecile
I am, and fell but sith a while,
As I was with my father late,
That my stepmother for an hate,
Whiche towarde me she hath begonne,
Forshope me, till I had wonne
The loue, and the souerauntee
Of what knight, that in his degree
All other passeth of good name:
And as men saine, ye ben the same.
The deed proueth it is so.
Thus am I yours for euermo.
Tho was plesance and ioye enough,
Echone with other plaied and lough.
Thei liue longe, and well thei ferde,
And clerkes, that this chance herde,
Thei writen it in euidence,
To teche, howe that obedience,
Maie well fortune a man to loue,
And sette hym in his luste aboue,
As it befell vnto this knight.

Confessor.

For thy my sonne, if thou do right,
Thou shalt vnto thy loue obeie,
And folowe hir will by all weie.

Myne holy father so I wyll,
For ye haue tolde me suche a skyll
Of this ensample nowe tofore,
That I shall euermo therfore
Here afterwarde mine obseruance
To loue, and to his obeisance
The better kepe. And ouer this
Of pride, if there ought elles is
Wherof that I me shriue shall,
What thyng it is inspeciall
My father asketh I you praie.

Confessor.

Nowe list my sonne, and I shall saie.
For yet there is surquedrie,
Whiche stant with pride of companie
Wherof that thou shalt here anone:
To knowe if thou haue gilt or none
Vpon the forme as thou shalt here
Nowe vnderstonde well the matere.

Omnia scire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,
Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.
Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
In laqueos Veneris forcius ipse cadit.
Sepe (cupido virū, sibi qui presumit, amantē
Fallit, & in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.

¶ Hic loquitur de tercia specie superbie, que presumcio dicitur, cuius naturam primo secundum Viciam confessor simpliciter declarat.

Surquedrie is thilke vice
Of pride, whiche the thirde office
Hath in his courte, and will not knowe
The trouth, till it ouerthrowe
Vpon his fortune and his grace
Cometh, Had I wiste, full ofte a place.
For he doth all his thynge by gesse,
And voideth all sikernesse.
None other counsell good hym semeth
But suche, as him selfe demeth.
For in suche wise as he compasseth,
His witte alone all other passeth,
And is with pride so thrugh sought,
That he all other set at nought,
And weneth of him seluen so:
That suche as he is, there be no mo.
And thus he wolde beare a price
So faire, so semely, nor so wise
Abouen all other, and nought for thy
He saith not ones graunt mercy
To god, whche all grace sendeth:
So that his wittes he despendeth
Vpon him selfe as though there were
No god, whiche might auaile there:
But all vpon his owne witte
He stant, till he fall in the pitte
So ferre, that he maie not arise.

¶ Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa falsam presumptione, ex cuius superbie quem plures fatui amantes, cum maioris certitudinis in amore spem sibi promittunt in, expediti citius desiituuntur.

And right thus in the same wise
The vice vpon the cause of loue
So proudely set the herte aboue,
And doth him pleinly for to wene,
That he to louen any quene

Hath

Hath worthines, and sufficiance:
And so without puruetiance,
Full ofte he heweth vp so hie,
That chips fallen in his eie.
And eke full ofte he weneth this,
There as he nought beloued is
To be beloued all there beste.
Nowe sonne telleth what so the leste
Of this, that I haue tolde the here.

Amans.

Ya father be nought in a were,
I trowe there be no man leste
Of any maner worthinesse,
That halt him lasse worthy than I
To be beloued, and not for thy,
I saie in excusyng of me.
To all men, that loue is fre.
And certes that maie no man werne,
For loue is of him selfe so derne,
It luteth in a mans herte:
But that ne shall not me asserte,
To wene for to be worthy
To loue, but in hir mercy.
But sire, of that ye wolde mene,
That I shulde otherwise wene
To be beloued, than I was:
I am beknowe, as in this case.

Confessor.

My good sonne tell me howe.

Amans.

Nowe liste, and I woll tell you
My good father howe it is.
Full ofte it hath befall er this
Through hope, that was not certaine
My wenyng hath be set in vaine,
To trust in thing, that helpe me nought
But onely of mine owne thought
For as it semeth, that a bell,
Lyke to the wordes that men tell
Answereth: right so no more ne lesse,
To you my father I confesse,
Suche will my witte hath ouer sette,
That what so hope me behete,
Full many a time I wene it sooth.
But finally no spede it dooth.
Thus maie I tellen, as I can,
Wenyng begyleth many a man:
So hath it me, right well I wote.
For if a man wolde in a bote
(Whiche is without botome) rowe,
He must nedes ouerthrowe.
Right so wenyng hath farde by mee.
For whan I wende next haue bee
(As I by my wenyng caste)
Than was I fortheste at laste:
And as a foole my bowe vnbende,
When all was failed, that I wende,
For thy my fader, as of this,
That my wenyng hath gone amis
Tochend to Surquedrie,
Geue me my penance er I die.
But if ye wolde in any forme
Of this matter a tale enforme,
Whiche were ayene this vice set,
I shulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos, qui suis viribus presumentes debiliores efficiuntur, Et narrat qualiter ille Campaneus miles in armis probatissimus de sua presumens audacia inuocationem ad superos tempore necessitatis ex secordia tm̄ et non aliter primitus prouenisse asseruit, vnde in obsidione ciuitatis Thebarum, cum ipse quodam die coram suis hostibus ad debellandum se obtulit, ignis de celo subito super veniens ipsū armatū totaliter in cineres combussit.

My sonne in all maner wise
Surquedrie is to despise:
Wherof I fynde write thus.
The proud knight Campaneus,
He was of suche Surquedrie,
That he through his chiualrie
Upon hym selfe so mochell truste,
That to the gods him ne luste
In no quarell to beseche,
But saide, it was an ydell speche,
Whiche cause was of pure drede
For lacke of herte, and for no nede:
And vpon suche presumpcion
He helde this proude opinion,
Tyll at the laste vpon a date
About Thebes, where he laie,
Whan it of siege was beleine,
This knight, as the Cronike seine,
In all mans sight there,
Whan he was proudest in his gere,
And thought nothyng might him dere,

Full

Full armed with his shelde and spere,
As he the citee wolde assaile,
God toke hym selfe the battaile
Ayenst his pride, and fro the skie
A firie thonder sodeinly
He sende, and hym to pouder smote.
And thus the pride, whiche was hote,
Whan he most in his strength wende
Was brent, and lost withouten ende.
So that it proueth well therfore,
The strength of man is sone lore.
But if that he it well gouerne.
And ouer this a man maie lerne,
That eke full ofte tyme it greueth,
What that a man him selfe beleueth,
As though it shulde him well beseme,
That he all other men can deme,
And hath forȝete his owne vice,
A tale of them that be so nice,
And feignen them selfe to be so wise,
I shall the tell in suche a wise:
Wherof thou shalte ensample take,
That thou no suche thynge vndertake.

Hic loquitur confessor contra iactos, qui de sua scientia presumentes aliorum condiciones diiudicantes indiscrete redarguunt, Et narrat exemplum de quodam principe regis Hungarie germano, qui cum fratrem suum pauperibus in publico sibi humiliatum, ipsum redarguendo in contrarium edocere presumebat, sed rep omni sapiencia prepollens, ipsum sic incaute presumentem ad humilitatis memoriam teribili prouidentia mirius castigauit.

In kynde vpon Surquedrie,
Howe that whilom of Hungarie
By olde daies was a kynge,
Wise, and honest in all thynge.
And so befelle vpon a daie
(And that was in the moneth of Maie)
As thilke tyme it was vsance
This kynge, with noble purueiance
Hath for him selfe his chare araied,
Wherin he wolde ride amaied,
Out of the citee for to plaie,
With lordes, and with great noblaie,
Of lustie folke that were ponge,
Where some plaide, and some songe,
And some gone, and some ride,
And some pricke her horse side,
And bridlen them nowe in nowe out.
The kynge his eie caste aboute,
Till he was at last ware
And saw comyng ageine his chare,
Two pilgremes of so great age,
That like vnto a drie image
That weren pale and sade hewed,
And as a bulshe, whiche is besnewed,
Their berdes weren hore and white:
There was of kynde but a lite
That thei ne semen fully deade.
Thei come to the kynge, and bede
Some of his good pur charitee.
And he with great humilitee
Out of his chare to grounde lepte,
And them in both his armes clepte,
And kiste them both foote and honde
Before the lordes of his londe,
And yafe them of his good therto.
And whan he hath this dede do,
He goth into his chare ageine.
Tho was murmour, tho was disdeigne,
Tho was complaint on euery side.
Thei saiden of their owne pride
Echone till other, what is this?
Our kynge hath do this thing amisse
So to abesse his roialtee,
That euery man it might see,
And humbled him in suche a wise
To them that were of none empryse.
Thus was it spoken to and fro
Of them, that were with hym tho
All priuely behinde his backe,
But to him selfe no man spake.
The kynges brother in presence
Was thilke time, and great offence
He toke therof, and was the same
Aboue all other, whiche moste blame
Upon his liege lorde hath layde,
And hath vnto the lordes saide
Anon, as he maie time finde:
There shall nothynge be lefte behynde,
That he woll speke vnto the kynge.
Nowe lisse what fell vpon this thyng.
Thei were merie, and faire enough,
Echone with other plaide and lough

And tellen into tales newe,
Howe that the freſſhe floures greiwe,
And howe the greene leaues ſpronge,
And howe that loue amonge the yonge,
Beganne the hertes than wake,
And euery birde hath chose his make.
And thus the Maies daie to thende
Thei leade, and home ayene thei wende.
The kynge was not so soone come,
That whan he had his chambre nome,
His brother ne was redie there,
And brought a tale vnto his eare
Of that he did suche a shame,
In hindrynge of his owne name:
Whan he him selfe so wolde dretche,
That to so vile a powre wretche
Him deigneth shewe suche simplesse
Against the state of his nobleſſe,
And saith, he shall it no more vse,
And that he mote him selfe excuse
Towarde his lordes euerichone.
The kynge stode still as any stone,
And to his tale an eare he laide,
And thought more than he saide.
But netheles to that he herde
Well curtoisly the kynge answerde
And tolde, it shulde ben amended.
And thus whan that their tale is ended,
All redy was the borde and clothe:
The kynge vnto his souper goth
Amonge the lordes, to the hall.
And whan thei hadden souped all,
Thei token leue, and forth thei go.
The kynge bethought him selfe tho,
Howe he his brother maie chastie,
That he through his surquedrie
Toke vpon honde, and to diſceiſe
Humilitee, whiche is to preiſe:
And therupon yafe suche counseile
Towarde his king, whiche was vnheſle
Wherof to be the better lered
He thinketh to maken hym afered.
It fell so, that in thilke dawe
There was ordeined by the lawe
A Trompe, with a sterne breath,
Whiche was cleped the trompe of death:
And in the Court, where the kyng was
A certaine man, this trompe of brasſe
Hath in keppyng, and therof serueth
That whan a lorde his death deserueth.
He shall this dredfull trumpe blowe
Tofore his gate, and make it knowe,
How that the iugement is yeue
Of deathe, whiche shall not be forgeue.
The kynge whan it was night anone
This man assent, and bad him gone
To trumpen at his brothers gate.
And he, whiche mote done algate,
Goth forth, and doth the kynges heſte.
This lorde, whiche herde of this tempeſt,
That he tofore his gate blewe,
Tho wiſt he by the lawe, and knewe,
That he was sekerly deade,
And as of helpe he wiſt no rede:
But sende for his frendes all,
And tolde them how it is befall
And thei hym aske cause why.
But he the soothe not, for thy
Me wiſt, and there was sorowe tho.
For it stode thilke time so,
This trompe was of suche sentence,
That there ayene no reſiſtence
Thei coude ordeine by no weie,
That he ne mote algate deie:
But if so that he maie purchace
To gette his liege lordes grace:
Their wittes therupon thei talk,
And ben appointed at last.
This lorde a worthie ladie had
Vnto his wife, whiche also drad
Hir lordes death, and children fiue
Betwene hem two thei had aliue,
That weren yonge, and tender of age,
And of stature, and of visage.
Right faire and luſtie on to see.
Tho token thei, that he and shee,
Foorthe with their children on the morowe,
As thei that were full of sorowe,
All naked but of smocke and sherte,
To tendre with the kynges herte,
His grace shuld go to seche,
And pardon of the death beseche.
Thus passen thei that wofull night.
And erly whan thei sawe it light,
Thei gone them forth in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde diuise,

All

All naked, but their shertes one
Thei wepte, and made muche mone.
Their heare hanged about their eares,
With sobbynge, and with sorye teares
This lorde goth then an humble pas,
That whilom proude and noble was:
Wherof the citee sore a fright,
Of them that sawen thilke sight.
And netheleſſe all openly
With suche wepyng, and with suche crie,
Foorth with his children, and his wife
He goth to praie for his life.
Unto the court whan thei be come,
And men therin haue hied nome.
There was no wight, if he them sie
From water might kepe his eie
For sorowe, whiche thei maden tho.
The kyng supposeth of this wo,
And feigneth, as he nought ne will.
But netheles at his uprisse
Men tolde him, howe it ferde.
And whan that he this wonder herde,
In hast he goth in to the halle:
And all at ones downe thei falle,
If any pitee maie be founde.
The kyng, which seeth thē go to grounde,
Hath asked them what is the fere,
Why thei be so dispoiled there.
His brother saide, A lorde mercy,
I wote none other cause why,
But onely that this night full late
The trompe of deathe was at my gate,
In token that I shulde die.
Thus we be come for to preye,
That ye my worldes deathe respite.
Ha foole, how thou art for to wite,
The kynge unto his brother saide,
That thou arte of so litell fraide,
That onely for a trompes sowne
Hath gone dispoiled through the towne.
Thou, and thy wife in suche manere,
Foorthe with thy children that ben here
In sight of all men aboute:
For that thou sayst, thou art in doubt
Of death, whiche stant under the lawe
Of man, and man maie it withdrawe,
So that it maie perchance faile.
Nowe shalt thou not for thy meruaile
That I downe from my chare alight,
Whan I beholde to fore my sight,
In them that were of so great age,
Myn owne dethe through their ymage,
Whiche god hath set by lawe of kynde,
Wherof I maie no boote finde.
For well I wote, suche as thei bee,
Right suche am I in my degree,
Of flesshe, and bloud, and so shall dese.
And thus though I that lawe obeie,
Of whiche that kynges be put under,
It ought be well the lesse wonder
Than thou, whiche arte without nede
For lawe of londe in suche a drede:
Whiche for to accompte is but a iape,
As thing, which thou might ouerscape.
For thy my brother after this
I rede, that sethen, that so is,
That thou canst drede a man so sore,
Drede god with all thyn herte more.
For all shall die, and all shall passe,
As well a lyon as an asse:
As well a begger as a lorde
Towardes deathe in one accorde
Thei shall stonde, and in this wise
The kyng with his wordes wise,
His brother taught, and all forgeue.

Confessor.

¶For thy my sonne if thou wolt liue
In vertue, thou must vice eschewe,
And with lowe herte humblesse sewe,
So that thou be not surquedous.

Amans.

¶My father I am amorous,
Wherof I wolde you beseche,
That ye me by some waie teache,
Whiche might in loues cause stande.

Confessor.

¶My sonne thou shalte understande,
In loue, and other thynges all
If that surquedry fall,
It maie to him not well betide,
Whiche vseth thilke vice of pride,
Whiche tourneth wisedome to wenyng,
And sothfastnes into lesynge
Through foule imaginacion.
And for thyn enformacion,
That thou this vice (as I the rede)

Eschewe shalte, a tale I rede,
Whiche felle whilom by daies olde,
So as the clerke Ouide tolde.

THic in speciali tractat Confessor cum Amante contra illos, qui de propria formositate presumentes amorem mulieris dedignantur, Et narrat exemplum, qualiter cuius dam principis filius Nomine Narcissus estiuo tempore, cum ipse Venationis causa quendam cervum solus cum suis canibus expagitaret, in grauem sitim incurrens necessitate compulsus ad bibendum de quodam fonte pronus inclinauit: Vbi ipse faciem suã pulcherrimam in aqua percipiens putabat se per hoc illam Nimphã, quam poete Echo vocant in flumine coram suis oculis conspexisse, de cuius amore confestim laqueatus, Vt ipsam ad se de fonte extraheret, plurib⁹ blandiciis adulabatur, sed cum illud nullatenus perficere potuit, prę nimio languore deficiens contra lapides ibidem adiacentes caput euerberans cerebrum effudit.

There was whilom a lordes sonne,
Whiche of his pride a vice wonne
Hath caught, that worthie to his liche,
To sechen all the worldes riche
There was no woman for to loue,
So high he set him selfe aboue
Of stature, and of beautee bothe,
That him thought all women lothe.
So was there no comparison,
As towarde his condicion.
This yonge lorde Narcissus hight,
No strength of loue bowe might
His herte, whiche is vnafiled.
But at laste he was begiled.
For of the goddes purueiance
It felle him on a daie perchance,
That he in all his proude fare,
Vnto the forest gan to fare
Amonge other, that there were,
To hunt, and disporte him there.
And whan he came in to the place,
Where that he wolde make his chace,
The houndes were within a throwe
Vncoupled, and the hornes blowe.
The great herte anone was founde,
With swifte feete set on the grounde:
And he with spore in horse side,
Him halleth faste for to ride,
Till all men be lefte behynde.
And as he rode vnder a lynde
Beside a roche, as I the tell,
He sawe where spronge a lustie well.
The daie was wonder hotte withall,
And suche a thurste was on him fall,
That he must other die or drinke.
And downe he light, and by the brinke
He tide his hors vnto a branche
And laide him lowe for to stanche,
His thurst: And as he cast his loke
Into the well, and hede toke,
He sawe the like of his visage,
And wende there were an ymage
Of suche a nymphe, as tho was faye:
Wherof that loue his herte assaye
Began, as it was after sene
Of his sotie, and made him wene
It were a woman, that he sighe.
The more that he came the well nigh,
The nere came she to him ageine:
So wist he neuer what to seine.
For whan he wepte, he sawe hir wepe,
And whan he cried, he toke good kepe,
The same worde she cried also.
And thus began the newe wo,
That whilom was to him so strange.
Tho made him loue and harde eschange
To set his herte, and to begynne
Thyng, whiche he might neuer wynne.
And euer amonge he gan to loute,
And praieth, that she to him come oute.
And other while he goth a ferre,
And other while he draweth nerre:
And euer he fonde hir in o place.
He wepeth, he crieth, he asketh grace,
There as he might gette none.
So that ayene a roche of stone,
As he that knewe none other reade
He smote him selfe till he was deade:
Wherof the Nymphes of the welles,
And other that there weren els
Vnto the wodes belongende,
The bodie, whiche was deade lyggende,
For pure pitee, that thei haue,
Vnder graue thei begraue.
And than out of his sepulture
There spronge anone peraventure

Of

Of floures ſuche a wonder ſight,
That men enſample take might
Upon the dedes, whiche he dede.
And tho was ſene in other ſtede:
For in the wynter freſſhe and faire
The floures bene, whiche is contraire
To kynde, and ſo was the folie,
Whiche fell of his ſurquedrie.
Thus he, whiche loue had in diſdeigne
Werſt of all other was beſeine.
And as he ſet his price moſt hie,
He was leſt worthie in loues eie,
And moſt be iaped in his witte,
Wherof the remembrance is yet:
So that thou might enſample take,
And eke all other for his ſake.

Amans.

My father, as touchende of mee,
This vice I thinke for to flee,
Whiche of his wenyng euer troweth,
And namelich of thing, whiche groweth
In loues cauſe, or well or wo:
Yet prided in me neuer ſo.
But wolde god that grace ſende,
That towarde me my lady wende,
As I towardes hir wene,
My loue ſhulde ſo be ſene,
There ſhulde go no pride a place.
But I am farre fro thilke grace.
And for to ſpeake of tyme nowe,
So mote I ſuffre, I praie you,
That ye woll aſke on other ſide,
If there be any point of pride:
Wherof it nedeth me to be ſhriue.

Confeſſor.

My ſonne, god it the forgeue,
If thou haue any thynge myſdo
Touchend of this: but euermo
Ther is another yet of pride,
Whiche neuer coude his wordes hide,
That he ne wolde hym ſelfe auaunt:
There maie nothinge his tonge daunt,
That he ne clappeth as a belle,
Wherof if thou wolt that I telle,
It is behouely for to here,
So that thou might thy tonge ſtere
Toward the worlde, and ſtande in grace:
Whiche lacketh ofte in many a place
To hym that can not ſitte ſtill,
Whiche els ſhulde haue all his will.

Magniloque propriã minuit iactãtiæ linguæ,
Famam quam ſtabilẽ firmat honore ſilens,
Ipſe ſui laudem meriti non percipit, vnde
Se ſua per verba iactat in orbe palam,
Eſt q̃ viri culpa iactantia, quæ rubifactas
In muliere reas cauſat habere genas.

Hic loquitur de quarta ſpecie ſuperbie, que iactantia dicitur, ex cuius natura cauſatur, Vt homo de ſe ipſo teſtimonium perhibens, ſuarũ virtutum merita de laude in culpam transfert et ſuam famam cũ extollere velket, illam ꝓprio ore ſubuertit. Sed et Venus in amoris cauſa de iſto vicio maculatos a ſua curia ſuper omnes alios abhorrens expellit, et eorum multiloquium verecundia deteſtatur, vnde Confeſſor Amanti opponens materiam plenius declarat.

The vice cleped auantance,
With pride hath take his acqueintance.
So that his owne price he laſſeth,
Whan he ſuche meſure ouerpaſſeth,
That he his owne heraulde is,
That firſt was well, is than amiſſe,
That was thanke worthie, is than blame:
And thus the worſhippe of his name,
Through pride of his auantrie,
He tourneth into vilonie.
I rede, howe that this proude vice
Hath thilke hunt in his office,
Through whiche ỹ blaſtes that he bloweth
The mans fame he ouerthroweth
Of vertue, whiche ſhulde els ſpringe.
Vnto the worldes knowlegyng:
But he fordothe it all to ſore.
And right of ſuche maner lore
There ben louers, for thy if thou
Arte one of hem, tell and ſaie howe,
Whan thou haſt taken any thynge
Of loues yefte, or ouche, or rynge,
Or toke vpon the for the colde
Some goodly worde that the was tolde
Of frendly chere, or token, or letter,
Wherof thyn herte was the better.
Of that ſhe ſent the gretyng
Haſt thou for pride of thy lykyng
Made thyn auaunt, where as the liſte?

Amans.

I wolde father that ye wiſt,
My conſcience lyeth not here:
Yet had I neuer ſuche matterr,
Wherof myn herte myght amende,
Not of ſo muche as the ſende
By mouth, and ſaide, Grete him well.
And thus for that there is no dele,
Wherof to make mine auaunt,
It is to reaſon accordaunt,
That I maie neuer, but I lie,
Of loue make auauntrie.
I wote not what I ſhulde haue do.
If that I had encheſon ſo,
As ye haue ſaide here many one:
But I fond cauſe neuer none
But daunger, whiche me welnie ſlough:
Therof I couth tell enough,
And of none other auantaunce:
Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.
Nowe alketh forther of my life:
For herof am I not gilteſe.
¶My ſonne, I am well paid with all.
For wite it well in ſpeciall,
That loue of his verale iuſtice,
Aboue all other ayene this vice,
At all times moſt debateth
With all his herte: and moſt it hateth:
And ehe in all maner wiſe
Auauntrie is to deſpiſe,
As by enſample thou might witte,
Whiche I fynde in the bokes writte.

¶Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui vel de ſua in armis probitate, vel de ſuo in amoris cauſa deſiderio completo ſe iactant, Et narrat qualiter Albinus primus rex Longobardorum cum ipſe quendam alium regem nomine Gurmundum in bello morientem triumphaſſet, teſtam capitis defuncti auferens cipſum ex ea gemmis et auro circumligatum in ſue victorie memoriale fabricari conſtituit, in ſuper et ipſius Gurmundi filiam Roſemundam rapiens, maritali thoro in coniugem ſibi copulauit. Unde ipſo Albino poſtea coram ſui regni nobilibus in ſuo regali conuiuio ſedente dicti Gurmundi cipſum infuſo vino ad ſe inter epulas afferri iuſſit, quem ſumptum Uxori ſue regine porrexit dicens. Bibe cum patre tuo, quod et ipſa huiuſmodi operis ignara fecit. quo facto rex ſtatim ſuper his que p prius geſta fuerant cunctis audientibus per ſingula ſe iactauit. Regina vero cum talia audiſſet animo celato facta obhorrens in mortem diri ſui regis circumſpecta induſtria conſpirauit. Ipſum in auxiliantibus Clodeſida et Helmege fratribus ſubſecuto tempore interfecit, cuius mortem duo ravenenſis tam in corpus regine quam ſuorum fautorum poſtea vindicauit.

¶Of them, that we lumbardes now call,
Albinus was the firſte of all,
Which bare crowne of Lumbardie,
And was of great chiualrie
In warre ageinſt diuers kynges.
So felle amonge other thynges,
That he that time a warre had
With Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,
And was a mightie kynge alſo:
But netheles it fell hym ſo,
Albinus ſlough hym in the felde,
Ther halpe him nother ſpere ne ſhelde,
That he ne ſmote his head of than,
Wherof he toke away the panne:
Of whiche he laide he wolde make
A cuppe, for Gurmundes ſake,
To kepe and drawe in to memorie
Of his bataile the victorie.
And thus when he the felde had wonne,
The londe anon was ouerronne,
And ſeiſed in his owne honde,
Where he Gurmundes doughter fonde,
Whiche maide Roſamunde hight,
And was in euery mans ſight
A faire, freſſhe, a luſtie one.
His herte fill to hir anone,
And ſuche a loue on hir he caſt,
That he hir wedded at the laſte.
And after that longe time in reſte
With hir he dwelleth, and to the beſte
They loue eche other wonder wele:
But the, whiche kepeth the blynd whele,
Uenus, when thei be moſte aboue
In all the hotteſt of her loue,
Hir whele ſhe torneth, and thei fell
In the maner as I ſhall tell.
This kynge, whiche ſtode in all his welth,
Of pees, of worſhip, and of helth,
And felt hym on no ſide greued,
As he that hath his worlde atheued:
Tho thought he wolde a feaſt make,
And that was for his wiues ſake,

That

That the the lordes of the feste
(That were obeisant to his heste,
Male knowe: and so foorth there vpon
He let ordeine, and sent anon
By letters, and by messengers,
And warned all his officers,
That euery thynge be well araide:
The great stedes were assaide
For iustynge and for tornament,
And many a perled garnement
Embrouded was againe the daie,
The lordes in their beste araie
Be comen at the time sette.
One iusteth well an other bet,
And other while thei tornei:
And thus thei cast care awey,
And token lustes vpon honde.
And after thou shalt vnderstonde,
To mete into the kynges halle
Thei comen, as thei be bidden all.
And whan thei were sette and serued,
Than after, as it was deserued,
To them, that worthie knightes were,
So as thei setten here and there,
The price was youen, and spoken out
Amonge the heraudes all about.
And thus benethe, and eke aboue
All was of armes and of loue,
Wherof about at bourdes
Men had many sondrie wordes,
That of the mirthe, whiche thei made,
The kynge him selfe began to glade
Within his herte, and toke a pride:
And sawe the cuppe stonde aside,
Whiche made was of Gurmundes head,
As ye haue herde whan he was dead:
And was with golde and riche stones
Beset and bounde for the nones,
And stode vpon a foote on highte
Of borned golde, and with great slight
Of werkmenship it was begraue
Of suche worke, as it shulde haue:
And polished was eke so clene,
That no signe of the sculle was sene,
But as it were a grips eie.
The kyng badde beare his cuppe aweie,
Whiche stode before hym on the borde,
And sette thilke vpon his worde.
The sculle is sette, and wine therin,
Wherof he badde his wife beginne,
Drinke with thy father, dame he saide.
And she to his byddyng obeide,
And toke the sculle, and what hir like
She drinketh, as she, whiche nothyng wist
What cup it was: and than all out
The kynge in audience about
Hath tolde, it was hir fathers sculle,
So that the lordes knowe shull
Of his bataile a sooth witnesse,
And made auant through what prowes
He hath his wiues loue wonne,
Whiche of the sculle hath so begonne.
Tho was there mochell pride aloste,
Thei speaken all, and she was soste,
Thinkende on thilke vnkynde pride,
Of that hir lorde, so nigh hir side
Auanteth hym, that he hath slaine,
And piked out hir fathers braine,
And of the sculle hath made a cuppe.
She suffered all till thei were vppe,
And tho she hath sekenesse feigned,
And goth to chambre, and hath compleined
Vnto a maide, whiche she trust.
So that none other wighte it wust.
This maide Glodeside is hote,
To whome this ladie hath byhote,
Of ladiship all that she can,
To auengen hir vpon this man,
Whiche did hir drinke in suche a plite
Amonge them all for despite
Of hir, and of hir father bothe,
Wherof hir thoughtes ben so wrothe,
She saith, that she shall not be glad,
Till that she se hym so bestad,
That he no more make auaunt.
And thus thei fell in couenaunt,
That thei acorden at the laste
With suche wiles, as thei caste,
That thei woll gette of their accorde
Some orped knight to sle this lorde,
And with this sleight thei begynne
Howe thei Helmege might wynne,
Whiche was the kynges botiler,
A proude and a lustie bachiller:
And Glodeside he loueth hote,
And she to make hym more assote,

Wit

Hir loue graunteth, and by night
Thei shape howe thei to geder might
A bedde mete: and done it was.
The same night, and in this cas
The queene hir selfe, the night seconde
Went in hir stede, and there she sonde
A chaumber derke without light,
And goth to bedde to this knight.
And he to kepe his obseruance
To loue, doth his obeisance,
And weneth it be Glodesise
And she than after laie a side,
And areth hym, what he hath do,
And who she was, she tolde hym tho,
And saide Helmege, I am the queene.
Nowe shall thy loue well besene
Of that thou hast thy will wrought,
Or it shall sore ben abought,
Or thou shalt worche, as I the saie,
And if thou wolt by suche a waie
Do my plesance, and holde it still,
For euer I shall ben at thy will
Both I, and all mine heritage.
¶Anone the wilde loues rage,
In whiche no man him can gouerne,
Made hym, that he can not werne,
But fell all holle to hir assent.
And thus the whele is all miswent,
The whiche fortune hath vpon honde
For howe that euer it after stonde,
Thei shope amonge them suche a wile,
The kynge was dead within a while,
So slily came it not aboute,
That thei ne ben discouered out,
So that it thought them for the best
To flee, for there was no reste.
And thus the tresour of the kynge
Thei trusse, and muche other thynge,
And with a certaine felowship
Thei fled, and went awey by ship,
And helde their right cours from then
Till that thei comen to Rauenne,
Where thei the dukes helpe sought.
And he, so as thei him besought,
A place graunteth for to dwell.
But after, when he herd tell
Of the maner, howe thei haue do,
The duke let shape for them so,
That of a poison, whiche thei dronke
Thei hadden that thei han beswonke.
And all this made auant of pride.
Good is therfore a man to hide
His owne price. for if he speake,
He maie lightelichе his thanke breake.
In armes lyeth none auantance
To him, which thinketh his name auance,
And be renomed of his dede.
And also who that thinketh to spede
Of loue, he maie not him auaunte.
For what man thilke vice haunte,
His purpose shall full ofte faile:
In armes he that woll trauaile,
Or elles loues grace atteine,
His lose tonge he mote restreine,
Whiche beareth of his honour the keie.
For thy my sonne in all weie
Take right good hede of this mattere.
I thanke you my father dere,
This schole is of a gentyll lore:
And if there be ought elles more
Of pride, whiche I shall eschewe,
Nowe areth forth, and I woll shewe
What thynge, that ye me woll enforme.

Confessor.

My sonne yet in other forme
There is a vice of prides lore,
Whiche like an hawke, whan he will sore,
Fleeth vp on high in his delices
After the likyng of his vices,
And woll no mans reason knowe,
Till he downe fall, and ouerthrowe.
This vice Maingloire is hote,
Wherof my sonne I the byhote
To trete and speke in suche a wise,
That thou thy might better auise.

Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,
Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupit.
Eius amicitiam, quem gloria tollit inanis,
Non sine blandicijs planus habebit homo.
Verbis compositis qui scit strigila re fauellũ,
Scandere fallata iura valebit eques.
Sic in amore magis qui blãda subornat in ore
Verba, per hoc brauiũ ꝙ nequit, alter habet,
Et tamen ornatos cantus, varios ꝙ paratus,
Leta ꝙ corda suis legibus optat amor.

¶Hic loquitur de quinta specie superbie, que Inanis gloria vocatur. Et eiusdem Vicii naturam

primo

primo describens super eodem in amoris causa Confessor amanti consequenter opponit.

The proude vice of vaingloríe
Remembreth nought of purgatorie,
His worldes ioyes ben so great
Him thinketh of heuen no beyete.
This lines pompe is all his pes,
Pet shall he deie netheles,
And therof thinketh he but a lite,
For all his lust is to delite
In newe thynges, proude and vaine,
As farforth as he maie attaine
I trowe, if that he might make
His bodie newe, he wolde take
A newe forme, and leaue his olde.
For what thyng, that he maie beholde,
The whiche to comon vse is strange,
Anone his olde guise change
He woll, and falle therupon,
Like vnto the Camelion
Whiche vpon euery sondrie hewe,
That he beholt, he mote newe
His colour: and thus vnauised
Full ofte tyme he stant disguised
More ioylife than the bryde in Maie:
He maketh him euer freshe and gaie,
And doth all his araie disguyse,
So that of hym the newe guyse
Of lusty folke all other take,
And eke he can carolles make,
Roundel, balade, and verelaie,
And with all this, if that he maie
Of loue gete him auantage.
Anone he wart of his corage,
So ouer glad, that of his ende
He thinketh there is no deth comende.
For he hath than at all tide
Of loue suche maner pride,
Him thinketh his ioy is endeles.

Confessor.

Now shriue the sonne in goddes pees,
And of thy loue telle me plaine,
If that thy glorie hath be so vaine.

Amans.

My father as touchend of all,
I maie not well, ne noughten shall,
Of vaine glorie excuse mee,
That I ne haue for loue bee
The better adressyd and araide:
And also I haue ofte assaide
Roundel, balades, and verelaie
For hir, on whom myn hert laie,
To make, and also for to peinte
Carollis with my wordes queinte
To set my purpose alofte.
And thus I sange them forth full ofte
In halle, and eke in chambre aboute,
And made mery amonge the route.
But yet ne ferde I not the bet:
Thus was my glorie in vaine beset
Of all the ioy that I made.
For when I wolde with hir glade,
And of hir loue songes make:
She saide, it was not for hir sake,
And like not my songes here,
Ne witen, what the wordes were.
So for to speke of myn arraie
Pet coude I neuer be so gaie,
Ne so well make a songe of loue,
Wherof I might ben aboue,
And haue encheson to be glaade:
But rather I am ofte adradde
For sorow, that she saith me naie.
And netheles I woll not saie,
That I nam glaadde on other side.
For fame, that can nothyng hide,
All daie woll bring vnto myn ere
Of that men speken here and there,
How that my lady beareth the price,
How she is faire, how she is wise,
How she is womanliche of chere:
Of all this thing whan I maie here,
What wonder is though I be faine:
And eke when I maie here saine
Tidynges of my ladies hele,
All though I maie not with hir dele:
Pet am I wonder glad of that.
For when I wote hir good estate,
As for that tyme I dare well swere,
None other sorowe maie me dere.
Thus am I gladed in this wise.
But father of your lores wise,
Of whiche ye be fully taught,
Nowe telle me if ye thinke ought
That I therof am to wite.
Of that there is, I the acquite

My

My sonne, he saide: and for thy good
I woll that thou vnderstode,
For I thinke vpon this mattere
To tell a tale, as thou shalt here,
Howe that ageine this proud vice
The high god, of his iustice,
Is wrothe, and great vengeance dooth.
Now herken a tale, whiche is sooth,
Though it be nought of loues kinde,
A great ensample thou shalt finde
This vaine glorie for to flee,
Which is so full of vanitee.

Humani generis cum sit tibi gloria maior,
Sæpe subesse solet proximis ille dolor,
Mens elata graues descensus sæpe subibit
Mens humilis stabile molleq; firmat iter.
Moribus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbē,
Cūm magis alta petis inferiora time.

¶ Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra vitium inanis glorie, narrans qualiter Nabugodonosor rex Caldeorum cum ipse in omni sue maiestatis gloria celsior extitisset, deus eius superbiā castigare volens, ipsum extra formam hominis in bestiam fœnum comedentem transmutauit. Et sic per septennium penitens cum ipse potentiorem se agnouit, misertus deus ipsum in sui regni solium restituta sanitate emēdatū gratiosius collocauit.

¶ There was a kynge, that much might,
Which Nabugodonosor hight:
Of whom that I spake here tofore,
Yet in the Bible this name is bore.
For all the worlde in thorient
Was hole at his commandement,
As than of kynges to his liche
Was none so mighty, ne so riche.
To his empire, and to his lawes,
As who saith, all in thilke dawes
Were obeisant, and tribute bere,
As though he god of erthe were.
With strength he put kynges vnder,
And wrought of pride many a wonder.
He was so full of vainglorie,
That he ne had no memorie,
That there was any god but hee,
For pride of his prosperitee:
Till that the high kyng of kynges,
Which seeth and knoweth all thynges,
Whose eie maie nothyng asterte
The priuitees of mans herte,
Thei speken and sowne in his ere,
As though thei loude wyndes were.
He toke vengeance of his pride.
But for he wolde a while abide
To loke, if he wolde him amende,
To him afore token he sende,
And that was in his slepe by night.
This proude kyng a wonder sight
Had in his sweuen, there he laie,
Him thought vpon a mery daie,
As he beheld the world about,
A tre full growe he sawe there out,
Which stode in the world amiddes euen,
Whos height straught vp to the heuen:
The leues weren faire and large,
Of frute it bere so ripe a charge,
That all men it might fede.
He sawe also the bowes sprede
Aboue all erth, in whiche were
The kinde of all brydes there.
And eke him thought he sawe also
The kinde of all bestes go
Under the tre about rounde,
And fedden them vpon the grounde.
As he this vnderstode and sigh
Him thought he herde a voice on high
Cryende, and saide abouen all:
Hewe downe this tree, and let it fall.
The leues lette defoule in hast,
And do the frute destroie and wast,
And let of shreden euery branche,
But at rote he let it stanche.
When all his pride is cast to grounde
The rote shall be fast bounde,
And shall no mans herte bere,
But euery lust he shall forbere
Of man, and like an ore his mete
Of grasse he shall purchace and ete,
Till at the water of the heuen
Hath washen him by tymes seuen,
So that he thorough know aright,
What is the heuenlyche might,
And be made humble to the wille
Of him, which maie all saue and spille.
This kyng out of his sweuen abraide,
And he vpon the morowe it saide
Vnto the clerkes, which he had

But

But none of them the sooth arad.
Was none his sweuen couth vndo:
And it stode thilke time so,
This kynge had in subiection
Jude, and of affection
Abouen all other one Daniell
He loueth, for he couth well
Diuine, that none other couthe,
To hym were all thynges couthe,
As he it had of gods grace:
He was before the kynges face
Allent and boden, that he shulde
Upon the point the kynge of tolde
The fortune of his sweuen expounde,
As it shulde afterwarde be founde.
Whan Daniell this sweuen herde.
He stode longe tyme, er he answerde,
And made a wonder heuy chere.
The kynge toke hede of his manere,
And bad hym tell that he wusse,
As he, to whom he mochell trusse,
And saide, he wolde not be wroth.
But Daniel was wonder loth,
And saide, vpon thy fo men all
Syr kynge thy sweuen mote fall.
And netheles touchend of this
I woll the tellen, how it is,
And what disease is to the shape,
God wote if thou it shalt escape.
The highe tree, whiche thou hast sene,
With lefe and fruite so well besene,
The whiche stode in the worlde amidde,
So that the bestes and the birdes
Gouerned were of him alone:
Syr kynge betokeneth thy persone,
Whiche stonde aboue all erthely thynges:
Thus reignen vnder the, the kynges,
And all the people vnto the louteth,
And all the worlde thy person douteth:
So that with vaine honour deceiued
Thou hast the reuerence weiued
From hym, whiche is thy kynge aboue,
That thou for drede ne for loue
Wolt nothynge knowen of thy god,
Whiche nowe for the hath made a rod,
Thy vaine glorie, and thy folie
With great peines to chastie
And of the voice thou herdest spekе,
Whiche bad the bowes for to breke,
And hewe and fell downe the tree,
That worde belongeth vnto thee.
Thy reigne shall be ouer throwe,
And thou dispoiled for a throwe,
But that the roote shulde stonde,
By that thou shalt well vnderstonde
There shall abide of thy reigne.
A time ageine whan thou shalt reigne.
And eke of that thou herdest saie
To take a mans herte aweie
And set there a beastiall,
So that he like an ore shall
Pasture, and that he be byreined
By tymes seuen, and sore peined,
Till that he knowe his gods mightes,
Than shall he stond againe vprightes.
All this betokeneth thine estate,
Whiche nowe with god is in debate.
Thy mans forme shall be lassed,
Tyll seuen yere ben ouer passed,
And in the likenes of a beaste
Of gras shall be thy roiall feaste.
The wether shall vpon the raine:
And vnderstonde, that all this paine,
Whiche thou shalt suffre thilke tide,
Is shape all onely for thy pride
Of vaine glorie, and of the sinne,
Whiche thou hast longe stonden in.
So vpon this condition,
Thy sweuene hath exposicion.
But er this thynge befalle in dede
Amende the, this wolde I rede.
Peue and departe thyn almesse,
Do mercy forth with rightwisenes,
Beseche and praie the highe grace,
For so thou might thy peas purchace
With god, and stonden in good accorde.
But pride is loth to lese his lorde,
And woll not suffre humilitee
With hym to stonde in no degree.
And whan a ship hath loste his stere
Is none so wise, that maie hym stere
Ageine the waues in a rage.
This proude kynge in his courage
Humilitee hath so forlore,
That for no sweuen (he saw tofore)
Ne yet for all that Daniell

Him hath counſelled euery dele,
He lette it paſſe out of his minde
Thzough vainglozie, and as the blinde
He ſeeth no weie, er him be wo,
And fell within a time ſo.
As he in Babylone went
The vanitee of pzide him hente,
His herte aros of vaine glozie,
So that he dzough into memozie
His lozdſhip and his regalie,
With woozdes of ſurquedzie.
And whan that he him moſte auaunteth,
That lozde, whiche vainglozie daunteth,
All ſodenly, as who ſaith treis,
Where that he ſtode in his paleis,
He toke him from the mens ſight,
Was none of them ſo ware, that might.
Set eie, where he become.
And thus was he from his kyngdome
Into the wilde fozeſte dzawe:
Where that the mighty gods lawe,
Thzough his power did him transfozme
Fro man in to a beaſtes fozme:
And like an oxe vnder the fote
He graſeth as he nedes mote
To getten him his liues foode.
Who thought him cold gras goode,
That whilome ete the hote ſpices:
Thus was he tozned from delices.
The wyne, whiche he was wonte dzinke
He toke then of the welles bzinke,
Oz of the pit, oz of the ſlough,
It thought him then good enough.
In ſtede of chambzes well araied,
He was than of a buſſhe well apaied.
The harde grounde he laie vpon,
Foz other pilowes had he non.
The ſtozmes, and the raines fall,
The wyndes blowe vpon him all,
He was tourmented daie and night,
Suche was the high gods might,
Tyll ſeuen yere an ende toke:
Vpon hym ſelfe tho gan he loke.
In ſtede of meate, gras and ſtreys,
In ſtede of handes, longe cleys,
In ſtede of man, a beaſte like
He ſawe, and than he gan to ſike.
Foz cloth of golde and of perrie
Whiche him was wonte to magnifie,
When he beheld his cote of heares,
He wepte, and with full wofull teares
Vp to the heuen he caſt his chere
Wepend, and thought in this manere,
Though he no wozdes might winne,
Thus ſaid his herte, and ſpake within.
O mightie god, that all haſt wzought,
And all might bzyng againe to nought:
Nowe knowe I, but all of thee,
This wozlde hath no pzoſperitee.
In thyn aſpecte ben all aliche,
The pour man and eke the riche,
Without the there maie no wight:
And thou aboue all other might.
O mighty lozde toward my vice
Thy mercy medle with iuſtice,
And I woll make a couenant,
That of my life the remenant
I ſhall it by thy grace amende,
And in thy lawe ſo diſpende,
That vainglozie I ſhall eſchewe,
And bowe vnto thin heſſe, and ſewe
Humilitee, and that I bowe.
And ſo thinkend he gan downe bowe.
And though hym lacke voice of ſpeche,
He gan vp with his feete areche,
And wailend in his beſtly ſteuen
He made his plaint vnto the heuen.
He kneleth in his wiſe, and bzaieth,
To ſeche mercy, and aſſaieth
His god, which made him nothing ſtrãge,
Whan that he ſawe his pzide change.
Anone as he was humble and tame
He fonde towarde his god the ſame:
And in a twinkelynge of a loke
His mans fozme ageine he toke,
And was reformed to the reigne,
In whiche that he was wonte to reigne:
So that the pzide of vaine glozie
Euer afterwarde out of memozie
He let paſſe, and thus is ſhewed,
What is to ben of pzide vnthewed,
Ageine the high gods lawe:
To whome no man maie be felawe.
Foz thy my ſonne take good hede
So foz to lede thy manhede,
That thou ne be not like a beſte.

But

But if thy life ſhall ben honeſte,
Thou muſt humbleſſe take on honde.
For than might thou ſiker ſtonde.
And for to ſpeke it other wiſe
A proude man can no loue aſſiſe.
For though a woman wolde him pleaſe,
His pride can not ben at eaſe.
There maie no man to mochel blame
A vice, whiche is for to blame.
For thy men ſhulden nothyng hide,
That might fall in blame of pride,
Whiche is the worſt vice of all:
Wherof, ſo as it was befall,
The tale I thinke of a cronike
To telle, if that it maie the like:
So that thou might humbleſſe ſewe,
And eke the vice of pride eſchewe,
Wherof the glorie is falſe and vaine,
Whiche god him ſelfe hath in diſdaine:
That though it mount for a throwe,
It ſhall downe fall and ouerthrowe.

Eſt virtus humilis, per quã deus altus ad ima
Se tulit, & noſtræ viſcera carnis habet.
Sic humilis ſupereſt, & amor ſibi ſubdit oĩs,
Cuius habet nulla ſorte ſuperbus opem,
Odit eum terra, cœlum deiecit & ipſum,
Sedibus inferni ſtatq; receptus ibi.

¶ Hic narrat confeſſor exemplum contra ſuperbiam. Et dicit, quod nuper quidam rex famoſe prudencie cuidam militi ſuo ſuper tribus queſtionibus, vt inde certitudinis reſponſionem daret ſub pena capitalis ſententie terminum prefixit. Primo quid minoris indigentie ab inhabitantibus orbem auxilium manus obtinuit. Secundo quid maioris meriti continens minoris eppenſe repriſas epiguit. Tertio quid omnia bona diminuens ex ſui proprietate nihil penitus habuit. Quarum vero queſtionum quedam virgo dicti militis filia nomine patris ſolutionem aggrediẽs taliter regi reſpondit. Ad primam dixit, quod terra nullius indiget, quã tamẽ adiuuare cotidianis laboribus omnes intendunt. Ad ſecundam dixit, q; humilitas omnibus virtutibus preualet, quæ tamen nullius prodigalitatis eppenſis menſuram excedit. Ad tertiam dixit q; ſuperbia omnia tam corporis quam animæ bona deuaſtans maiorum eppenſarum exceſſus inducit.

A Kyng was whilom yong and wiſe,
The which of his wit ſet great price
Of depe imaginations,
And ſtrange interpretations,
Problemes and demaundes eke
His wiſedome was to finde and ſeke:
Wherof he wolde in ſondrie wiſe
Oppoſen them, that weren wiſe.
But none of them it might beare
Upon his worde to yeue anſwere,
Out taken one, whiche was a knight,
To him was euery thyng ſo light,
That alſo ſoone as he them herde,
The kynges wordes he anſwerde.
What thyng the kynge him aſke wolde,
There anone the trouth he tolde.
The kynge ſomdele had an enuie,
And thought he wolde his wittes plie
To ſet ſome concluſion,
Whiche ſhulde be confuſion
Unto this knight, ſo that the name,
And of wiſedome the high fame,
Towarde him ſelfe he wolde wynne.
And thus of all his witte within
This kynge began to ſtudie and muſe,
What ſtrange matter he might vſe,
The knightes wittes to confounde:
And at laſt he hath it founde,
And for the knight anon he ſent,
That he ſhall tell, what he ment
Upon the pointes of the mattere
Of queſtions, as thou ſhalte here.
The firſte point of all thre
Was this: what thing in his degree
Of all this worlde hath nede leſt,
And yet men helpe it all their meſt.
The ſeconde is: what moſte is worth,
And of coſtage is leſt put forth.
The thirde is: whiche is of moſt coſt,
And leſt is worthe, and gothe to loſt.
The kynge theſe thre demandes areth,
To the knight this lawe he tareth,
That he ſhall gone and come ageine
The thirde weke, and tell him pleine
To euery point, what it amounteth.
And if ſo be, that he miſcounteth,
To make in his anſwere a faile,
There ſhall none other thyng auaile

That all the worlde ne maie suffise
To stanche of pride the repaise.
Pride is the head of all sinne,
Whiche wasteth all, and maie not winne.
Pride is of euery misse the pricke,
Pride is the worke of all wicke,
And coueteth most, and leest is worth,
In place where he hath his foorth.
Thus haue I saide, that I woll saie
Of myn answere, and to you praie
My liege lorde of your office,
That ye suche grace, and suche iustice
Ordeine for my father here,
That after this, when men it here,
The worlde therof maie speake good.
The kynge, which reason vnderstode,
And hath all herde howe she hath said,
Was inly gladde, and so well paide,
That all his wrath is ouer go,
And he beganne to loke tho
Upon this maiden in the face:
In whiche he fonde so mochel grace,
That all his prise on hir he leide,
In audience, and thus he saide.
My faire maiden well ye bee,
Of thyn answere, and eke of thee
Me liketh well, and as thou wilte
Forgeue be thy fathers gilte.
And if thou were of suche lignage,
That thou to me were of parage,
And that thy father were a pere,
As he is nowe a bachilere:
So siker as I haue a life,
Thou shuldest than be my wife.
But this I saie netheles,
That I woll shape thine encrease,
What worldes good that thou wolt crane
Are of my yefte and thou shalt haue.
And she the kynge with wordes wise
Knelynge thanketh in this wise.
My liege lorde god mote you quite,
My father here hath but a lite
Of warison, and that he wende
Had all be lost, but nowe amende
He maie well through your noble grace.
With that the kynge right in his place
Anon foorthe in that fresshe hete
An Erledome, whiche than of eschete
Was late falle into his honde,
Unto this knight, with rente and londe,
Hath youe, and with his chartre sealed.
And thus was all the noise appealed.
This maiden, whiche sate on hir knees
Tofore the kynges charitees
Commendeth, and saith euermore,
My liege lorde right nowe tofore
Ye saide, and it is of recorde,
That if my father were a lorde,
And pere vnto these other great,
Ye wolden for nought elles lette,
That I ne shulde be your wife.
And thus wote euery worthy life,
A kynges worde mote nede be holde.
For thy my lorde, if that ye wolde
So great a charitee fulfill,
God wote it were well my will.
For he whiche was a bachilere,
My father is nowe made a pere,
So whense as euer that I cam
An erles doughter now I am.
This ponge kynge, whiche peised all
Hir beautee, and hir witte withall,
As he, whiche was with loue hente,
Anone therto yafe his assente.
He might not the place asterte,
That she nis ladie of his herte,
So that he toke hir to his wife,
To holde, while that he hath life.
And thus the kynge towarde his knight
Accordeth him, as it is right.
And ouer this good is to wite,
In the cronike as it is write
This noble kynge, of whom I tolde,
Of Spayne by tho daies olde
The kyngedome had in gouernance.
And as the boke maketh remembrance,
Alphons was his proper name.
The knight also, if I shall name.
Dom Petro hight, and as men tell,
His doughter wise Petronell
Was cleped, whiche was full of grace,
And that was sene in thilke place,
Where she hir father out of tene
Hath brought, and made hir selfe a quene,
Of that she hath so well disclosed
The pointes wherof she was opposed.

Confessor.

¶ Lo now my sonne, as thou might here
Of all this thing to my mattere:
But one I take, and that is pride,
To whom no grace maie betide.
In heuen he felle out of his stede,
And Paradise him was forbede,
The good men in erthe him hate,
So that to helle he mote algate,
Where euery vertue shall be weiued,
And euery vice be receiued.
But Humblesse is all other wise,
Whiche most is worth, and no repise
It taketh agein, but softe and faire
If ony thing stant in contraire,
With humble speche it is redressed.
Thus was this yonge maide blessed,
The whiche I spake of nowe tofore:
Hir fathers life she gatte therfore,
And wanne with all the kynges loue.
For thy my sonne, if thou wolt loue,
It sitte the well to leaue pride,
And take Humblesse on thy side,
The more of grace thou shalt gete.

Amans.

¶ My father I woll not forzete
Of this that ye haue tolde me here,
And if that any suche manere
Of humble porte maie loue appaye,
Here afterwarde I thinke assaye.
But nowe foorthouer I beseche,
That ye more of my shrifte seche.

Confessor.

¶ My good sonne it shall be do,
Nowe herken and lay an eare to.
For as touchende of prides fare
Als ferforth as I can declare
In cause of vice, in cause of loue,
That hast thou plainly herde aboue:
So that there is no more to saie
Touchende of that, but other waie
Touchende enuie I thinke telle,
Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle
Without cause to misdo
Towarde him selfe, and other also
Here afterwarde as vnderstande
Thou shalte the spices, as thei stande.

Explicit Liber primus.

Inuidiæ culpa magis est attrita dolore,
Nam sua mens nullo tempore læta manet.
Quo gaudēt alij, dolet ille, nec vnus amicus
Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit.
Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, & oīs
Est sibi lætitia sic aliena dolor,
Hoc etenim vitium quā sæpe repugnat amāti,
Non sibi, sed reliquis, dū fauet ipsa Venus.
Est amor ex propria motu fantasticus, & quæ
Gaudia fert aliis credit obesse sibi.

¶ Hic in secundo libro tractat de inuidia, et eius speciebus, quarum dolor alterius gaudii prima nuncupatur, cuius conditionē, secundū Vitiū Confessor primitus describens amāti, quatenus amorem concernit, super eodē consequenter opponit.

¶ Incipit Liber Secundus.

NOwe after pride the seconde
There is, whiche many a
wofull stounde
Towardes other beareth
aboute
Within him selfe, and not without.
For in his thought he brenneth euer
Whan that he wote an other leuer,
Or more vertuos than hee:
Whiche passeth him in his degree,
Therof he taketh his maladie,
That vice is cleped hotte enuie.
For thy my sonne if it be so,
Thou arte, or hast ben one of tho,
As for to speke in loues cas,
If euer yet thyn hert was
Sicke of an other mans hele?

¶ So god auance my quarele
My father ye a thousande sith,
Whan I haue sene another blithe
Of loue, and had a goodly there,
Ethna, whiche brenneth yere by yere
Was than nought so hote as I
Of thilke fore: for whiche priuely
Myne hertes thought within brenneth,
The ship, whiche on the wawes renneth,
And is forfoxmed and forblowe
Is not more peined for a throwe
Than I am than, whan I see
A nother, whiche that passeth mee
In that fortune of loues yefte.
But father, this I tell in shrifte,
That no where but in a place.

For who that lese or finde grace
In other stede, it maie nought greue.
But thus ye maie right well beleue
Tawarde my ladie, that I serue,
Though that I welke for to sterue,
Myn hert is full of suche folie,
That I my selfe maie not chaffie
Whan I the court see of Cupide
Approche vnto my ladie side
Of hem, that lusty ben and fresshe,
Though it auaile them not a resshe:
But onely that thei ben of speche,
My sorowe is than not to seche.
But whan thei rownen in hir eare,
Than groweth all my moste feare,
And namely whan thei talen longe,
My sorowes than be so stronge,
Of that I see them well at ease,
I can not tell my disease.
But sire, as of my lady selue
Though she haue wowers .v. or twelue,
For no mistrusse I haue of hir
Me greueth nought: for certes sir,
I trowe in all this worlde to seche
Nis woman, that in dede and speche
Woll better auise hir, what she dooth,
Ne better, for to saie a soothe,
Kepe hir honour at all tide:
And yet gette hir a thanke beside.
But netheles I am beknowe,
That whan I see at any throwe,
Or els if I maie it here,
That she make any man good chere:
Though I therof haue not to doone,
My thought woll entermete him soone.
For though I be my selues strange,
Enuie maketh myn hert change,
That I am sorowfully bestadde
Of that I see another gladde
With hir, but of other all
Of loue what so maie befall,
Or that he faile, or that he spede,
Therof take I but litell hede.
Nowe haue I saide my father all,
As of this pointe in speciall,
As ferforthly as I haue witte.
Nowe areth forder what you litte.
¶My sonne, er I aske any more,
I thinke somdele for thy lore,
Tell an example of this mattere
Touchende enuie, as thou shalt here.
Write in Ciuile this I finde,
Though it be not the houndes kinde
To eate chaffe, yet woll he werne
An ore, whiche cometh to the berne
Therof to taken any foode:
And thus who that it vnderstode
It stant of loue in many a place,
Who that is out of loues grace,
And maie him selfe not auaile,
Ye wolde an other shulde faile.
And if he maie put any lette,
Ye doth al that he maie to lette:
Wherof I finde, as thou shalt witte
To this purpose a tale writte.

¶Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos falsos, qui in amoris causa aliorum gaudiis inuidentes neqnaq; per hoc sibi ipsis proficiunt. Et narrat qualiter quidam iuuenis miles nomine Acis, quem Galathea Nimpha pulcherrima toto corde peramauit, cum ipsi sub quadam rupe iuxta litus maris colloquium adinuicem habuerunt, Polyphemus gigas concussa rupe magnam inde partem super caput Acis ab alto proiciens, ipsum per inuidiam interfecit. Et cum ipse super hoc dictam Galatheam rapere voluisset, Neptunus gigantem obsistens, ipsam inuiolatam salua custodia preseruauit. Sed et dii miserti corpus Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulcissime subito transmutarunt.

¶There ben of suche mo than twelue,
That be not able as of them selue
To get loue, and for enuie
Upon all other thei aspie:
And for them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Thei kepe that none other shulde
Touchend of loue his cause spede:
Wherof a great ensample I rede,
Whiche vnto this matter accordeth.
As Ouid in his boke recordeth
How Polyphemus, whilom wrought
When that he Galathe besought
Of loue, whiche he maie not latche,
That made him for to waite and watche
By all weyes howe it ferde,
Till at the laste he knewe and herde,
Howe that an other had leue
To loue there, as he mote leue.

As

As for to speake of any spede
So that he knewe none other rede,
But for to waiten vpon all,
Till he maie see the chance fall,
That he hir loue might greue,
Whiche he him selfe maie not acheue.
This Galathe, saith the poete,
Aboue all other was vnmete.
Of beautee, that men than knewe,
And had a lusty loue and trewe,
A bachyler in his degree,
Right suche an other as was shee,
On whom she hath hir hert set,
So that it might nought be let
For yeft ne for no byheste,
That she ne was all at his beste.
This yonge knight Acis was hote,
Whiche hir ageinwarde also hote
All only loueth, and no mo.
Herof was Polyphemus wo,
Through pure enuie, and euer aspide,
And waiteth vpon euery side,
When he to geder might see
This yonge Acis with Galathee.
So longe he waiteth to and fro,
Till at the laste he founde hem two
In priue place, where thei stode
To speke and haue hir wordes good.
The place, where as he them sighe,
It was vnder a banke, nighe
The great see, and he aboue
Stode and beheld the lusty loue,
Whiche eche of them till other made,
With goodly chere and wordes glade.
That all his hert hath sette a fire
Of pure enuie, and as a vire,
Whiche flieth out of a mighty bowe,
Awey he stedde for a throwe:
As he that was for loue woode,
Whan that he sawe howe it stoode.
This Polypheme a geant was,
And whan he sawe the sooth cas,
Howe Galathe him hath forsake,
And Acis to hir loue take,
His herte maie it not forbeare,
That he ne roreth as a beare,
And as it were a wilde beast,
In whom no reason might areste.
He ranne Ethna the hille about,
Where neuer yet the fire was out,
Fulfilled of sorow and great disease,
That he sawe Acis well at ease:
Till at the last he him bethought
As he, whiche all enuie sought,
And tourneth to the banke ageine,
Where he with Galathe hath seine
That Acis, whom he thought greue
Though he him selfe maie not releue.
This geaunt with his rude might,
Part of the banke he shoke downe right,
The whiche euen vpon Acis fille:
So that with fallyng of this hille,
This Polypheimus Acis slough,
Wherof she made sorowe enough.
And as she stedde from the londe
Neptunus toke hir by the honde,
And kepte hir in so faste a place.
Fro Polypheme, and his manace,
That he with falle his enuie
Ne might atteine hir companie.
This Galathe, of whom I speke,
That of hir selfe maie not be wreke,
Without any semblant feigned
She hath hir loues death compleined,
And with hir sorowe, and with hir wo
She hath the gods meued so,
That thei of pitee and of grace
Haue Acis in the same place
There he laie dead, in to a well
Transformed, as the bokes tell,
With freshe stremes, and with clere,
As he whilom with lustie chere
Was freshe, his loue for to queme:
And with this rude Polypheme,
For his enuie, and for his hate
Thei were wroth. And thus algate
My sonne, thou might vnderstande,
That if thou wolte in grace stande
With loue, thou muste leue enuie,
And as thou wilte for thy partie,
Towarde thy loue stande free:
So muste thou suffer a nother bee,
What so byfalle vpon thy chance.
For it is a vnwise vengeance,
Whiche to none other man is lefe,
And is vnto him selfe greefe.

Amans

Amans.

My fader, this ensample is good.
But howe so euer that it stoode
With Polyphemus loue as tho,
It shall not stande with me so,
To worchen any felonie
In loue, for no suche enuie.
For thy if there ought elles bee,
Nowe asketh foorth, in what degree
It is, and I me shall confesse
With shrifte vnto your holynesse.

Vita sibi solito mentalia gaudia liuor
Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.
Inuidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
Fletus cui proprios crastina fata parent.
Sic in amore pari stat sorte iocosus amantes,
Cum vidit illusos inuidus ille quasi.
Sic licet in vacuum speret tamē ipse leuamen
Alterius casu lapsus & ipse simul.

¶ Hic loquitur confessor de secunda specie inuidie, quæ gaudium alterius dolozis dicitur, Et primo eiusdem Vicii materiam tractans amantis conscientiam super eodem Vlterius inuestigat.

¶ My good sonne yet there is
A vice reuers vnto this,
Whiche enuious taketh his gladnes
Of that he seeth the heuinesse
Of other men. For his welfare
Is, whan he wote another care.
Of that an other hath a falle
He thynketh him selfe arist with all.
Suche is the gladshippe of enuie
In worldes thing, and in partie
Full ofte tymes eke also
In loues cause it stant right so.
If thou my sonne hafte ioye had,
Whan thou an other sawe vnglad
Shriue the therof. My fader yis,
I am byknowen vnto you this,
Of these louers that louen streite,
And for that point, whiche thei coueite
Ben pursuantes from yere to yere
In loues court, when I maie here,
Now that thei clymbe vpon the whele,
And whan thei wene all shall be wele,
Thei ben downe throwe at laste
Than am I fed of that faste,
And laugh, of that I see them loure.
And thus of that thei brewe soure
I drinke swete, and am well eased
Of that I wote thei ben diseased.
But this, whiche I you tell here
Is onely for my ladie dere,
That for none other that I knowe
Me recheth not who ouerthrowe,
Ne who that stande in loue vpright.
But be he squier, be he knight
Whiche to my ladye warde pursueth,
The more he leseth of that he seweth,
The more me thinketh that I wynne,
And am the more glad within,
Of that I wote him sorowe endure.
For euer vpon suche auenture
It is a comforte as men seine
To him, the whiche is wo beseine,
To sene an other in his peine:
So that thei bothe maie complaine,
Where I my selfe maie not auaile,
To sene an other mans trauaile,
I am right glad if he be lette.
And though I fare not the bet,
His sorowe is to myn herte a game,
Whan that I knowe it is the same,
Whiche to my ladie stant inclined,
And hath his loue not termined,
I am right ioyfull in my thought:
If suche enuie greueth ought,
As I beknowe me culpable,
Ye that be wise and resonable
My fader telleth your aduise.

Confessor.

¶ My sonne, enuie in to no prise
Of suche a forme I vnderstonde
Ne might by no reason stonde.
For this enuie hath suche a kinde,
That he woll set him selfe behinde,
To hinder with a nother wight,
And gladly lese his owne right,
To make another lese his.
And for to knowe howe it so is
A tale liche to his matere
I thinke telle, if thou wilte here,
To shewe properly the vice
Of this enuie, and the malice.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istum, qui

qui ſponte ſuiipſius detrimentum in alterius pe nam maiorem patitur, Et narrat, quod cum Jupiter angelum ſuum in forma hominis, Vt ho minum conditiones explorare ab excelſo in terram miſit, contigit, quod ipſe angelus duos homines, quorum Vnus cupidus et alter invidus erat, itinerando ſpacio quaſi Vnius diei commita batur. Et cum ſero factum eſſet Angelus eorum noticie ſe ipſum tunc manifeſtans dixit, q̃ quid quid alter eorum ab ipſo donari ſibi peciſſet, illud ſtatim obtinebit, q̃ et ſocio ſuo ſecum comitanti affirmat duplicandum. Super quo cupidus im peditus auaricia, ſperans ſibi diuicias carpere duplicatas primo petere recuſauit. Quod cum invidus animi aduerteret naturam ſui Vicii con cernens ita vt ſocius ſuus vtro⁹ lumine priuare tur, ſe ipſum monoculum fieri conſtanter primus ab Angelo poſtulabat. Et ſic Vnius invidia alte rius auariciam maculauit.

¶ Of Jupiter thus I fynde ywrite,
Now whilom that he wolde wite
Upon the pleintes, whiche he herde
Amonge the men, howe that it ferde,
As of her wronge condicion
To do iuſtificacion.
And for that cauſe downe he ſent
An Aungell, whiche aboute went,
That he the ſooth knowe maie.
So it befell vpon a daie,
This angell, whiche him ſhuld enforme,
Was clothed in a mans forme,
And ouertoke, I vnderſtonde,
Two men, that wenten ouer londe:
Through whiche he thought to aſpie
His cauſe, and goth in companie.
This Aungell with his wordes wiſe,
Oppoſeth hem in ſondry wiſe,
Nowe lowde wordes and now ſofte,
That made hem to diſputen ofte:
And eche of hem his reaſon hadde,
And thus with tales he hem ladde
With good examinacion,
Tyll he knewe the condicion,
What men thei were bothe two:
And ſawe well at laſte tho,
That one of hem was couetous,
And his felowe was enuious.
And thus, whan he hath knowlachyng
Anone he feigned departynge,
And ſaide he mote algate wende.
But herken now what fell at ende.

For than he made hem vnderſtonde,
That he was there of gods ſonde,
And ſayd them for the kyndſhip,
That thei haue done him felowſhip,
He wolde do ſome grace againe,
And bad that one of hem ſhuld faine,
What thynge is him leueſt to craue,
And he it ſhall of yefte haue.
And ouer that eke foorth with all
He ſaith, that other haue ſhall
The double of that his felowe areth.
And thus to them his grace he tareth.
The couetous was wonder gladde,
And to that other man he badde,
And ſeith, that he firſte are ſhulde,
For he ſuppoſeth, that he wolde
Make his aring of worldes good.
For than he knewe well, howe it ſtood,
If that hym ſelfe by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by fleight,
Berauſe that he wolde wynne,
He badde his felowe firſte begynne.
This enuious, though it be late,
Whan that he ſawe he mote algate
Make his aringe firſte, he thought
If he worſhip or profite ſoughte
It ſhall be double to his fere,
That wolde he chefe in no manere.
But than he ſheweth what he was
Towarde enuie, and in this cas
Unto this angell thus he ſaide,
And for his yefte this he praide,
To make hym blynde on his one eie,
So that his felowe no thynge ſie.
This worde was not ſo ſoone ſpoke,
That his one eie anone was loke:
And his felowe foorth with alſo
Was blynde on both his eies two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
He ſet his one eie at no coſt,
Wherof that other two hath loſt,
Of thilke enſample, whiche fell tho
Men tell nowe full ofte ſo:
The worlde empeyreth commonly,
And yet wote none the cauſe whie.
For it accordeth nought to kynde
Myn owne harme to ſeche and fynde.

Of

Of that I shall my brother greue
I might neuer well acheue.
What seist thou sonne of this folie?
My father, but I shulde lie
Upon the point, whiche ye haue saide,
Yet was myn hert neuer laide:
But in this wyse, as I you tolde,
But euermore if that ye wolde
Ought els to my shrift saie
Touchand enuie, I wolde praie.
My sonne that shall well be do.
Now harken and lay thyn eare to.

Inuidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem
Quæ magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingua venenato sermone repercutit auris,
Sic vt in alterius scandala fama volat.
Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti sæpe salute carent.
Sed generosus amor linguã cõseruat, vt eius
Verbum, quod loquitur nulla siniſtra gerat.
¶ Hic tractat Confessor de tercia specie inuidie, que detractio dicitur, cuius morsus vipereos le sa sepe fama deplangit.

¶ Touchend as of enuious brood
I wote not one of all good.
But netheles suche as thei bee,
Yet there is one, and that is hee,
Whiche cleped is Detraction,
And to confirme his action,
He hath withholde Malebouche,
Whose tonge nother pill ne crouche
Maie hire, so that he pronounce
A pleine good worde without frounce:
Where behynde a mans backe
For though he preise, he sint some lacke,
Whiche of his tale is ay the lasse,
That all the price shall ouerrasse.
And though there be no cause why,
Yet woll he iangle, not for thy
As he whiche hath the herauldie
Of hem, that shen for to lie.
For as the nettle, whiche vp renneth,
The freshe red rose brenneth,
And maketh him fade, and pale of hewe:
Right so this fals enuious hewe
In euery place, where he dwelleth,
With fals wordes, whiche he telleth,
He tourneth pleasyng into blame,
And worshipe into worldes shame.
Of suche lesynge, as he compasseth,
Is none so good, that he ne passeth,
Betwene his tethe: and is backbited,
And through his fals tonge endited.
Like to the Sharnebudes kynde,
Of whose nature this I synde:
That in the hottest of the daie,
Whan comen is the mery Maie,
He spret his winge, and vp he fleeth,
And vnder all aboute he seeth
The fayre lusty floures sprynge:
But therof hath he no lykynge,
Where he seeth of any beaste
The filthe, there he maketh his feaste,
And there vpon he woll alighte,
There lyketh him none other sighte.
Right so this iangler enuious,
Though he a man se vertuous
And full of good condition,
Therof maketh he no mencion:
But els be it not so lite
Wherof that he maie sette a wite,
There renneth he with open mouth
Behynde a man, and maketh it couth,
But all the vertue, whiche he can,
That woll he hide of euery man,
And openly the vice telle,
As he, whiche of the schole of helle
Is taught, and softred vp with enuie.
Of householde and of companie
Where that he hath his propre office
To sette on euery man a vice,
Howe so his mouthe be comely
His worde sitte euermore a wrie,
And saith the worste that he maie.
And in this wise nowe a daie
In loues court a man maie here
Full ofte pleine of this matere:
That many enuious tale is offered,
Where that it maie not be answered.
But yet full ofte it is beleued,
And many a worthy loue is greued
Through backbityng of fals enuie.
¶ If thou haue made suche iangларie
In loues courte my sonne er this,
Shrive the therof. My father yis.
But wite ye howe: not openly,
But otherwhile priuely

Whan

Whan I my dere lady mete,
And thinke howe that I am not mete
Unto hir highe worthinesse
And eke I see the besinesse
Of all this ponge lustie route,
Whiche all daie prease hir aboute,
And eche of them his tyme awaiteth,
And eche of them his tale assaiteth
All to deceiue an innocent,
Whiche woll not be of her assent.
And for men saine vnknowe vnkisse,
Hir thonne she holt in hir sisse
So close within hir owne honde,
That there wynneth no man londe:
She leueth not all that she hereth:
And thus ful ofte her selfe she sasereth,
And is all ware of HAD I WIST.
But for all that myn hert arisse,
Whan I these common louers see,
That wolde not holde hem to thre:
But well nye louen ouer all.
Myn hert is enuious with all,
And euer I am adradde of gile,
In aunter if with any wile
Thei might hir innocence enchaunte.
For thy my wordes ofte I haunte
Behynden hem, so as I dare,
Wherof my ladie maie beware.
I say what euer cometh to mouth,
And wers I wolde, if that I couth.
For whan I come vnto hir speche,
All that I maie enquere and seche
Of suche deceite, I telle it all:
And ay the worst in speciall.
So faine I wolde that she wist,
Howe litell thei ben for to trist,
And what thei wold, and what thei ment,
So as thei be of double entent.
Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,
My wicked worde was euer grene.
And netheles the sooth to telle,
In certaine if it so befelle,
That alder trewest man yborne,
To these amonge a thosand store,
Whiche were all fully for to trist,
My lady loued, and I it wist,
Yet rather than he shulde spede,
I wolde suche tales spredе
To my ladie, if that I might,
That I shuld all his loue vnright.
And therto wolde I do my peine,
For certes though I shulde feine,
And telle, that was neuer thought.
For all this worlde I might nought
To suffre an other fully wynne,
There as I am yet to begynne.
For be thei good, or be thei bad,
I wolde none my lady had.
And that me maketh full ofte aspie,
And vsen wordes of enuie,
And for to make them beare a blame:
And that is but of thilke same,
The whiche vnto my ladie drawe.
For euer on them I rounge and gnawe,
And hynder hem all that euer I maie.
And that is sothly for to saie,
But onely to my lady selue,
I telle it nought to. x. ne twelue.
Therof I woll me well auise,
To speke or iangle in any wise,
That toucheth to my ladie name,
The whiche in erneſt and in game
I wolde sauen to my death.
For me had leuer to lacke breath,
Than speke of hir name amis.
Nowe haue ye herd touchend of this
My father in Confession,
And therfore of detraction
In loue, that I haue mispoke,
Telle howe ye will it shall be wroke,
I am all redy for to beare
My peine, and also to forbeare
What thing that ye woll allowe.
For who is bounden, he must bowe,
So wolle I bowe vnto your hest.
For I dare make this behest,
That I to you haue nothing hid,
But tolde right as it is betide,
And otherwise of no mispethe
My conscience for to sethe
I can not of enuie finde,
That I mispoke haue, ought behynde,
Wherof loue ought be mispaide.
Nowe haue ye herde, and I haue saide.
What woll ye sader, that I do?
¶ My sonne do no more so.

But

But euer kepe thy tonge ſtill,
Thou might the more haue thy will.
For as thou ſeyſt thy ſeluen here,
Thy lady is of ſuche manere
So wiſe, ſo ware in all thyng,
It nedeth of no bakbityng
That thou thy lady mis enforme.
For whan ſhe knoweth all the forme
Howe that thy ſelfe art enuious,
Thou ſhalt not be ſo gratious
As thou parauenture ſhuldeſt be elles:
There wol no man drinke of tho welles,
Whiche (as he wote) is poyſon ynne,
And ofte ſuche as men begynne
Towardes other, ſuche thei finde,
That ſet hem ofte ful behynde,
When that thei wenen be before.
My good ſonne and thou therfore
Be ware, and leue thy wicke ſpeche,
Wherof hath fallen ofte wreche
To many a man before this time.
For who ſo will his handes lime,
Thei muſte be the more vnclene.
For many a mote ſhall be ſene,
That woll not cleue elles there,
And that ſhulde euery wiſe man fere.
For who ſo will another blame,
He ſeketh ofte his owne ſhame,
Whiche els might be right ſtill.
For thy if that it be thy will
To ſtande vpon amendement,
A tale of great entendement
I thinke telle for thy ſake,
Wherof thou might enſample take.

¶ Hic loquitur confeſſor contra iſtos in amoris cauſa detrahentes, qui ſuis obloquiis obiena foſcaria perturbant, et narrat exemplum de Conſtātia Tiberii Rome Imperatoris filia omnium virtutum famoſiſſima, ob eius amorem Soldanus ſūe Perſie, vt eam in vxorem ducere poſſet, chriſtianū ſe fieri promiſit, cuius accepta cauciōne concilio Pelagii tunc pape dicta filia vna cum duobus Cardinalibus, aduſque Rome proceribus in Perſiam maritagii cauſa nauigio honorifice deſtinata fuit, quæ tamen obloquentium poſtea detractionibus varijs modis abſq; ſui culpa doloroſa fata multipliciter paſſa eſt.

¶ A worthy knight in Chriſtes lawe
Of great Rome, as is the fawe,
The ſceptre had for to right,
Tibery Conſtantin he hight,
Whos wife was cleped Italie:
But thei to geder of progenie
No childre had but a maide,
And ſhe the god ſo well apayde,
That al the wide worldes fame
Spake worſhip of hir good name:
Conſtance, as the Cronike ſaith,
She hight: and was ſo full of faith,
That the greateſt of Barbarie
Of hem, whiche vſe marchandie
She hath conuerted, as thei come
To hir vpon a tyme in Rome,
To ſhewen ſuch thing, as thei brought,
Whiche worthely of hem ſhe bought.
And ouer that in ſuche a wiſe
She hath hem with hir wordes wiſe
Of Chriſtes feith ſo full enformed,
That thei therto ben all conformed,
So that baptiſme thei receiuen:
And all hir fals goddes weyuen.
¶ Whan thei ben of the feith certaine
Thei gone to Barbarie ayene,
And there the Soudan for hem ſent,
And aſketh hem to what entent
Thei haue her firſt feith forſake.
And thei, whiche had vndertake
The right feith to kepe and holde,
The matter of her tale tolde,
With all the hole circumſtance.
¶ And when the Soudan of Conſtance
(Vpon the point that thei anſwerde)
The beautee and the grace herde,
As he, whiche than was to wedde,
In all haſt his cauſe ſpedde
To ſende for the mariage:
And ferthermore with good courage
He ſaith, be ſo he maie hir haue,
That Chriſt, that came this worlde to ſaue,
He woll beleue, and thus recorded
Thei ben on either ſide accorded:
And there vpon to make an ende
The Soudan his hoſtage ſende
To Rome, of princes ſonnes twelue,
Wherof the fader in him ſelue
Was gladde, and with the Pope auiſed
Two Cardinalles he hath aſſiſed,

With

With other lordes many mo,
That with his doughter thei shuld go,
To see the soudan be conuerted.

¶Qualiter aduenientе Constantia in Barbaria mater soldani huiusmodi nuptias perturbare volens, filium suum vna cum dicta Constantia, cardinalibusq; et aliis Romanis prima die ad conuiuium inuitauit, Et conuescentibus illis in mensa, ipsum soldanum omnes q; ibidem preter Constantiam Romanos ab insidiis latitantibus subdole detractione interfeci procurauit, ipsamq; Constantiam in quadam naui absq; gubernaculo positam per altum mare Ventorū flatibus agitandam in exilium dirigi solum constituit.

¶But that, whiche neuer was wel herted,
Enuie tho beganne to trauaile,
In disturbance of this spousaile,
So priuely, that none was ware.
The mother whiche the souldan bare,
Was than aliue, and thought this
Unto hir selfe: If it so is
My sonne hym wedde in this manere,
Than haue I lost my ioyes here.
For myn estate shall so be lasted.
Thinkend thus she hath compassed
By sleight, howe that she maie begyle
Hir sonne, and fille within a while,
Betwene hem two whan that thei were,
She feigned wordes in his eare,
And in this wise gan to saie:
My sonne, I am by double waie
With all myn herte gladde and blithe,
For that my selfe haue ofte sithe
Desyred, thou wolte (as men sayth)
Receiue and take a newe feith,
Whiche shall be forthynge of thy life,
And eke so worshipfull a wife,
The doughter of an emperour
To wedde, it shall be great honour.
For thy my sonne I you beseche,
That I suche grace might areche,
Whan that my doughter come shall,
That I maie than in speciall,
So as me thynketh honeste,
By thilke, whiche the firste feste
Shall make vnto hir welcommynge,
The Souldan graunteth hir askynge.
And she therof was glad enough.
For vnder that anone she drough,
With false wordes that she spake,
Couin of deathe behynde his backe,
And therupon hir ordinance
She made so, that whan Constance
Was comen forth with the Romaines,
Of clerkes and of citezeins,
A riche feaste she hem made:
And moste whan thei weren glade,
With false couyn, whiche she had
Hir close enuie tho she spread:
And all tho, that hadden bee
Or in apperte or in priuee
Of counseile to the mariage,
She slough them in a sodeine rage
Endelonge the borde as thei ben set,
So that it myght not be lette.
Hir owne sonne was not quite,
But died vpon the same plite.
But what the high god woll spare,
It maie not for the perill misfare.
This worthie maiden, whiche was there
Stode than, as who saith, dead for fere,
To see the feaste, how that it stode,
Whiche all was tourned into bloud.
The disshe forth with the cuppe and all
Bebled thei weren ouer all.
She sawe hem die on euery side,
No wonder though she wepte and cride,
Makyng many a wofull mone
Whan all was slaine but she alone.
This olde fende, this Sarazyn,
Let take anone this Constantyn,
With all the good she theder brought,
And hath ordeined as she thought
A naked ship without stere,
In whiche the good, and hir in fere,
Victaled full for yeres fiue,
Where that the wynde it wolde driue,
She put vpon the waues wilde.

¶Qualiter nauis cū Constantia in partes Anglie, que tunc pagana fuit prope Humber sub quodam Castello regis, qui tunc Alkee vocabatur post triennium applicuit, quam quidam miles nomine Elda dicti castelli tunc custos et naui lete suscipiens, Syon sue Hermyngylde in custodiam honorifice commendauit.

¶But he, which all thinges maie shilde
Thre yere, til that she cometh to londe
Hir shippe to stere hath take on honde.
And in Northumberlonde arriueth,
And happeth than, that she dryueth
Under a castell with the floode,
Whiche vpon Humber banke stoode,
And was the kynges owne also,
The whiche Allee was cleped tho,
A Saxon, and a worthy knight,
But he beleueth not aright.
Of this castell was castellayne,
Elda the kynges chamberlaine,
A knightly man after his lawe.
And whan he sawe vpon the wawe
The ship dryuend alone so,
He bad anone men shulden go
To see, what it be token maie.
This was vpon a sommer daie,
The shippe was loked, and she founde.
Elda within a littell stounde
It wist, and with his wife anone
Towarde this yonge lady gone,
Where that thei fonde great richesse,
But she hir wolde not confesse,
Whan thei hir aske, what she was,
And netheles vpon the cas
Out of the ship with great worship
Thei toke hir in to felowship,
As thei that weren of hir glade.
But she no maner iape made:
But sorweth sore, of that she fonde
So chrisstendome in thilke londe:
But els she hath all hir will
And thus with them she dwelleth still.
Dame Hermegyld, whiche was the wife
Of Elda, liche hir owne life
Constance loueth, and it fell so,
Spekende all daie betwene hem two
Through grace of gods purueiance
This maiden taught the creance
Unto this wife so perfectly,
Upon a daie that falle by,
In presence of hir husbonde,
Where thei go walkende on the stronde,
A blynde man, whiche came ther ladde,
Unto this wife criende he badde
With both his hondes vp, and praide
To hir, and in this wise he saide:
O Hermegylde, whiche Chrisstes feith
Enformed, as Constance seith,
Receiued hast: yeue me my sight.
Upon this worde hir herte aflight,
Thynkende what was beste to doone.
But netheles she herde his boone,
And saide, in trouthe of Chrisstes lawe,
Whiche done was on the crosse and slawe,
Thou blynde man beholde and see.
With that to god vpon his knee
Thankende he toke his sight alone,
Wherof thei meruaile euery chone,
But Elda wondreth most of all
This open thynge whiche is befalle,
Concludeth hym by suche a wey,
That he the feith moste nedes obey.

¶Quadam iuuenis miles in amorem Constancie expardescens, pro eo q; ipsa sibi consentire noluit, eam de morte Hermegylde, quam ipse noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoriis accusauit, sed angelus domini ipsa sic detrahentem in maxilla subito percutiens, non solum pro mendaci comprobauit, sed ictu mortali post ipsius confessionem penitus interfecit.

¶Nowe like what fell vpon this thynge.
This Elda foorthe vnto the kynge.
A morowe toke his wey and rode,
And Hermegylde at home abode
Forth with Constance well at ease.
Elda, whiche thought his kynge to plese,
As he, that than vnwedded was,
Of Constance all the pleine cas,
As goodly as he couth, tolde.
The kyng was glad, and said he wolde
Come thither in suche a wise,
That he hym might of hir auise.
The tyme appointed forth withall
This Elda trusse in speciall
Upon a knight, whom from childhode
He had vpdrawe into manhode
To hym he tolde all that he thought:
Wherof that after him forthought.
And netheles at thilke tide
Unto his wife he bad hym ride
To make redy all thynge
Ageinst the comynge of the kynge.
And saith, that he hym selfe tofore

Thyn-

Thinketh for to come, and bod therfore,
That he him kepe, and tolde him whan.
This knight rode forth his wey than.
And soth was, that of time passed
He had in all his witte compassed,
Howe he Constance might wynne,
But he sawe tho no spede therin,
Wherof his lust begaune to bate,
And that was loue, is than hate.
Of hir honour he had enuie,
So that vpon his trecherie,
A lesinge in his herte he cast,
Til he come home, he higheth fast,
And doth his lady to vnderstande
The message of hir husbande.
And therupon the longe daie
Thei setten thinges in arraie,
That all was as it shulde bee
Of euery thing in his degree.
And whan it came into the night,
This wife hir hath to bedde dight,
Where that this maiden with hir laie.
This false knight vpon delaie
Hath taried till thei were aslepe,
As he that woll time kepe
His deadly werkes to fulfille,
And to the bedde he stalketh stille,
Where that he wist was the wife,
And in his hande a rasour knife
He bare, with whiche hir throte he cut,
And priuely the knife he put
Under that diere beddes side,
Where that Constance laie beside.
Elda come home the same night:
And stille with a preuie light,
As he that wolde not awake
His wife, he hath his weye take
In to the chambre: and there liggende
He fonde his deade wife bledende,
Where that Constance saste by
Was falle aslepe: and sodeinly
He cried aloude, and she awoke
And forth withall cast a loke,
And sawe this lady blede there
Wherof swouned deade for feare
She was: and stille as any stone
She laie, and Elda therupon
In to the Castell clepeth out.
And vp sterte euery man about,
In to the chambre forth thei went.
But he whiche all vntrouth ment,
This false knight amonge them all,
Vpon the thing, whiche is befall
Seith: that Constance hath do this dede,
And to the bedde with that he yede
After the falsehead of his speche,
And made him there for to seche,
And fonde the knife, where he it laide:
And than he cried, and thus he saide:
Lo see the knife all blody here,
What needeth more in this matere
To aske? and thus hir innocence
He sclaundreth there in audience
With false wordes, whiche he feigneth,
But yet for al that euer he pleineth,
Elda no full credence toke,
And happed that there lay a boke,
Vpon the whiche, whan he it sighe,
This knight hath swore: and said on highe,
That all men might it wite:
Now by this boke, whiche is here write,
Constance is giltife well I wote.
With that the hande of heuen him smote,
In token of that he hath forswore
There he bothe his eyen lore,
Out of his head the same stounde
Thei stert, and so thei were founde.
A voice was herde, whan that thei fel,
Whiche saide: O damned man to hell,
Lo thus hath god thy sclaunder wroke,
That thou ageins Constance hath spoke,
Beknowe the sothe er that thou die.
And he tolde out his felonie:
And starte forth with his tale anone.
In to the grounde, where al gone
This dead lady was begraue.
Elda, whiche thought his honour saue,
All that he maie, restreineth sorowe.

¶ Qualiter rex Alfred ad fidem Christi conuersus Baptismum recepit: et Constantiam super hoc leto animo desponsauit quæ tamen quasi sibi sibi fuit alicui nullo modo fateBatur, Et cum infra breue postea a domino suo impregnata fuisset, ipse ad debellandum cum scotis iter arripuit, et ibidē super guerras aliquandiu permansit.

¶ For the seconde daie at morowe
The kyng came, as thei were accorded.
And whan it was to him recorded,
What god hath wrought vpon this chance,
He toke it in to remembrance,
And thought more than he saide.
For all his hole herte he laide
Upon Constance: and saide he shulde,
For loue of hir, if that she wolde,
Baptisme take, and Christes faith
Beleue: and ouer that he saith,
He wolde hir wedde: and vpon this
Assured eche to other is.
And for to make shorte tales,
There came a bisshop out of wales
Fro Bangor: and Lucye he hight,
Which throughe the grace of god almight,
The king, with many other mo,
He christined: and betwene hem two
He hath fulfilled the mariage:
But for no lust, ne for no rage
She tolde him neuer what she was.
And netheles vpon this cas
The kinge was glad, howe so it stode,
For well he wist and vnderstode,
She was a noble creature.
The high maker of nature
Hir hath visited in a throwe
That it was openliche knowe,
She was with childe by the kynge,
Wherof abouen all other thynge
He thanked god, and was right glad.
And fell that tyme he was bestad
Upon a werre, and must ride:
And while he shuld there abide,
He lefte at home to kepe his wife,
Suche as he knewe of holy life.
Elda forth with the bisshop eke,
And he with power go to seke
Ayene the Scottes for to fonde
The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

¶ Qualiter regina Costantia infantē masculum quem in baptismo Mauritium vocant, rege absente enixa est, Sed inuida mater regis Domilda super isto facto condolens, mendacibus regi certificauit, q̄ vxor sua demoniaci et non humani generis quoddam monstruosum fantasma loco geniture adortum produxit, huiusmodiq; detractoribus aduersus Constantiā procurauit, q̄ ipsa in nauem, qua prius venerat, iterum ad exilium vno cum suo partu remissa desolabatur.

¶ The tyme sette of kinde is come,
This lady hath hir chambre nome,
And of a sonne borne full:
Wherof that she was ioyfull.
She was deliuered saufe and soone.
The bisshop, as it was to doone,
Fase him baptisme, and Moris calleth:
And therupon as it befalleth,
With letters writen of recorde
Thei sent vnto her liege lorde,
That kepers weren of the queene.
And he, that shulde go betweene,
The messanger to Knaresbourgh,
Whiche towne he shulde passe through,
Rydende came the first daie.
The kynges mother there laie,
Whose right name was Domilde,
Whiche after all the cause spilde.
For he, whiche thanke deserue wolde,
Unto this lady gothe and tolde
Of his message, howe it ferde.
And she with feigned ioye it herde,
And yafe him yeftes largely.
But in the night al priuely
She toke the letters, whiche he had,
Fro point to point and ouer rad,
As she, that was throughout vntrue:
And let do write other newe
In stede of hem: and thus thei speke.

¶ Prima littera in commendationem Constancie ab episcopo Regi missa per Domildam in contrarium falsata.

¶ That thou with vs be not wroth,
Though we suche thyng, as is the loth
Upon our trouth certifie.
Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,
Of suche a childe deliuered is,
Fro kinde, whiche stant all amis.
But for it shulde not be saie,
We haue it kepte out of the waie
For drede of pure worldes shame.
A poore childe, and in the name
Of thilke, whiche is so misborne,
We toke, and therto we be swore,

That

That none, but onely thou and wee
Shall knowe of this priuetee.
Moris it hatte, and thus men wene
That it was borne of the queene,
And of thyne owne bodie gete.
But this thynge maie not be foryete,
That thou ne sende vs worde anone
What is thy will therupon.
¶ This letter, as thou hasse herde deuise
Was counterfete in suche a wise,
That no man shulde it apperceiue.
And she, whiche thought to deceiue.
It leith, where she that other toke.
This messanger, whan he awoke,
And wist nothynge howe it was,
Arose and rode the great pas
And toke his letters to the kynge.
And whan he sawe this wondre thynge,
He maketh the messanger no chere:
But netheles in wise manere
He wrote againe, and yaf hym charge,
That thei ne suffre not at large
His wife to go, but kepe hir still,
Tyll thei haue herde more of his will.
¶ This messanger was yeftles:
But with his letter netheles
Or be hym lefe or be hym lothe
In all haste ageine he gothe
By Knaresburgh, and as he went
Vnto the mother his entent,
Of that he sonde towarde the kynge
He tolde, and she vpon this thynge
Seith, that he shulde abide all night:
And made hym feaste and chere aright
Feigned as though she coude him thonke.
But he with stronge wine which he dronke,
Forth with the trauaile of the daie
Was dronke: aslepe and while he laie,
She hath his letters ouersaie,
And formed in an other waie:
There was a newe letter write.

¶ Secunda littera per regem episcopo remissa a Domilda iterum falsata.

¶ Whiche he saith: I do you for to wite,
That through the counsaile of you two
I stonde in point to be vndo,
As he, whiche is a kynge deposed,
For euery man it hath supposed
Now that my wife Constance is saie:
And if that I feigne any delaie
To put hir out of companie,
The worshippe of my regalie
Is lore: and ouer this thei tell,
Hir childe shall not amonge hem dwell
To claimen any heritage:
So can I see none auantage,
But all is lotte, if she abide.
For thy to loke on euery syde
Towarde the mischefe as it is,
I charge you, and byd this,
That ye the same shippe vittaile:
In whiche that she toke arriuaile,
Therin and putteth bothe two,
Hir selfe forth with hir childe also,
And so forth brought in to the depe
Betaketh hir the sea to kepe.
Of foure daies tyme I sette,
That ye this thynge no lenger lette,
So that your life be not forfete.
¶ And thus this letter counterfete
The messanger, whiche was vnware,
Vpon the kynges halue bare
And where he shulde it hath betake.
But whan that thei haue hede take
And rad, that writen is within,
So great a sorowe thei beginne,
As thei hir owne mother seien
Brenne in a fire before their eien.
There was weppynge, and there was wo,
But finally the thynge is do:
Vpon the sea thei haue hir brought:
But she the cause wist nought.
And thus vpon the floode thei wonne,
This lady with hir yonge sonne.
And than hir handes to the heuen
She straught: and with a milde steuen,
Knelend vpon hir bare knee
She saide: O high maieste,
Whiche seest the point of euery trouth:
Take of thy wofull woman routh:
And of this childe, whiche I shall kepe.
And with that worde she gan to wepe
Swouned as deade, and there she laie.
But he, whiche all thynges maie,
Comforteth hir, and at laste
She loketh, and hir eien caste

Upon hir childe, and saide this:
Of me no maner charge it is
What sorowe I suffre, but of thee
Me thinketh it is great pitee.
For if I sterue, thou must deie,
So mote I nedes by that weie,
For motherheed, and for tendernes,
With all my hole besynes,
Dyeine me for thilke office,
As she, whiche shall be thy norice.
Thus was she strengthed for to stonde.
And tho she toke hir childe in honde
And yake it souke, and euer amonge
She wepte, and otherwhile longe,
To rocke with hir childe allepe
And thus hir owne childe to kepe
She hath vnder the gods cure.

¶Quakiter nauis Constancie post biennium in partes Hispanie superioris inter Sarazenos iactabatur, a quorum manibus deus ipsam conseruans gratiosissime liberauit.

¶And so fell vpon auenture
Whan thilke yere hath made his ende,
Hir ship, so as it molde wende,
By strēgth of wynde, which god hath yeue,
Estwarde was into Spaine dryue,
Right fast vnder a castell wall,
Where that an hethen admirall
Was lorde: and he a stewarde had
One Thelous, whiche all was bad,
A fals knight, and a renegate,
He goth to loke, in what estate
The ship was comen: and there he fonde
Forth with a childe vpon hir honde
This lady where she was a one.
He toke good hede of the person,
And sawe she was a worthy wight
And thought he wolde vpon the night
Demene hir at his owne will:
And in the ship he kepte hir still,
That no man sawe hir that daie.
At gods wille and thus she laie
Unknowe, what hir shall betide,
And fell so that by nightes tide,
This knight without felauship
Hath take a bote, and came to ship,
And thought of hir his luste to take,
And swore, if she hym daunger make,
That certainly she shulde deie,
She sawe there was none other weie.
And saide he shulde hir well comforte,
That he kyst loke out at porte,
That no man were nigh the stede,
Whiche might knowe what thei dede.
And than he maie do what he wolde.
He was right glad, that she so tolde,
And to the porte anone he ferde:
She praieth god, and he hir herde,
And sodeinly he was out throwe
And dreint, and tho began to blowe
Wynde menable fro the londe
And thus the mighty gods honde
Hir hath conueighed, and defended:
And whan thre yere ben full dispended,

¶Quakiter Nauicula Constancie quodam die p altum mare vagans inter copiosam nauiū multitudinem dilapsa est. quarum Arcennius Romanorum consul, dux, et capitaneus ipsam ignotam suscipiens vsq; ad Romam secum perduxit, vbi equalem vxori sue Elene permansurā reuerenter associauit, nec non et eiusdem filium Mauricium in omni habundantia quasi proprium educauit.

Hir ship was dryue vpon a daie,
Where that a great naue laie
Of shippes, all the worlde at ones:
And as god wolde for the nones
Hir ship goth in amonge hem all
And stynt not, er it be bistall,
And hath that vessell vnder gete,
Whiche maister was of all the flete.
But there it resteth and abode,
This great shyp on anker rode:
The lorde come forth, and when he sigh
That other ligge on borde so nighe:
He wondreth, what it might bee,
And bad men to go in and see.
This lady tho was crope a side,
As she that wolde hir seluen hide.
For she ne wiste, what thei were.
Thei sought about, and fond hir there,
And broughten vp hir childe and her,
And therupon this lorde to sper
Began, fro whens that she came,
And what she was: Quod she, I am
A woman wofully bestadde

I had a lorde, and thus he bad,
That I forth with my littell sonne,
Upon the wawes shulde wonne.
But why the cause wote I nought.
But he whiche all thynges wrought,
Yet ay I thanke hym of his might,
My childe and me so kepte vpright,
That we be sauf bothe two.
This lorde hir asketh euermo
Howe she beleueth, and she seith:
I leue and trust in Christes seith,
Whiche died vpon the roode tre.
What is thy name tho quod he?
My name is Coust, she hym saide,
But furthermore for nought he praide
Of hir estate to knowe plaine,
She wolde hym nothynge els saine.
But of hir name, whiche she feigned,
All other thynges she restreigned,
That o worde more she ne tolde.
This lorde than asketh if she wolde
With hym abide in companie,
And saide, he came from Barbarie
To Rome warde, and home he went.
Tho she supposeth what it ment,
And saith, she wolde with hym wende,
And dwell vnto hir liues ende,
Be so it be to his pleasance.
And thus vpon her acqueintance
He tolde hir plainly as it stode,
Of Rome howe that the gentill blode
In Barbarie was betraied,
And therupon he hath assaied
By warre, and take suche vengeance,
That none of thilke alyance,
By whom the treson was compassed,
Is from the swerde aliue passed.
But of Constance howe it was.
That couthe he knowe by no cas,
Where she became, so as he seide.
Hir ere vnto his worde she leide,
But forther made she no chere.
And netheles in this mattere
It hapned that like tyme so,
This lorde, with whome she shulde go,
Of Rome was the senatour,
And of hir father the emperour,
His brother doughter hath to wife:
Whiche hath hir father eke on liue,
And was Salustes cleped tho.
His wife Eleine hight also:
To whom Constance was cosine.
Thus to the seke a medicine
Hath god ordeined of his grace,
That forthe in the same place
This senatour his trouth plight,
For euer, while he lyue might,
To kepe hir in worship, and in welth,
Be so that god woll giue hir helth.
This lady, whiche fortune hym sende,
And thus by shippe forth sailende,
Hir & hir childe to Rome be brought,
And to his wife tho he besought,
To take hir in to companie.
And she, whiche couth of curtesie
All that a good wife shulde conne,
Was inly gladde, that she hath wonne
The felowship of so good one.
This emperours doughter Custe,
Forthwith the doughter of Salustе
Was kept, but no man redely
Knewe, what she was: and not for thy,
Thei thoughten well she had bee
In hir estate of high degree.
And euery like hir loueth wele.

¶ Quakiter rex Affee inita pace cum Scottis a guerris rediens, et nor inuenta Vxore sua cansam cpikii diligencius perscrutans, cum matrem suam Domikdam inde culpabilem sciuisset, ipsam in igne proiciens conburi fecit.

¶ Nowe herke thilke vnstable whele,
Whiche euer torneth, wente aboute,
The kynge Alle, while he was out
(As thou tofore hast herde the cas)
Deceiued through his more was.
But whan that he come home agayne,
He areth of his chamberlayne,
And of the bisshop eke also,
Where thei the quene had do.
And thei answerde: there he bad,
And haue hym thilke letter rad,
Whiche he them sent for warrant,
And tolde hym playnly as it stante,
And saine, it thought hem great pitee,
To see a worthy one as shee

With suche a childe, as there was boze
So sodeinly to be forloze.
He asketh hem, what childe it were.
And thei him saide, that no where
In all the worlde, though men it sought,
Was neuer woman, that forth brought
A fairer childe, than it was one.
And than he areth hem anone,
Why thei ne hadden writen so.
Thei tolden, so thei hadden do.
He saide nay. Thei saiden yis.
The letter shewed, radde it is,
Whiche thei forsoken euery dele.
Tho was it vnderstonde wele,
That there is treason in the thynge.
The messenger tofore the kynge
Was brought, and sodenly opposed,
And no thynge hath yet supposed
But all well, began to saie,
That he no where vpon the waie
Abod, but onely in a stede,
And cause why, that he so dede
Was, as he went to and fro,
At Knaresburgh by nightes two
The kynges moder made hym dwell.
And when the kynge it herde tell,
Within his herte he wiste als faste
The treson, whiche his mother caste:
And thought he wolde not abide:
But forth ryght in the same tide
He toke his hors, and rode anone,
With hym there ride many one
To Knaresburgh, and forth thei wente,
And lyth the fyre, whiche thonder hente,
In suche a rage, as seith the boke,
His mother sodenethe he toke
And saide vnto hir in this wise:
O beast of hell in what gise
Hast thou deserued for to deie,
That hast so falsely put aweie
With reason of thy backbitynge,
The trewest, at my knowlechynge
Of wines, and the most honest:
But I woll make this behest
It shall be venged er I go.
And lete a fyre do make tho.
And bad men for to calle hir inne.
But firste she tolde out all the sinne,
And did hem all for to wite,
Howe she the letters had writte
Fro point to point, as it was wrought,
And tho she was to death brought,
And brent tofore hir sonnes eie:
Wherof these other, whiche it sie,
And herden howe the cause stode
Seine, that the iudgement is good,
Of that hir sonne hir hath so serued:
For she it had wele deserued,
Through treson of hir false tonge,
Which through the londe was after songe,
Constance and euery wight compleineth,
But he, whom all wo dyscreineth,
This sorowfull kynge was so bestadde,
That he shall neuer more be gladde:
He, seith eftsones for to wedde,
Till that he wiste how that she spedde,
Whiche had ben his firste wife.
And thus his yonge vnlusky life
He driueth forth so as he maie.

¶ Quadam tempore post lapsum. xii. annorum rex Alfred absolucionis causa Romam proficiens, vxorem suam Constanciam vna cum filio suo diuina prouidencia ibidem fetus inuenit.

¶ Till it befell vpon a daie,
Whan he his warres had acheued,
And thought he wolde be releued
Of soule hele vpon the feith,
Whiche he hath take, than he seith,
That he to Rome in pilgremage
Wolde goe, where Pope was Pelage,
To take his absolucion.
And vpon this condicion
He made Edwyn his lieutenant,
Whiche heire was apparant,
That he the londe in his absence
Shall rewle, and thus by prouidence
Of all thynges well begonne
He toke his leue and forthe is gone.
¶ Elda, whiche tho was with hem there,
Er thei fullliche at Rome were,
Was sent tofore to purueie,
And he his guide vpon the weie
In helpe to ben his herbegeour
Hath ared, who was Senatour,
That he his name might kenne.
Of Capadoce, he saide, Arcenne

He hight: and was a worthie knight.
To him goth Elda tho forth right,
And tolde him of his lordes tidinge
And praid, that for his comynge
He wolde assigne him herbergage.
And he so did of good courage.
Whan all is do, that was to doone,
The kynge him selfe came after soone.
This Senatour whan that he come
To Custe, and to his wife at home,
Hath tolde, howe suche a kyng Allee
Of great array to the Citee
Was come, and Custe vpon his tale
With hert close, and colour pale,
A swoune felle, and he meruaileth,
So sodenly what thyng hir eyleth,
And caught hir vp, and whan she woke.
She sigheth with a pitous loke
And feigneth sekenesse of the see.
But it was for the kynge Allee:
For ioye, whiche was in hir thought,
That god him hath to towne brought.
This kinge hath spoke with the Pope,
And tolde all that he couthe grope,
What greueth in his conscience.
And than he thought in reuerence
Of his estate, er that he went,
To make a feast, and thus he sent
Unto the Senatour, to come
Upon the morowe, and other some,
To sitte with him at mete.
This tale hath Custe not forgete,
But to Moris, hir sonne tolde,
That he vpon the morowe shulde
In all that euer he couth and might,
Be present in the kynges sight,
So that the kynge him ofte sie.
Moris tofore the kynges eie
Upon the morowe, where he sat,
Full ofte stode, and vpon that
The kynge his chere vpon him caste,
And in his face him thought als faste
He sawe his owne wife Constance.
For nature, as in resemblance
Of face, him liketh so to clothe,
That thei were of a suite both.
The kyng was moued in his thought
Of that he seeth, and knoweth it nought.
This childe he loueth kyndely:
And yet he wote no cause why,
But wel he sigh and vnderstode,
That he towarde Arcenne stode,
And areth him anone right there,
Yf that this childe his sonne were.
He saide ye, so I him calle,
And wolde it were so byfalle.
But it is all in other wise.
And tho began he to deuise,
How he the childes mother fonde,
Upon the sea from euery londe
Within a ship was sterles,
And how this lady helpeles
Forth with hir childe he hath forth drawe,
The kynge hath vnderstande his sawe:
The childes name and areth tho,
And what the mother hight also,
That he him wolde telle he praide.
Moris this childe is hote he saide,
His mother hat Custe, and this
I not what maner name it is.
But Allee wist wel enough,
Wherof somdele smilend he lough.
For Custe in Saxon is to saine
Constance vpon the worde Romain.
But who that couthe specifie,
What tho fell in his fantasie,
And how his witte aboute renneth
Upon the loue, in whiche he brenneth,
It ware a wonder for to here.
For he was neither there ne here,
But clene out of him selfe awey,
That he not what to thinke or sey,
So faine he wolde it were shee,
Wherof his hertes priuitee
Bygan the warre of ye and naye,
The whiche in suche balance laye,
That contenance for a throwe
He lokke, till he might knowe
The soth: but in his memorie
The man, whiche lieth in purgatorie,
Desireth not the heuen more,
That he ne longeth also sore
To witte, what him shall betide.
And when the bordes were aside,
And euery man was rise aboute
The kynge hath weiued all the route

And

And with the Senatour alone
He spake, and prayd him of a bone,
To see this Custe where she dwelleth
At home with him, so as he telleth.
The Senatour was wel apaide.
This thing no lenger was delaid.
To see this Custe goth the kynge,
And she was warned of the thynge:
And with Eleine forth she came
Ayene the kynge, and he tho name
Good hede: and whan he sigh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
He caught hir in his armes, and kisse
Was neuer wight that sighe ne wisse
A man that more ioye made,
Wherof thei weren all glaadde,
Whiche herd tell of this chance.
This kyng tho with his wife Constance,
Whiche had a great part of his wille,
In Rome for a tyme stille
Abode, and made him well at ease,
But so yet couth he neuer please
His wife, that she wolde him seine
Of hir estate the trouthe pleine,
Of what countre that she was bore,
Ne what she was, and yet therfore
With all his wit he hath done seke.
Thus as thei lay in bedde, and speke,
She prayth him, and counselleth both,
That for the worshipp of hem both,
So as hir thought it were honeste,
He wolde an honourable feste
Make (er he went) in that Citee,
Where the Emperour him selfe shall bee.
He graunted all that she him praide.
But as men in that time saide,
Thilke Emperour from that daie,
That firste his doughter went a waie,
He was than after neuer glad,
But what that any man him bad
Of grace, for his doughter sake,
That grace wolde he nought forsake.
And thus ful great almesse he dede
Wherof he had many a bede.

¶ Quakiter Constantia, quæ antea per totum tempus exilii sui penes omnes incognitam se celauit, tunc demum patri suo imperatori se ipsam per omnia manifestauit, Quod cum rex Allee sciuisset, vna cum vniuersa Romanorum multitudine inestimabili gaudio admirantes cunctipotentem laudarunt.

¶ This Emperour out of the towne,
Within a ten mile enuiroune,
Where as it thought him for the beste,
Hath sondry places for to reste.
And as fortune wolde tho,
He was dwellend at one of tho.
The kynge Allee forth with thassent
Of Custe his wife, hath thider sent
Morice his sonne, as he was taught
To Themperour, and he goth straught,
And in his father halue he sought,
As he whiche his lordship sought,
That of his high worthines
He wolde do so great mekenes,
His owne towne to come and see,
And peue a tyme in the citee,
So that his fader might him gete,
That he wolde ones with him ete.
This lorde hath graunted his requeste.
And whan the daie was of the feaste,
In worshipp of the Emperour,
The kynge, and eke the Senatour,
Forth with her wiues bothe two,
With many a lorde and lady mo,
On hors riden him ageine,
Till it befell vpon a plaine
Thei sigh, where he was comend.
With that Constance anone preyend
Spake to hir lorde, that he abide,
So that I maie tofore ride,
To ben vpon his bien venu
The firste, whiche shall him salu.
And thus after hir lordes graunt,
Upon a mule white amblant
Forth with a fewe rode this quene.
Thei wondred, what she wolde mene,
And riden after a softe pas.
But whan this lady comen was
To themperour, in his presence,
She saide aloude in audience:
My lorde my father wel you bee,
And of this tyme that I see
Your honour, and your good hele,
Whiche is the helpe of my quarele.
I thanke vnto the gods might.

For

For ioye his herte was aflight
Of that she tolde in remembrance:
And whan he wiste, it was Constance,
Was neuer father halfe so blithe,
Wepende he kisse hir ofte sithe,
So was his herte all ouercome.
For though his mother were come
Fro death to lyfe out of the graue,
He myght no more wonder haue
Than he hath, whan that he hir sighe
With that hir owne lorde come nighe,
And is to themperour obeied.
And whan the fortune is bewreied,
Howe that Constance is come aboute,
So harde an herte was none oute,
That he for pitee tho ne wepte.
Arcenius, whiche hir fonde and kepte,
Was than gladde of that is fall,
So that with ioye amonge hem all
Thei riden in at Rome gate.
This Emperour thought all to late
Till that the Pope were come,
And of tho lordes sende some,
To praie him, that he woll haste.
And he cam foorth in all haste.
And whan that he this tale herde,
How wonderly this chaunce ferde,
He thanked god of his myracle,
To whose might maie be none obstacle.
The kynge a noble feaste hem made:
And thus thei were all gladde.
A parlement er that thei went,
Thei setten vnto this entent,
To put Rome in full espeire,
That Moris was apparant heire,
And shulde abide with hem stille.
For suche was all the londes wille

¶ Qualiter Mauricius cum imperatore, Et heres imperii remansit, et rex Allee et Constantia in Angliam regressi sunt.

¶ Whan euery thynge was fully spoke,
Of sorowe and queint was all the smoke.
Tho toke his leue Allee the kynge,
And with full many a riche thynge,
Whiche themperour hym had yeue,
He hath a glad life for to liue.
For he Constance hath in his honde,
Whiche was the comforte of his londe.
For whan that he come home ageine,
There is no tonge that might seine,
What ioye was that ilke stounde,
Of that he hath his queue founde:
Whiche first was sent of goddes sonde,
Whan she was dryuen vpon the stronde,
By whome the mysbileue of synne
Was lefte, and Christes feith came inne
To hem, that whilome were blynde,
But he, whiche hyndreth euery kynde,

¶ Qualiter rex Alle in Anglia post biennium humane carnis resolucionem subiens, nature debitum persolvit, post cuius obitum Constancia cum patre suo Rome se transtulit moraturam.

And for no golde maie be forbought,
The death comend er he besought
Toke with this kynge suche acquaintance,
That he with all his retenance
Ne might not defende his life.
And thus he parteth from his wife,
Whiche than made sorowe enough.
And therupon hir herte drought
To leue England for euer,
And go where she had leuer
To Rome, whens that she came.
And thus of all the londe she name
Hir leue, and goth to Rome ageine.
And after that the bokes seine,
She was not there but a throwe
Whan death of kynde hath ouerthrowe
Hir worthy father, whiche men saide
That betwene hir armes deide.
And afterwarde the yere suende
The god of hir hath made an ende,
And fro this worldes fayrie
Hath take hir into companie.
¶ Moris hir sonne was corouned,
Whiche so ferforth was abandoned
To Christes feith, that men hym calle
Moris the christnest of all.
And thus the whele meuynge of loue
Was at last set aboue,
And so, as thou hast herde tofore,
The fals tunges were lore,
Whiche vpon loue wolde lie.
For thy touchend of this enuie

Whiche

Whiche longeth vnto bakbitynge,
Be ware thou make no lesynge
In hindrynge of an other wight,
And if thou wolde be taught aright,
What mischiefe bakbityng dooth
By other weie a tale sooth
Nowe might thou here nexte sewend,
Whiche to this vice is acordend.

¶Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos detractores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia confingentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et narrat qualiter Perseus, Philippi regis Macedonii filius Demetrio fratri suo ob eius probitatem inuidens, composito detractionis mendacio ipsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accusauit, dicens ipse non solum patrem, sed et totum Macedonii regnum Romanis hostibus pro ditorie vendidisset. quem super hoc indicium producens, testibusq; iudicibus auro subornatis, quamvis falsissime morte condempnatum eucit, quo defuncto eciam et pater infra breue postea mortuus est. Et sic Perseo succedente regnante deus huiusmodi detractionis inuidiam abhorrens ipsum cum vniuersa suorum pugnatorū multitudine extra Danubii fluuium ab Aemilio tunc Romanorum Consule, euentu bellico interfeci fortunauit. Ita quod ab illo die Macedonii potestas penitus destructa Romano Imperio subiugata deseruiuit, et eius detractio, quam contra alium conspirauerat, in sui ipsius diffamationem pro perpetuo diuulgata consistit.

¶In a cronike, as thou shalt witte
A great ensample I finde writte,
Whiche I shall tell vpon this thynge.
Philyp of Macedony the kynge
Two sonnes had by his wife,
Whose fame yet in Grece is rife:
Demetrius the firste brother
Was hote, and Perseus that other.
Demetrius men saiden tho
The better knight was of the two,
To whom the lande was attendant,
As he whiche heire was apparant
To regne after his fathers daie.
But that thynge, whiche no water maie
Quenche in this worlde, but euer brenneth,
Into his brothers herte it renneth,
The proud enuie of that he sighe
His brother shulde clyme on highe,
And he to hym mote than obeie,
That maie he suffer by no weie.
With strength durste he no thynge fonde:
So toke he lesynge vpon honde.
Whan he sygh tyme, and spake therto.
For it befell that tyme so,
His father great warres had
With Rome, whiche he streite lad
Through mighty honde of his manhod,
As he whiche hath enough knighthod,
And ofte hem had sore greued:
But er the warre were acheued,
As he was vpon ordinance
At home in Grece, it fell par chance
Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute
Rydend was, rode that tyme out,
So that this Perse in his absence,
Whiche bare the tonge of pestilence,
With fals wordes, whiche he feigneth,
Vpon his owne brother pleineth
In priuitee behynde his bake,
And to his father thus he spake:
¶My dere father I am holde
By wey of kynde, as reason wolde,
That I fro you shall nothynge hide,
Whiche myght torne in any side
Of your estate into greuance.
For thy mine hertes obeisance
Toward you I thinke kepe.
For it is good ye take kepe
Vpon a thynge, whiche is me tolde.
My brother hath vs all solde
To hem of Rome: and you also.
For than thei behote hym so,
That he with them shall regne in pes:
Thus hath he caste for his encres,
That your estate shall go to nought.
And thus to proue shall be brought
So forth, that I vndertake
It shall not wel mow be forsake.
¶The kynge vpon his tale answerde
And said: If this thing, whiche he herde
Be sooth, and maie be brought to proue:
It shall not be to his behoue,
Whiche so hath shapen vs the werke.
For he hym selfe shall be the ferste
That shall be dede, if that I maie.
Thus afterwarde vpon a daie,
Whan that Demetrius was come,
Anone his father hath hym nome

And

And bad to his brother Perſe,
That he his tale ſhall reherſe
Of thilke treaſon, whiche he tolde.
And he whiche all vntrouth wolde,
Counſeileth, that ſo high a nede
Be treted, where as it maie ſpede,
In common place of iudgement.
The kynge therto yafe his aſſent.
¶ Demetrius was put in holde,
Wherof that Perſeus was bolde.
Thus ſtode the trouth vnder the charge,
And the falſehead goth at large,
Whiche through beheſt hath ouercome
The greateſt of the lordes ſome,
That priueliche of his accorde
Thei ſtande, as witneſſe of recorde,
The iudge was made fauourable:
Thus was the lawe deceiuable,
So forforth that the trouth fonde
Reſcous none: and thus the londe
Forth with the kynge deceiued were,
The giltеles was dampned there,
And deyde vpon accuſement.
But ſuche a falſe conſpirement
Though it be priue for a throwe,
God wolde not it were vnknowe:
And this was afterwarde well proued
In him, whiche hath the death controued
Of that his brother was ſo ſlayne.
This Perſeus was wonder fayne,
As he, that was heire apparant
Vpon the reigne expectaunt,
Wherof he ware ſo proude and beine,
That he his father in diſdeigne
Hath take: and ſette at none accompte,
As he, whiche thought him to ſurmount:
That where he was firſt debonaire,
He was tho rebelle and contraire,
And not as heire, but as a kynge
He toke vpon him in all thinge,
Of malice and of tyrannie
In contempte of Regalie
Lyuende his father: and ſo wrought,
That whan the father him bethought,
And ſighe to whether ſide it drough,
Anone he wiſte well enough,
Howe Perſe after his falſe tonge
Hath ſo thenuious belles ronge,
That he hath ſlayne his owne brother,
Wherof as than he knewe none other.
But ſodeinly the iudge he nome,
Whiche corrupte ſatte vpon the dome
In ſuche wiſe, and hath him preſſed
That he the ſooth him hath confeſſed
Of all that hath be ſpoke and do.
More ſory, than the kynge was tho,
Was neuer man vpon this molde,
And thought in certaine, that he wold
Wengeance take vpon this wronge.
But the other partie was ſo ſtronge,
That for the lawe of no ſtatute
There maie no right be executе:
And vpon this diuiſion
The londe was tourned vp ſo dowue:
Wherof his herte is ſo diſtraught,
That he for pure ſorowe hath caught
The maladie, of whiche nature
Is queint in euery creature.
¶ And whan this kyng was paſſed thus,
This falſe tonged Perſeus
The regiment hath vnderfonge.
But there maie nothyng ſtande longe,
Whiche is not vpon trouth grounded.
For god, whiche al thyng hath bounded,
And ſighe the falſehead of his gyle,
Hath ſet him but a litell while,
That he ſhall reigne vpon depoſe.
For ſodeinly right as he roſe,
So ſodeinly downe he felle.
¶ In thilke tyme ſo it befelle.
This newe kynge, of newe pride
With ſtrength thope him for to ride:
And ſaide he wolde to Rome faſt,
Wherof he made a beſie haſte,
And hath aſſembled him an hoſte
In all that euer he might moſte,
What man that might weyen beare,
Of all he wolde none forbeare:
So that it might not be nombred
The folke, whiche after were encombred
Throughe him, that god wolde ouerthrow.
Anon it was at Rome knowe
The pompe, whiche that Perſe lad:
And the Romaines that tyme had
A conſull, whiche was cleped thus
By name, Paulus Emilius,

A noble, a worthy knight withall;
And he, whiche these was of hem all,
This werre on honde hath vndertake.
And whan he shulde his leaue take
Of a ponge doughter, whiche was his,
She wepte: and he what cause it is
Hir asketh: and she him answerde,
That Perseus is deade: and he it herde:
And wondreth what she meane wolde.
And she vpon childehode him tolde,
That Perse hir litell hounde is deade.
With that he pulleth vp his head,
And made right a glad visage,
And said, howe that was a presage
Touchende to that other Perse,
Of that fortune him shulde auerse.
He saith for suche a prenostike
Most of an hounde was to him like.
For as it is an houndes kinde,
To berke vpon a man behynde,
Right so behinde his brothers backe
(With false wordes, whiche he spake)
He hath do slayne, and that is routh.
But he, whiche hateth all vntrouth,
The high god it shall redresse.
For so me doughter prophetesse
Forth with hir litell houndes dethe
Betokeneth: and thus forth he geth
Comforted of this euidence,
With the Romaines in his defence,
Ageyne the Grekes that ben cõmende.
This Perseus as nought seende
This mischefe, whiche that him abode,
With all his multitude rode,
And prided him vpon this thyng,
Of that he was become a kyng:
And howe he had his reigne gete,
That he hath all the right forgete,
Whiche longeth vnto gouernance,
Wherof through goddes ordinance
It felle vpon the wynter tide,
That with his hoste he shulde ride
Ouer Danubie thilke floode,
Whiche all be frossen than stoode
So harde, that he wende wele
To passe, but the blinde whele,
Whiche tourneth ofte, er men be ware,
Thilke ice, whiche that the horsmen bare
To brake, so that a great partie
Was dreint of the chiualrie,
The rereward it toke aweie
Came none of hem to londe dreie.
Paulus this worthy knight Romain,
By his aspye it herde saine,
And hasteth him all that he maie,
So that vpon that other daie
He came, where he this hoste beheldе,
And that was in a large felde,
Where the baners ben displaied.
He hath anone his men arraide.
And whan that he was enbatailed,
He goth, and hath the felde assailed,
And slough, and toke all that he fonde:
Wherof the Macedonie londe,
Whiche through king Alisander honored
Longe tyme stode: was tho deuoured.
To Perse and all that infortune
Thei wite, so that the commune
Of all the londe his heire exile:
And he dispeired for the while,
Disguised in a poore wede
To Rome goth: and there for nede
The crafte, whiche thilke tyme was
To worken in latoñ, and in bras,
He lerneth for his sustenance
Suche was the sonnes purueyance.
And of his father it is saide,
In stronge prison that he was leide
In Albe, where that he was deade
For honger and defaulte of breade.
The hounde was token and prophetie,
That liche an hounde he shulde die,
Whiche liche was of condicion,
When he with his detraction
Barke on his brother so behinde.

Confessor.

Lo what profite a man maie finde,
Whiche hyndre woll an other wight.
For thy with all thyn hole might
My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.

Amans.

My father elles were I nice.
For ye therfore so well haue spoke,
That it is in myn herte loke
And euer shall: but of enuie,
If there be more in his bailie

Towardes

Towardes loue, saie me what.
¶My sonne as gyle vnder the hat
With sleightes of a Tregetour
Is hid, enuie of suche colour
Hath yet the fourthe deceiuant,
The whiche is cleped fals Semblant:
Wherof the mater, and the forme
Nowe herken, and I the shall enforme.

Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,
Dumq; diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.
Vult⁹ habet lucē, tenebras mens, sermo salutē
Actus sed morbum dat suus esse grauem.
Pax tibi q̄ spōdet, magis est p̄nostica guerræ
Commoda si dederit, disce sub esse dolum.
Quod patet esse fides in eo fraus est; politi
Principium pacti finis habere negat,
O quem condicio talis deformat amantem
Qui magis apparens est in amore nihil.

¶Hic tractat Confessor super quarta specie inuidie, que Dissimulacio dicitur, cuius Auctus quanto maioris amicicie apparenciam ostendit, tanto substitioris doli fallacias ad decipiendum mens maginatur.

¶Of fals Semblant I shall tell,
Aboue all other it is the well,
Out of the whiche dereite floweth.
There is no man so wise, that knoweth.
Of thilke floode, whiche is the tide,
Ne howe he shulde hym seluen guide
To take sauf passage there:
And yet the wynde to mans ere
Is softe, and as it semeth oute,
It maketh clere weder all aboute.
But though it seme, it is not so.
For fals Semblant hath euer mo
Of his counsaile in companie
The derke vntrewe hypocrisie,
Whose worde discordeth to his thought.
For thy thei ben to gyder brought
Of one couine, of one houlholde,
As it shall after this be tolde.
Of fals semblant it nedeth nought
To tell of olde ensamples ought.
For all daie in experience
A man maie see thilke euidence
Of fayre wordes, whiche he bereth:
But yet the barge enuie sterereth,
And halt it euer fro the londe,
Whiche fals Semblant with ore in honde
It roweth, and woll not arriue
But let it on the waues driue
In great tempest, and great debate,
Wherof that loue and his estate
Empeireth: And therfore I rede
My sonne that thou flee and drede
This vice: and what that other seyn
Let thy semblant be trewe and plein.
For fals Semblant is thilke vice,
Whiche neuer was without office,
Where that enuie thinketh to gile
He shall be for that ilke while
Of priue counsayle messagere.
For whan his semblant is moste clere,
Than is he moste derke in his thought:
Though mēhim se thei know him nought,
But as it sheweth in the glas
Thynge, whiche therin neuer was:
So sheweth it in his visage,
That neuer was in his courage.
Thus doth he all his thyng by sleight.
¶Now leie thy conscience in weight
My good sonne, and shrine the here,
If thou were euer customere
To fals Semblant in any wise.
¶For ought I can me yet auise
My good father certes no.
If I for loue haue don so,
Nowe asketh, I wolde praie powe.
For elles I wot neuer howe
Of fals semblant that I haue gylt.
¶My sonne and sethin that thou wilt,
That I shall aske, gab nought,
But tell, if euer was thy thought
With fals semblant and Couerture,
To witte of any creature,
Howe that he was with loue ladde
So were he sorie, were he gladde,
Whan that thou wisseste howe it were
All that he rouneth in thine ere,
Thou toldeste forth in other place
To letten hym fro loues grace
Of what woman that the best lisse,
There as no man his counseyll wiste
But thou, by whome he was deceiued
Of loue, and from his purpose weiued,
And thoughteste that his disturbance
Thyn owne cause shulde auance,

As who saith, I am so selee,
There may no mans pʒiuetee
Ben heled halue so well as myn.
Arte thou my sonne of suche engyn
Telle on: My good father naie,
As foʒ the moʒe parte I saie.
But of some dele I am beknowe,
That I maie stonde in thilke rowe
Amonge hem, that saundʒes dle,
I woll not me therof excuse,
That I with suche colour ne steine,
whan I my best semblant feine
To my felowe, tyll that I wote
All his counseile bothe colde and hote.
foʒ by that cause I make hym chere,
Till I his loue knowe and here.
And if so be myn herte soucheth,
That ought vnto my lady toucheth
Of loue, that he woll me tell,
Anone I renne vnto the well,
And caste water in the fyʒe,
So that his carte amyd the myʒe,
By that I haue his counsaile knowe
Full ofte sith I ouerthʒowe,
whan that he weneth best to stonde.
But this I do you vnderstonde,
If that a man loue elles where,
So that my lady be nought there,
And he me tell, I will it hide,
There shall no wozde escape aside.
foʒ with discreite of no semblant
To hym bʒeke I no couenant.
Me lyketh not in other place
To let no man of his grace
Me foʒ to be inquisitife
To knowe an other mans life,
where that he loue, oʒ loue nought,
That toucheth nothing to my thought.
But all it passeth thʒough myn eare,
Right as a thynge that neuer were,
And is forʒete, and laide beside.
But if it touche on any side
My ladie, as I haue er spoken,
Myn eares ben nought than loken.
foʒ certes whan that betitte,
My wyll, myn herte, and all my witte
Ben fully sette to herken and sper
what any man woll speke of her.

Thus haue I feigned compane
Full ofte, foʒ I wolde aspie
What thynge it is, that any man
Tell of my wozthy lady can.
And foʒ two causes I do this:
The firste cause wherof is,
If that I might herken and seke,
That any man of hir misspeke:
I woll excuse hir so fully,
That whan she wist inderly,
Myn hope shulde be the moʒe
To haue hir thanke foʒ euer moʒe.
That other cause, I you assure,
Is, why that I by couerture
Haue feigned semblant ofte tyme
To them that passen all daie byme,
And ben louers as well as I.
foʒ this I wene truely,
That there is of hem all none,
That thei ne louen euerychone
My ladie. foʒ sothelyche I leue,
And durst setten it in pʒeue,
Is none so wise, that shulde asserte,
But he were lustles in his herte.
foʒ why, and he my lady sie,
Hir visage, and hir goodly eie,
But he hir loued, er he went.
And foʒ that suche is myn entent
That is the cause of myn aspie,
why that I feigne companie,
And make felowe ouer all.
foʒ gladly wolde I knowen all,
And holde me couerte alwaie,
That I full ofte ye oʒ naie
Me lyst answere in any wise,
But feignyng semblant as the wise:
And herken tales till I knowe
My ladies louers all arowe.
And whan I here, howe thei wʒought:
I fare as though I herde nought,
And as I no wozde vnderstode.
But that is nothynge foʒ her good.
foʒ leueth well, and sooth is this,
That whan I knowe all howe it is,
I woll but foʒthʒen hem alite,
But all the werke I can endite,
I tell it vnto my lady plat,
foʒ furtherynge of myn owne estate:

And

And hyndre them all that I maie.
But for all that yet dare I saie,
I finde vnto my selfe no bote,
All though myn herte nedes mote
Through strength of loue all that I here
Discouer vnto my ladie dere.
For in good feith I haue no might
To hele fro that sweete wight,
If that it toucheth hir any thyng.
But this wote well the heuen kyng,
That sithen first the worlde began
Vnto none other strange man
Ne feigned I semblant ne chere,
To wite or aske of his matere,
Though that he loueth. x. or twelue,
Whan it was nought my ladies selue.
But if he wolde aske any rede
Alonliche of his owne hede,
Howe he with other loues ferde:
His tales with myn eares I herde,
But to myn herte came it nought,
Ne sanke no depper in my thought,
But helde counsaile, as I was bede,
And tolde it neuer in other stede,
But let it passen, as it come.
Nowe father saie, what is thy dome,
And howe thou wolt, that I be peined
For suche semblant as I haue feigned.
My sonne, if reason be well peised,
There maie no vertue be vnpeised,
Ne vice none be sette in prise.
For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Do no viser vpon thy face,
Whiche as woll not thyn herte embrace.
For if thou do, within a throwe
To other men it shall be knowe.
So might thou lightly fall in blame,
And lese a great parte of thy name.
And netheles in this degree
Full ofte tyme thou might see,
Of suche men, as nowe a daie
This vice setten in assaie:
I speke it for no mans blame,
But for to warne the, the same.
My sonne as I maie here talke
In euery place where I walke,
I not, if it be so or none,
But it is many daies gone,
That I first herde telle this
Howe false Semblant hath be, and is
Most commonly from yere to yere
With them that dwelle amonge vs here,
Of suche as we Lumbardes call.
For thei ben the fliest of all,
So as men saine in towne about,
To feigne and shewe thyng without,
Whiche is reuers to that within,
Wherof that thei full ofte wynne,
Whan thei by reason shulde lese.
Thei ben the last, and yet thei chese:
And we the firste, and yet behynde
We gone, there as we shulden finde
The profite of our owne londe.
Thus gone thei free without bonde,
To done her profite all at large:
And other men beare all the charge
Of Lumbardes vnto this couine
(Whiche all londes conne engine)
Maie false Semblant in speciall
Be likened: for thei ouer all,
Where that thei thinke for to dwelle,
Amonge them selfe, so as thei telle
Firste ben enformed for to lere
A crafte, whiche cleped is Facrere.
For if Facrere come about,
Than afterwarde hem stant no doubte
To voide with a subtile honde
The beste goodes of the londe,
And bringe chaffe, and take corne,
Where as Facrere goth beforne,
In all his weye he fint no lette
That dore can none vsher shette,
In whiche he list to take entre.
And thus the counsaile most secre
Of euery thyng Facrere knoweth,
Whiche in to strange place he bloweth
Where as he wote it maie most greue.
And thus Facrere maketh beleue,
So that full ofte he hath deceiued,
Er that he maie ben apperceiued.
Thus is this vice for to drede.
For who these olde bokes rede
Of suche enfamples as we are,
Him ought be the more ware
Of all tho that feigne chere,
Wherof thou shalte a tale here.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui sub dissimulate Benevolentie speculo alios in amore defraudant. Et narrat qualiter Hercules cum ipse quoddam flumium cuius Dada non novit, et Deianyra trãsmeare proposuit, supervenies Nessus gygas ob amicitiam Herculis, Et dixit, Deianyram in Vlnas suas suscipiens, trãs ripam salvo perduxit. Et statim cum ad litus perveniisset quã cito currere potuit, ipsam tãquam propriã in preiudicium Herculis aspectare fugiens conabatur. Per quod non solum ipsi sed etiam Herculi mortis eventum fortuna postmodum causavit.

¶ Of fals semblant, whiche is beleued,
Ful many a worthy wight is greued,
And was longe tyme or we wer borne.
To the my sonne I will therfore
A tale tell, of fals Semblant,
Whiche falseth many a covenant,
And many a fraude of fals counsaile
There be hongend vpon his seile,
And that aboughten giltelesse
Both Deianyre, and Hercules,
The whiche in greate disease fell
Through fals Semblant, as I shall tell.
¶ Whan Hercules within a throwe
Al onely hath his hert throwe
Vpon this faire Deianyre,
It fell him on a date desire,
Vpon a river as he stode,
That passe he wolde over the floode
Without bote, and with him lede
His love, but he was in drede
For tendresse of that sweete wight.
For he knewe not the foorde aright.
There was a geant than nigh,
Whiche Nessus hight: and whan he sigh
This Hercules and Deianyre,
Within his herte he gan conspire,
As he, whiche through his treccherie,
Hath Hercules in great envie,
Whiche he bare in his herte loke:
And than he thought it shall be wroke.
But he ne durste netheles
Ayene this worthye Hercules
Fall in debate, as for to feight.
But feigned Semblant all by sleight
Of frendship, and of all good,
And cometh, where as thei both stoode,
And maketh hem all the chere he can,
And saith, that as her owne man,
He is all redy for to do
What thyng he maie: and it fel so,
That thei vpon his Semblant trifle,
Did aske him, if that he wille
What thyng hem were beste to doone,
So that thei mighten saufe and soune
The water passe, he and shee.
And whan Nessus the privetee
Knewe of her herte, what it ment,
As he, that was of double entent,
He made hem right a glad visage.
And whan he herde of the passage
Of him and hir, he thought gile,
And feigneth Semblant for a while,
To done hem plesance and servise.
But he thought all an other wise.
¶ This Nessus with his wordes slie
Gafe suche counseile tofore her eie,
Whiche semed outwarde profitable,
And was within deceivable.
He bad hem of the stremes depe
That thei beware, and take kepe,
So as thei knowe not the passe.
But for to helpe in suche a cas
He saith him selfe, that for her ease,
He wolde, if that it mighte hem please,
The passage of the water take,
And for this ladie undertake,
To beare hir to that other stronde,
And saufe to sette hir vp a londe.
And Hercules maie than also
The weye knowe, howe he shall go.
¶ And therto thei accorden all.
But what as after shall befall,
Well paid was Hercules of this,
And this Geant also glaade is,
And toke this ladie vp aloofte,
And set hir on his shulder softe:
And in the floode began to wade,
As he, whiche no gruthynge made,
And bare hir over saufe and sounde.
But whan he stode on drie grounde,
And Hercules was ferre behinde,
He set his trouth all out of minde.
Who so therof be lefe or loth,
With Deianyre forth he goth,
As he that thought to discover

The

The companie of hem for euer.
Whan Hercules therof toke hede,
As faire as euer he might hym spede,
He hieth after in a throwe:
And hapneth that he had a bowe,
The whiche in all hast he bende,
As he that wolde an arowe sende,
Whiche he tofore had enuenymed.
He hath so well his shotte tymed,
That he hym through the body smette.
And thus the false wight he lette.
But like nowe, suche a felonie.
When Nessus wist he shulde die,
He toke to Deianyre his sherte,
Whiche with the bloud was of his hert
Throughout diffeined ouer all,
And tolde howe she it kepe shall,
And priuely to this entent:
That if hir lorde his herte went
To loue in any other place,
This shert he saith hath suche a grace,
That if she maie so mochel make,
That he the sherte vpon hym take,
He shall all other lette in vaine
And tourne vnto hir loue againe.
Who was tho glad but Deianyre?
Hir thought hir herte was on a fire,
Till it was in hir cofer loke:
So that no worde therof was spoke.
The daies gone, the yeres passe,
The hertes waren lasse and lasse
Of hem, that be to loue vntrewe,
This Hercules with hert newe,
His loue hath set on Eolen:
And ther of speken all men.
This Eolen, this faire maide
Was (as men thilke tyme saide)
The kynges doughter of Eurice,
And she made Hercules so nice
Upon hir loue, and so assote,
That he hym clotheth in hir cote:
And she in his was cladde full ofte.
And thus feblesse is set alofte,
And strengthe was put vnder foote,
There can no man therof do boote.
Whan Deianyre hath herd this speche,
There was no sorowe for to seche.
Of other helpe wote she none,
But goth vnto her couser anone,
With wepend eye, and wofull herte,
She toke out thilke vnhappie sherte,
As she that wend wel to do.
And brought hir werke about so,
That Hercules this shert on dede,
To suche entent, as she was bede
Of Nessus, so as I saide er:
But therof was she nought the ner:
As no fortune maie be weyued,
With false Semblant she was deceiued.
Than whan she wende best haue wonne,
She lost all that she hath begonne.
For thilke sherte vnto the bone
His body sette a fire anone,
And cleueth so, it maie not twynne.
For the venym, that was therin.
And he than as a wilde man,
Unto the high woodde he ranne,
And as the clerke Ouide telleth,
The great trees to grounde he felleth,
With strength of his owne might,
And made an huge fire vpright,
And lepte hym selfe therin at ones,
And brent him selfe both flesshe and bones.
Whiche thyng cam through false semblant,
That fals Nessus the Geant
Made vnto him, and to his wife,
Wherof that he hath lost his life:
And she sory for euermo.
For thy my sonne er the be wo
I rede, be wel ware therfore.
For whan so great a man was lore,
It ought to yeue a great conceite
To warne all other of suche deceite.
Graunt mercy father, I am ware
So fer, that I no more dare
Of fals Semblant take acqueintance,
But rather I wol do penance:
That I haue feigned chere er this.
Nowe asketh forth, whot so there is,
Of that belongeth to my shrifte.
My sonne yet there is the fifte,
Whiche is conceiued of enuie,
And cleped is Supplantarie:
Through whose compassement and gile
Ful many hath lost his while
In loue, as wel as other wise,

Here

Here after as I shall deuise.

Inuidus alterius est supplantator honoris
Et tua quo vertat culmina subtus arat.
Est op⁹ occultū, q̄si quæ latet anguis in herba,
Quod facit, & subita sorte nociuus adest.
Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amātem,
Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam
Sæpéq; supplātans in plantā plantat amoris,
Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.

¶ Hic tractat Confessor de quinta specie Inuidie, quæ supplantatio dicitur, cuius cultor priusquam percipiatur aliene dignitatis et officii multotiens intrusor existens.

¶The vice of supplantacion,
With many a fals collacion,
Whiche he conspireth all vnknowe,
Full ofte tyme hath ouerthrowe
The worshipp of another man:
So wel no life awaite can
Ayene his sleight for to calle,
That he his purpose at the lalle
Me hath, er that it be withlet.
But molte of all his hert is set
In court, vpon these great offices
Of dignitees and benefices.
Thus goth he with his sleighte about
To hynder, and shoue another out,
And stonden with his slighe compas,
In stede there another was.
And so to set him selfe ynne
He recketh not be so he wynne,
Of that another man shall lese.
And thus full ofte chalke for chese
He changeth with full litell colle,
Wherof another hath the lolle,
And he the profite shall receiue.
For his fortune is to deceiue,
And for to change vpon the whele
His wo with other mens wele,
Of that another man auaileth
His owne astate thus he vp haleth,
And taketh the byde to his beyete,
Where other men the bussches bete.
My sonne and in the same wise
There be louers of suche empryse,
That shapen hem to be relieued,
Where it is wronge, to be acheued.
For it is other mans right,
Whiche he hath take daie and night
To kepe for his owne store,
Toward him selfe for euermore,
And is his proper by the lawe,
Whiche thyng that asketh no felawe,
If loue holde his couenaunt:
But thei that worchen by supplant
Yet wolden suche a man supplant,
And take a part of thilke plant,
Whiche he hath for him selfe set.
And so ful ofte is all vnknet
That some man weneth be right fatte.
For Supplant with his slye catt
Full ofte hapneth for to mowe
Thyng, whiche another man hath sowe,
And maketh common of proprete
With sleight, and with subtilte,
As men maie sen from yere to yere.
Thus claimeth he the bote to stere,
Of whiche another maister is.
¶For thy my sonne if thou er this
Hatte ben of suche profession,
Discouer thy Confession
Hatt thou supplanted any man?
¶For ought that I you telle can
Myn holy father as of dede,
I am withouten any drede,
And gilteles: but of my thought
My conscience excuse I nought.
For were it wronge or wer it right,
Me liketh no thyng but might
That I ne wolde longe er this
Of other mans loue Iwis.
By wey of supplantacion
Haue made appropriacion,
And holde that I neuer nought,
Thoughe it another man forthought:
And all this speke I but of one,
For whom I lete all other gone,
But hir I maie not ouerpasse,
That I ne mote alwey compasse,
Me rought not by what queintise,
So that I might in any wise
Fro suche, that my ladie serue
Hir hert make for to swerue
Without any parte of loue.
For by the goddes all aboue

I wolde it might so befall,
That I alone thuld hem all
Supplant, and welde hir at my will.
And that thynge maie I nought fulfill,
But if I thulde strengthe make:
And that dare I nought vndertake,
Though I were as was Alisander.
For therof might rise a sklander.
And certes that shall I do neuer.
For in good feith yet had I leuer
In my simplesse for to die,
Than worthe suche supplantarie.
Of other wise I woll not saie,
That if I fonde a siker waie,
I wolde as for conclusion
Worthe after supplantacion,
So hyghe a loue for to winne.
Nowe father, if that this be sinne,
I am redy to redresse
The gylt, of whiche I me confesse.
My good sonne as of supplant
The dare not drede tant ne quant,
As for no thynge that I haue herde,
But onely that thou halte misserde
Thinkend: and that me liketh nought.
For god beholt a mans thought.
And if thou vnderstode in sooth,
In loues cause what it dooth,
A man to ben a supplantour,
Thou woldest for thyn owne honour
By double waie take kepe.
Fyrste for thyn owne estate to kepe
To be thy selfe so well be thought,
That thou supplanted were nought.
And eke for worship of thy name,
Towardes other do the same:
And suffre euery man haue his.
But netheles it was and is,
That in awaite at all assaies
Supplant of loue in our waies,
The seek full ofte for the leuer
Forsaketh, and so it hath done euer.
Ensample I fynde therupon.

¶Qualiter Agamemnon de amore Bryseide Achillem, et Diomedes de amore Criseide Troilum supplantauit.

At troie howe that Agamemnon
Supplanted the worthie knight
Achilles, for that sweete wight
Whiche named was Bzisseida.
And also of Criseida,
Whome Troilus to loue thes,
Supplanted hath Diomedes.

¶Qualiter Amphitrium socium suum Getam qui Alcmenam peramauit, seipsum loco alterius cautelosa supplantacione substituit.

Of Geta and Amphitrione,
That whilom were both as one
Of frendship and of companie,
I rede howe that Supplantarie
In loue, as it betid tho,
Begyled hath one of hem two.
For this Geta, that I of mene,
To whom the lusty faire Alcmene
Assured was by waie of loue,
Whan he beste wende haue ben aboue,
And siker este of that he had,
Cupido so the cause lad,
That while he was out of the weie,
Amphitrion hir loue aweie
Hath take, and in this forme he wrought.
By night vnto the chambre he sought.
Where that she lay: and with a wile
He counterfeteth for the while
The voice of Geet, in suche a wise,
That made hir of hir bedde arise,
Wenende that it were he,
And lete hym in: and whan thei be
To gyder a bedde in armes faste,
This Geta cam than at laste
Unto the doze, and saide vndo.
And she answerd, and bad hym go,
And saide, howe that a bed all warme
Hir liefe lay naked in hir arme.
She wende, that it were sooth.
Lo what supplant of loue dooth.
This Geta soorth betaped went,
And yet ne wyst he, what it ment.
Amphitrion hym hath supplanted
With sleight of loue, and hir enchanted.
And thus put euery man out other.
The ship of loue hath lost his rother,
So that he can no reason stere.
And for to speke of this mattere
Touchende loue, and his supplaunt,

A tale, whiche is accordant
Unto thine eare I thynke enforme.
Nowe herken, for this is the forme.

¶ Hic in amoris causa contra fraudē detractionis ponit Confessor exemplum, Et narrat de quodam Romani imperatoris filio, qui probitates armorum super omnia exercere affectans, nesciente patre Extra mare in partes Persie ad deserviendum Soldano super guerras cum soldo militie tanquam socio suo ignotus se transtulit, Et cum ipsius militie fama super alios ibidem celsior accreuisset, contigit, Vt in quodam bello contra Caliphum Egypti inito, soldanus a sagitta mortaliter vulneratus priusquā moreretur quendam amicum filie sue secretissimum isto nobili Romano tradidit dicens, qualiter filia sua sub paterne benedictionis vinculo adiurata est, quod quicumq; dictum amicum ei afferret, ipsum in coniugem preomnibus susciperet. Defuncto autem Soldano Persus ciuitatem, que Kayze dicitur, itinerantes, Iste Romanus commilitoni suo huius misterii secretum reuelauit, qui noctanter a bursa domini sui amicum furto surripiens, hec que audiuit Persi propria falsissima supplantacione applicuit, et sic serum pro domino desponsata sibi Soldani filia, coronatus, Persie regnauit.

Of thilke citee chiefe of all,
Whiche men the noble Rome call,
Er it was set to Chrilles faith,
There was, as the cronike saith,
An emperour, the whiche it lad
In pece, that he no warres had.
There was no thynge disobeisant,
Whiche was to Rome apertenant,
But all was tourned in to reste.
To some it thought hem for the beste,
To some it thought nothynge so,
And that was onely vnto tho,
Whose herte stoode vpon knighthode:
But most of all his manhode,
The worthie sonne of the emperour,
Whiche wolde ben a warriour,
As he that was chiualrous,
Of worldes fame and desyrous:
Began his father to beseche,
That he the warres might seche
In strange marches for to ride.
His father saide he shulde abide,
And wolde graunt hym no leue.
But he whiche wolde nought beleue.
A knight of his, to whom he trist,
Right euen as he thought and list,
He toke and tolde hym his courage,
That he purposeth a viage,
If that fortune with hym stonde.
He sayde, that he wolde fonde
The great sea to passe vnknowe,
And there abide for a throwe
Upon the warres to trauaile.
And to this point without faile
This knight whan he hath herde his lorde,
Is swore, and stant of his accorde,
As thei that bothe yonge were:
So that in preuie counsaile there
Thei ben assented for to wende,
And therupon to make an ende,
Treasure enough with hem thei token.
And whan the tyme is best thei loken,
That sodenliche in a galeie
Fro Rome londe thei wente their weie,
And londed vpon that other side.
The worlde fell so that ilke tide,
Whiche euer his happes hath diuerse,
The great Soldan than of Perse
Ayene the Caliphe of Egypte
A warre, whiche that hym beclipte
Hath in a marche coseaunt:
And he whiche was a pursuant
Worshippe of armes to atteyne,
This Romaine anone let ordeine,
That he was redie euery dele.
And whan he was arraied wele
Of euery thyng, whiche hym belongeth,
Straught vnto Kayze his weie he fongeth:
Where he the Soldan than fonde,
And asketh, that within his londe
He might hym for the warre serue,
As he whiche woll his thanke deserue.
The Souldan was right glad withall,
And well the more inspeciall,
Whan that he wist he was Romaine,
But what he was elles incertaine,
That might he wite by no waie.
And thus the knight, of whom I saie,
Towarde the Souldan is belefte:
And in the marches nowe and efte,
Where that the dedely warres were,
He wrought suche knighthode there,

That

That euery man ſpake of him good.
And thilke tyme ſo it ſtoode,
This mightie Soldan by his wife
A doughter hath, that in this life
Men ſaide there was none ſo feire,
She ſhulde ben hir fathers heire,
And was of yeres ripe enough.
Hir beautee many an hert drough
To bowe to that ilke lawe,
Fro whiche no life maie be withdrawe,
And that is loue, whoſe nature
Set life and death in a venture
Of hem, that knighthode vndertake.
This luſtie peine hath ouertake
The hert of this Romain ſo ſore,
That to knighthode more and more
Hys welle auaunteth his courage:
Liche to the lion in his rage,
Fro whom that all beſtes flee,
Suche was this knight in his degree,
Where he was armed in the felde,
Ther durſt none abide his ſhelde.
Great price vpon the warres he had.
But ſhe, whiche all the chance lad
Fortune ſhope the marches ſo,
That by thaſſent of bothe two
The Soldan and the Caliphe eke,
Batail vpon a date thei ſeke:
Whiche was in ſuche a wiſe ſet,
That lenger ſhulde it not be let.
Thei made hem ſtronge on euery ſide,
And whan it drough towarde the tide,
That the bataill ſhulde be,
The Soldan in great priuetee
A golde ringe of his doughter toke,
And made hir ſwere vpon a boke,
And eke vpon the gods all:
That if fortune ſo befall,
In the bataille that he dete,
That ſhe ſhall thilke man obete,
And take him to hir houſbonde,
Whiche thilke ſame ringe to honde
Hir ſhulde bring after his deth.
This hath ſhe ſworn, and forth he geth,
With all the power of his londe
Vnto the marche, where he fonde
His enemie full enbatailed.
The Soldan hath the felde aſſailed,
Thei that ben hardie ſoone aſſembled,
Wherof the dredfull hertes tremblen.
That one ſleeth, and that other ſerueth,
But aboue all his price deſerueth
This knightly Romain, where he rode
His dedely ſwerde no man abode,
Ayene the whiche was no defence.
Egypte fledde in his preſence,
And thei of Perſe vpon the chace
Purſuen, but I not what grace
Befell, an arowe out of a bowe
All ſodenly within a throwe
The Soldan ſmote, and there he laie.
The chas is left for thilke daie,
And he was bore in to a tent.
The Soldan ſighe how that it went,
And that he ſhulde algates die:
And to this knight of Romanie
As vnto him whom he moſt triſte,
His doughters ringe, that none it wiſte,
He toke, and tolde him all the cas,
Vpon hir othe what token it was,
Of that ſhe ſhulde ben his wife.
Whan this was ſaide, the hertes life
Of this Soldan departeth ſoone:
And therupon, as was to doone,
The dede body well and faire
Thei carie till thei come at Kaire:
There he was worthelich begraue.
The lordes, whiche as wolden ſaue
The reigne, whiche was deſolate,
To bring it in to good eſtate,
A parlement thei ſet anone.
Nowe herken what fell therupon.
This yonge lorde this worthie knight
Of Rome, vpon the ſame night,
That thei a morowe trete ſholde,
Vnto his bachiler he tolde
His counſeill, and the ringe with all
He ſheweth, through whiche he ſhall
Be ſeith, the kynges doughter wedde.
For ſo the ringe was leide to wedde
He tolde, in to hir fathers honde,
That with what man that ſhe it fonde,
She ſhulde him take vnto hir lorde.
And thus, he ſeith, ſtant of recorde.
But no man wote who hath this ringe.
This bachelere vpon this thynge

His

His ere and his entent laide,
And thought more, than he saide,
And feigneth with a fals visage,
That he was glad: but his courage
Was all set in a nother wise.
These olde philosophers wise
Thei writen vpon thilke while,
That he maie best a man begile,
In whom the man hath most credence.
And this befell in evidence
Toward this ponge lord of Rome.
His bachiler, whiche had tome,
Whan that his lorde by night slepte,
This ringe, the whiche his maister kepte,
Out of his purs aweie he dede,
And put another in the stede.
A morow whan the court is set,
The ponge ladie was forth fet,
To whome the lordes done homage.
And after that of mariage
Thei treaten, and aiken of hir wille.
But she whiche thought to fulfille
Hir faders hest in this mattere,
Saide openly, that men maie here
The charge, whiche hir fader bad.
Tho was this lorde of Rome glad,
And drough toward his purs anone,
But all for nought, it was a gone,
His bachiler it hath forth drawe,
And asketh therupon the lawe:
That she him holde covenant.
The token was so sufficant,
That it ne might be forsake.
And netheles his lorde hath take
Quarelle ayene his owne man.
But for no thyng that euer he can,
He might as than nought be herde:
So that his claime is vnanswerde,
And he hath of his purpos failed.
This bachiler was tho counsailed
And wedded, and of thilke empire
He was crouned lord and sire,
And all the lond him hath receiued:
Wherof his lorde, whiche was deceiued
A seknes, er the third morowe
Conceiued hath of dedly sorowe,
And as he lay vpon his death,
There while him lasteth speche and breth,
He send for the worthiest
Of all the londe, and eke the best,
And tolde hem all the sooth tho
That he was sonne and heire also
Of themperour of great Rome:
And howe that thei to gyder come
This knight, and he, right as it was
He tolde hem all the plaine cas.
And for that he his counseil tolde,
That other hath all that he wolde,
And he hath failed of his mede.
As for the good he taketh none hede,
He saith, but onely of the loue,
Of whiche he wend haue be aboue.
And therupon by letter write
He doth his fader for to wite,
Of all the matter howe it stoode.
And than with an hertely mode
Unto the lordes he besought,
To telle his lady howe he bought
Hir loue, of whiche another gladdeth,
And with that worde his hewe fadeth,
And saide, a dieu my lady sweete,
The life hath lokke his kindely hete.
And he laye still as any stone,
Wherof was sory many one:
But none of all so as she.
¶ This fals knight in his degree
Arested was, and put in holde.
For openly whan it was tolde
Of the treason, whiche is befall,
Throughout the londe thei saiden all,
If it be sooth, that men suppose,
His owne untrouth him shall depose.
And for to seche an evidence
With honour, and great reverence,
Wherof thei mighten knowe an ende,
To themperour anon thei sende
The letter, whiche his sonne wrote.
And whan that he the sooth wote,
To tell his sorowe is endeles.
But yet in haste netheles
Upon the tale, whiche he herde
His steward in to Perse ferde,
With many a worthy Romaine eke,
His liege traitor for to seke.
And whan thei thyder come were,
This knight him hath confessid there,

How

Howe falsely that he hath hym boze:
Wherof his wozthie lozde was loze.
Tho saiden some, he shulde deie:
But yet thei founden suche a weie,
That he shall not be dede in Perse.
And thus the skilles ben diuerse,
Be cause that he was cozoned,
Of that the londe was habandoned
To hym, all though it were vnright,
There is no peine foz him dight.
But to this point and to this ende
Thei graunten wel, that he shall wende
With the Romayns to Rome ageine.
And thus acozded full and pleine,
The quicke body with the dede
With leue take, fozth thei lede,
Where that Supplant hath his Juise,
Wherof that thou the might auise
Upon this infozmacion,
Touchend of supplantacion,
That thou my sonne do not so.
And foz to take hede also
What supplant dooth in other halue,
There is no man can finde a salue
Pleinly to helen suche a soze.
It hath and shall ben euermoze,
Whan pride is with enuie Joynt,
He suffreth no man in good poynt,
Where that he maie his honour let
And therupon if I shall set
Ensample in holy churche I synde,
Now that supplant is not behynde,
God wote if that it nowe be so.
Foz in Cronike of tyme a go
I synde a tale concozdable
Of Supplaunt, whiche is no fable
In the maner as I shall telle,
So as whylom the thynges felle.

¶Hic ponit Confessoz exemplum contra istos in causa dignitatis adquirende supplantatozes. Et narrat qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessorem suum Celestinum a papatu contractata circumuencione fraudulenter supplantauit, Sed qui potentes a sede deponit huiusmodi supplantacionis fraudem non sustinens, ipsum sic in sublime exaltatum postea in profundi carceris miseriam proici, fame & siti cruciari, nec non et ab huius vite gaudiis dolozosa moze supplantari permisit.

At Rome as it hath ofte fall,
The viker generall of all,
Of hem that leuen Chzistes leith,
His laste daie, whiche none with seith,
Hath shette, as to the wozldes eie:
Whos name, if I shall specifie,
He highte Pope Nicolas.
And thus whan that he passed was,
The Cardinals, that wolden saue
The fozme of lawe in the conclaue,
Gon foz to chese a newe Pope.
And after that thei couthe grope
Hath eche of hem saide his entent,
Till at laste thei assent
Upon an holy clerke recluse,
Whiche full was of gostly vertuse.
His patience, and his simplesse
Hath set hym in to highe noblesse.
Thus was he Pope canonised
With great honour, and intronised.
And vpon chance, as it is falle,
His name Celest in men calle.
Whiche notified was by bull
To holy churche: and to the full
In all londes magnified.
But euery wozship is enuied:
And that was thilke tyme sene.
Foz whan this Pope, of whome I mene,
Was chose, and other set be side,
A cardinall was thilke tide,
Whiche the papate hath longe desyred,
And therupon gretly conspired.
But whan he sighe foztune is failed,
Foz whiche long time he hath trauailed:
That ilke fyze, whiche Ethna bzenneth,
Thzough out his wofull herte renneth:
Whiche is resembled to enuie,
Wherof Supplant and trecherie
Engendzed is. And netheles
He feigneth loue, he feigneth pes,
Outwarde he dooth the reuerence:
But all within his conscience,
Thzough fals ymagination,
He thought Supplantacion.
And therupon a wonder wile
He wzought. Foz at thilke while
It fell so, that of his linage
He had a Clergon ponge of age,

Whom he hath in his chamber affaited.
This Cardinall his time hath waited,
And with his wordes slie and queint,
The whiche he couth wisely peint,
He shope this clerke of whiche I tell,
Towarde the pope for to dwell:
So that within his chamber a night
He laie: and was a priuie wight
Towarde the pope on nightes tide,
May no man flee, that shall be tide.
This Cardinall, whiche thought gile,
Upon a daie, whan he hath while,
This ponge clerke vnto him toke,
And made hym swere vpon a boke,
And tolde him what his will was:
And foorth with all a Trompe of bras
He hath hym take, and bad him this.
Thou shalt, he saide, whan time is
Awaite, and take right good kepe,
Whan that the Pope is fast a slepe,
And that none other man be nie:
And than that thou be so slie
Thorough out the Trompe in to his ere,
Fro heuen as though a voice it were,
To sowne of suche prelacion,
That he his meditacion
Therof maie make, and vnderstonde,
As though it were of gods sonde.
And in this wise thou shalt seie,
That he do thilke astate awaie
Of Pope, of whiche he stant honoured,
So shall his soule be socoured
Of thilke worshippe at the last
In heuen, whiche shall euer last.
This clerke, whā he hath herd the forme,
How he the Pope shuld enforme:
Toke of the Cardinall his leue,
And goth hym home, till it was eue,
And priuely the trompe he hedde
Tyll that the Pope was a bedde.
And at the midnight, whan he knewe
The Pope slepte, than he blewe
Within his Trompe thorough the wall,
And tolde, in what maner he shall
His papacie leue, and take
His firste astate. And thus awake
This holy Pope he made thries:
Wherof diuers fantasies
Upon his great holinesse,
Within his herte he gan impresse.
The Pope full of Innocence
Conceiueth in his conscience,
That it is gods will, he cese.
But in what wise he maie release
His hie astate, that wote he nought.
And thus within him selfe he thought,
He bare it still in his memorie,
Till he cam to the consistorie,
And there in presence of hem all
He asketh: if it so befall,
That any Pope cesse wolde,
Howe that the lawe it suffer sholde.
Thei setten all still, and herde.
Was none, whiche to the point answerde.
For to what purpos that it ment,
There was no man knewe his entent,
But onely he, whiche shop the gile.
This Cardinall the same while
All openly with wordes pleine
Seith: if the Pope woll ordeine,
That there be suche a lawe wrought:
Than might he cesse, and elles nought.
And as he saide, doone it was.
The Pope anone vpon the cas
Of his papall auctorite
Hath made and poue the decree.
And whan the lawe was confermed
In due forme, and all affermed,
This innocent, whiche was deceiued,
His papacie anone hath weiued,
Renounced and resigned eke.
That other was nothynge to seke,
But vnderneth suche a tape
He hath so for hym selfe shape,
That howe as euer it hym beseme,
The miter, with the diademe
He hath thorough supplantacion:
And in his confirmacion,
Upon the fortune of his grace,
His name was cleped Bonifface.
Under the viser of enuie
Lo thus was hid the trecherie,
Whiche hath begiled many one.
But surlie counsaill there maie be none,
Whiche treason, whan it is conspired,
That it nis like the sparke fired

Up

Vp in thy rooke, whiche for a throwe
Lieth hid, til whan the windes blowe
It blaseth out on euery side.
This Bonifface, whiche can nought hide
The trecherie of his supplant,
Hath openly made his auant,
Nowe he the papacie hath wonne.
But thing which is with wrong begonne,
Maie neuer stonde wel at ende.
Where pride shall the bowe bende
He shooteth ful out of the weye,
And thus the pope, of whom I seye:
Whan that he stoode on highe the whele,
He can not suffer hym selfe be wele.
Enuie, whiche is loueles,
And pride, whiche is laweles,
With suche tempestes made hym erre,
That charitee goth out of herre:
So that vpon misgouernance,
Ageynst Lewis the kynge of France
He toke quarell of his oultrage,
And saide, he shuld done homage
Vnto the churche bodily.
But he that wilt no thyng why
He shulde do so great seruice,
After the worlde in suche a wise,
Withstood the wronge of that demaund.
For nought the pope maie commaund
The kynge woll not the pope obeye.
This pope tho by all weye,
That he maie worche of violence,
Hath sent the bulle of his sentence,
With cursinge, and enterdite.
The kynge vpon this wrongfull plite,
To kepe his reigne from seruage,
Counsailed was of his baronage,
That might with might shal be with stōde.
Thus was the cause take on honde.
And saiden, that the papacie
Thei wolde honoure and magnifie
In all that euer is spirituall.
But the ilke pride temporall
Of Bonifface in his persone,
Ayene that ilke wronge alone
Thei wolden stonde in debate.
And thus the man, and nought the state
The frenche thopen by her might
To greeue: And fel there was a knight,
Sire Guillam de Langaret,
Whiche was vpon this cause set:
And therupon he toke a route
Of men of armes, and rode oute,
So longe, and in a waite he laie,
That he aspied vpon a daie
The pope was at Auignon,
And shulde ride out of the towne,
Vnto Pourforge, the whiche is
A castell in Prouince of his.
Vpon the weye and as he rode,
This knight, whiche houed and abode
Embuisshed vpon horsbake,
All sodenliche vpon hym brake,
And hath hym by the bridell sesed,
And said: O thou, whiche hast diseised
The court of France by thy wronge,
Thou shalt singe a newe songe.
Thyn enterdite, and thy sentence
Ayen thyn owne conscience
Here after thou shalt sele and grope.
We plaine nought ageyne the pope
For thilke name is honourable.
But thou, whiche hast be deceiuable,
And trecherous in all thy werke,
Thou Bonifface, thou proude clerke,
Misleder of the papacie,
Thy fals bodie shall abie
And suffer, that it hath deserued.
Lo thus this supplantor was serued,
For thei him ladde in to France,
And setten hym to his penance,
Within a toure in harde bondes,
Where he for honger both his hondes
Eate of: And died, god wote howe:
Of whom the writyng is yet nowe
Regestred as a man maie here,
Whiche speketh and saith in this manere,
Thy entree like a for was sligh,
Thy reigne also with pride on high
Was liche the lion in his rage:
But at the laste of thy passage
Thy death was to the houndes like.
Suche is the letter of his Cronike
Proclaimed in the court of Rome:
Wherof the wise ensample nome.
And yet as ferforth as I dare,
I rede all other men beware,

And that thei loke well algate,
That none his owne estate translate
Of holy churche in no degree
By fraude ne subtilitee.
For thilke honour, whiche Aaron toke,
Shall none receiue, as seith the boke,
But he becleped, as he was.
What shall I thinken in this cas
Of that I here nowe a daie?
I not: but he whiche can and maie
By reason both and by nature
The helpe of euery mans cure,
Be kepe Symon fro the folde.

¶ Nota de prophecia Joachim abbatis.

¶For Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,
Howe suche daies shulden fall,
That comonliche in places all
The chapmen of suche mercerie
With fraude, and with supplantarie,
So many shulden by and selle,
That he ne maie for shame telle
So foule a sinne in mans ere:
But god forbede, that it were
In our daies, that he seith.
For if the clerke beware his feith
In hapmanhode at suche a feire
The remenant mote nedes empeire
Of all that to the worlde belongeth.
For whan that holy churche wrongeth,
I not what other thyng shall right.
And netheles at mans sight
Enuie for to be preferred
Hath conscience so differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
Whiche is the moder of malice,
And that is thilke fals enuie:
Whiche causeth many a trecherie.
For where he maie another see,
That is more gracious than hee:
It shall not stonden in his might,
But if he hinder suche a wight:
And that is well nighe ouer all,
This vice is nowe so generall.

¶Quakiter Joab princeps militie Dauid inuidie causa Abner subdole interfecit. Et quakiter etiã Achitofell ob hoc, quod Cusi in Consilio Absolon preferebatur, accessus inuidia laqueo se suspendit.

¶Enuie thilke vn hap in drough,
Whan Joab by deceipt slough
Abner, for drede he shulde bee
With kynge Dauid suche as was hee.
And through enuie also it felle
Of thilke fals Achitofelle.
For his counseil was not acheued
But that he sawe Cusy beleued
With Absolon, and hym forsake,
He hynge hym selfe vpon a stake.
¶Seneche witnesseth openly
Howe that enuie properly
Is of the court the comon wenche,
And halt tauerne for to schence
That drinke, which maketh the hert brene,
And doth the wit about renne
By euery wey to compasse,
Howe that he might all other passe,
As he whiche through vnkyndship
Enuieth euery felawship.
So that thou might well knowe and see,
There is no vice suche as hee.
First towarde god abhominable,
And to mankynde vnprofitable.
And that by wordes but a fewe
I shall by reason proue and shewe.

Inuidiæ stimulus sine causa ledit abortus,
Nam sine tentante crimine crimen habet.
Non est huius opus tẽtare Cupidinis archũ,
Dumq; facies Veneris Ethnica flãma vorat,
Absq; rubore genæ pallor quas fusc' obũbrat.
Frigida naturæ cætera membra docent.

¶Hic describit Confessor naturam inuidie tam in amore quã aliter secundum proprietatem vitii.

¶Enuie if that I shall descriue,
He is not shapely for to wiue
In erth amonge the women here.
For there is in hym no mattere,
Wherof he might do plesance.
First for his heuy contenance,
Of that he semeth euer vnglad,
He is not able to be had.
And eke he brenneth so within,
That kinde maie no profite winne,
Wherof he shulde his loue please.
For thilke blood, whiche shuld haue ease,
To regne amonge the moiste veines
Is drie of thilke vnkindely peines,

Through

Through whiche enuie is fired aie.
And this by reason proue I maie,
That towarde loue Enuie is nought,
And otherwise if it be sought
Upon what syde as euer it fall
It is the werst vice of all:
Whiche of him selfe hath most malice.
For vnderstonde that euery vice
Some cause hath, wherof it groweth:
But of enuie no man knoweth
Fro whens he cam, but out of hell.
For thus the wise clerkes tell,
That no spirite but of malice
By wey of kynde vpon a vice
Is tempted, and by suche a waie:
Enuie hath kynde put a waie.
And of malice hath his sturrynge,
Wherof he maketh his barbitynge,
And is him selfe therof diseased.
So maie there be no kynde pleased.
For ay the more that he enuieth,
The more ayene him selfe he plieth.
Thus stant Enuie in good espeire
To ben him selfe the diuels heire,
As he whiche is the nexte liche,
And forthest from the heuen riche.
For there maie he neuer wonne.
¶ For thy my good dere sonne,
If thou wolt kynde a siker weie
To loue: put enuie aweie.
¶ Myn holy fader reason wolde,
That I this vice eschewe sholde:
But yet to strength my courage,
If that ye wolde in auantage
Therof set a recouere,
It were to me a great desire,
That I this vice might flee.
Nowe vnderstonde my sonne, and see.
There is physike for the seke,
And vertues for the vices eke.
Who that the vices wolde eschewe,
He mot by reason than sewe
The vertues. For by thilke weie
He maie the vices done aweie.
For thei to geder maie not dwell.
For as the water of the well
Of fire abateth the malice:
Right so vertu fordooth the vice.

Ayene Enuie is Charitee,
Whiche is the moder of pitee,
That maketh a mans herte tender,
That it maie no malice engender,
In hym, that is inclined therto.
For his courage is tempred so,
That though he might him selfe releue,
Yet wolde he not another greue:
But rather for to do plesance,
He bereth him selfe the greuance,
So faine he wolde an other ease.
Wherof my sonne for thyn ease
Nowe herken a tale, whiche I rede,
And vnderstonde it well I rede.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de Virtute Charitatis contra Inuidiam, Et narrat de Constantino Elene filio, qui cum Imperii Romani dignitatem obtinuerat, a morbo lepre infectus medici pro sanitate recuperanda, ipsum in sanguine puerorum masculorum balneare proposuerant, sed cum innumera multitudo matrum cum filiis huiusmodi medicina causa in circuitu palacii affuisset, Imperatorq; eorum gemitus & clamores percepisset, charitate motus ingemiscens sic ait. O Vere est ipse dominus, qui se facit seruum pietatis. Et his dictis statum suum cuntipotentis medele committens, sui ipsius morbum potius quam infantium mortem beniguius elegit, vnde ipse qui antea paganus et lepros⁹ extiterat, ex vnda Baptismatis renatus, vtriusq; materie tam corporis quam anime diuino miraculo consecutus est salutem.

AMonge the bokes of Latine
I fynde it write of Constantine
The worthy emperour of Rome,
Suche infortunes to him come.
Whan he was in his lustie age
The lepre caught in his visage,
And so forth ouer all aboute,
That he ne might riden out.
So left he both shelde and spere,
As he that might hym not bestere,
And helde hym in his chamber close.
Through all the worlde the same arose:
The great clerkes were assent,
And come at his commaundement
To trete vpon this lordes hele.
So longe thei to geder dele,
That thei vpon this medicine
Appointen hem, and determine,

That in the maner as it ſtoode,
They wolde hym bath in childes blood
Within ſeuen winter age.
For as thei ſaien, that ſhulde aſſuage
The lepre, and all the violence,
Whiche that thei knowe of accidence,
And not by wey of kynde is fall,
And therto thei acorden all
As for fynall concluſion,
And tolden her opinion
To themperour: And he anone
His counſaile toke, and therupon
With letters, and with ſeales out
Thei ſend in euery londe about
The yonge children for to ſerche:
Whoſe bloode, thei ſaid, ſhulde be lerche
For themperours maladie.
There was enough to wepe and crie
Amonge the moders, whan thei herde
Howe wofullly this cauſe ſerde.
But netheles thei mot bowe.
And thus women there come enowe
With children ſoukend on the tete.
Ther were many teres lete.
But were hem liefe, or were hem loth
The women and the children both
In to the palais forth he brought,
With many a ſorie hertes thought
Of hem whiche of her body bore
The children had: and ſo forlore
Within a while ſhulde ſee.
The moders wepe in her degree,
And many of hem a ſwoune fall.
The yonge babies crieden all.
This noiſe aroſe, this lorde it herde,
And loked out, and how it ferde
He ſawe: and as who ſaide abraide,
Out of his ſlepe, and thus he ſaide.
O thou diuine purueance,
Whiche euery man in the balance
Of kynde haſt formed to be liche.
The pore is bore as is the riche,
And dieth in the ſame wiſe.
Upon the foole upon the wiſe
Sekenes and hele enter commune,
Mate none eſchewe that fortune,
Whiche kynde hath in hir lawe ſette
Hir ſtrengthe and beautee ben beſette
To euery man a liche free,
That ſhe preferreth no degree,
As in the diſpoſicion
Of bodily complection.
And eke of ſoule reaſonable,
The poore childe is bore as able
To vertue, as the kynges ſonne.
For euery man his owne wonne,
After the luſtes of his aſſaie,
The vice or vertue cheſe maie.
Thus ſtande all men franchiſed
But in eſtate thei ben deuiſed,
To ſome worſhip and richeſſe,
To ſome pouertee and diſtreſſe.
One lordeth, an other ſerueth.
But yet as euery man deſerueth
The worlde yeueth not his yeftes here.
But certes he hath great matere
To be of good condicion,
Whiche hath in his ſubiection
The men, that ben of his ſemblance.
And eke he toke his remembrance,
Howe he that made lawe of kynde
Wolde euery man to lawe bynde,
And bad a man, ſuche as he wolde
Toward him ſelfe, right ſuch he ſholde
Towarde an other doone alſo.
And thus this worthie lorde as tho
Set in balance his owne eſtate,
And with him ſelfe ſtode in debate,
And thought how it was not good
To ſee ſo mochell mans blood
Be ſpilte, by cauſe of him alone.
He ſawe alſo the great mone,
Of that the mothers were vngladde
And of the wo the children made:
Wherof that his herte tendreth,
And ſuche pitee within engendreth,
That him was leuer for to cheſe
His owne bodie for to leſe,
Than ſee ſo great a mourdre wrought
Upon the bloud, whiche giltеth nought.
This for the pitee, whiche he toke,
All other leches he forſoke,
And put him out of auenture
Alonly to gods cure,
And ſaith, who that woll maiſter bee,
He mote be ſeruant to pitee.

So ferforth he was ouercome
With charitee, that he hath nome
His counsaile, and his officers,
And bad vnto his treasourers,
That thei his treasour all about
Departe amonge the poore route
Of women, and of childzen both,
Wherof thei might hem fede and cloth,
And saufely tournen home ageyne,
Without losse of any greine.
Thzough charitee thus he dispendeth
His good, wherof he amendeth
The poore people, and countreuaileth
The harme, that he hem so trauaileth.
And thus the wofull nightes sozowe
To ioye is tozned on the mozowe.
All was thankynge, all was blissyng,
Whiche erst was weppyng and cursyng.
These women gone home glad enough,
Echone foz ioie on other lough,
And praide foz this lozdes hele,
Whiche hath released the quarele,
And hath his owne will forsake
In charitee foz gods sake.
But nowe hereafter thou shalt here
What god hath wzought in this matere,
As he that doothe all equitee
To him that wzought charitee,
He was ayenewarde charitous,
And to pitee he was pitous.
Foz it was neuer knowe yet,
That charitee goth vnquit.
The night whan he was laide to slepe
The high god, whiche wold him kepe,
Saint Petre and saint Poule him sende,
By whom he wolde his lepze amende.
Thei two to him slepende appere
Fro god, and said in this manere:
O Constantin, foz thou hast serued
Pitee, thou hast pitee deserued.
Foz thy thou shalte suche pitee haue,
That god thzough pitee woll the saue.
Thou shalte so double hele fynde.
Fyrste foz thy bodilyche kynde,
And foz thy wofull soule also,
Thou shalt be hole of both two.
And foz thou shalt not the despeire,
Thy lepze shall no moze empeire,
Till thou wilte sende therupon
Vnto the mount of Celion,
Where Syluester and his clergie
To gyder dwellen in companie
Foz dzede of the, whiche many a daie
Hath ben a fo to Chzistes laie,
And hath destroied, to mocheil shame
The prechours of his holy name.
But now thou hast somdele appeased
Thy god, and with good dede pleased,
That thou thy pitee hast bewared
Vpon the blood, whiche thou hast spared.
Foz thy to thy saluacion
Thou shalt haue Infozmacion
Suche as Siluester shall the teche,
The nedeth of none other leche.
This Emperour whiche all this herde,
Graunt mercy lozde he answerde:
I woll do so as ye me saie.
But of one thynge I wold praie,
What shall I tell vnto Syluester
Of your name oz of your eyer?
And thei him tolde what thei hight.
And forth with all out of his sight
Thei passen vp in to the heuen.
And he awoke out of his sweuen,
And clepeth, and men come anone,
And tolde his dzeme: and therupon
In suche a wise as he hem telleth,
The mount, where Syluester dwelleth
Thei haue in all haste sought.
And founden he was, and with he brought
To themperour, whiche to hym tolde
His sweuen, and elles what he wolde.
And whā Siluester hath herde the king,
He was right ioyfull of this thyng,
And hym began with all his witte
To techen vpon holy wzitte.
First how mankynde was forloze,
And howe the high god therfoze
His sonne sende from aboue,
Whiche bozne was foz mans loue.
And after of his owne choys
He toke his death vpon the croys.
And howe in graue he was beloke,
And how that he hath helle broke,
And toke hem out, that were hym leue.
And foz to make vs full beleue,

That

That he was very gods ſonne,
Ayene the kynde of mans wonne,
Fro death he roſe the thirde daie.
And whan he wolde, as he well maie
He ſtighe vp to his father euen,
With fleſſhe and bloud into the heauen.
And right ſo in the ſame forme,
In fleſſhe and bloud he ſhall reforme,
Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede,
At thilke wofull daie of drede,
Where euery man ſhall take his dome,
As well the maiſter as the grome.
The mighty kynges retenue
That daie maie ſtande of no value
With worldly ſtrengthe to defende.
For euery mote maie than entende
To ſtande vpon his owne dedes,
And leue all other mens nedes.
That daie maie no counſaile auaile,
The pledour and the plee ſhall faile,
The ſentence of that ylke daie
Maie none appele ſette in delaie.
There maie no golde the iudge plie,
That he ne ſhall the ſooth trie,
And ſetten euery man vpright,
As well the plowe man as the knight.
The lewde man, the great clerke
Shall ſtonde vpon his owne werke,
And ſuche as he is founde tho,
Suche ſhall he bee for euermo:
There maie no peine be releaſed,
There maie no ioye ben encreaſed,
But endeles as thei haue do,
Ye ſhall receiue one of two.
Thus Sylueſtre with his lawe
The grounde of all the newe lawe,
With great deuotion he preacheth,
Fro point to point and plainly teacheth
Unto this heathen emperour,
And ſaith: the high creatour
Hath vnderfonge his charitee,
Of that he wrought ſuche pitee,
Whan he the children had on honde.
Thus whan this lorde hath vnderſtonde
Of all this thynge, howe that it ferde:
Unto Sylueſtre he than anſwerde
With all his holle herte, and ſeith:
That he is redy to the feith.
And ſo the beſtell, whiche for bloode
Was made, Syluestre, there it ſtoode
With cleane water of the welle
In all haſte he let do felle,
And ſet Conſtantine therinne
All naked vp to the chinne:
And in the while it was begonne
A light, as though it were a ſonne
Fro heauen into the place come
Where that he toke his chriſtendome:
And euer amonge the holy tales,
Like as thei weren fiſſches ſcales
Thei fellen from hym nowe and efte,
Tyll that there was nothynge beleſte
Of all this great maladie.
For he that wolde hym purifie,
The high god hath made hym clene,
So that there lefte nothyng ſene.
He hath hym clenſed both two,
The body and the ſoule alſo.
Tho knewe this emperour in dede,
That Chriſtes feith was for to drede:
And ſende anone his letters out,
And let do crien all aboute
Upon peine of death, that no man weyue
That he baptiſme ne receyue.
After his mother queene Eleyne
He ſende, and ſo betwene hem tweyne
They treaten, that the citee all
Was chriſtned, and the ſooth with all.
This emperour, which hele hath found,
Within Rome anone let founde
Two churches, whiche he did make
For Peter and for Poules ſake,
Of whome he had a viſion,
And yafe therto poſſeſſion
Of lordeſhippe, and of worldes good.
But howe ſo that his wille was good
Towarde the Pope and his franchiſe,
Yet hath it proued otherwiſe
To ſee the worſhyng of the dede.
For in cronike thus I rede,
Anone as he hath made the yefte
A voice was herde on highe the lefte,
Of whiche all Rome was adradde,
And ſaid, this daie venim is ſhadde
In holy churche of temporall,
Whiche medleth with the ſpirituall:

And

And howe it ſtant of that degree,
Yet maie a man the ſoothe ſee.
God maie amende it whan he wille,
I can therto none other ſkille.
But for to go there I began,
Howe charitee maie helpe a man
To bothe woꝛldes, I haue ſaide.
And if thou haue an eare laide
My ſonne, thou might vnderſtonde,
If charitee be take on honde,
There followeth after mochel grace.
For thy if that thou wilt purchace,
Howe that thou might enuie flee,
Acquemt the with charitee,
Whiche is the vertue ſoueraine.
¶My father I ſhall do my paine.
For this enſample whiche ye tolde
With all myn herte I haue witholde:
So that I ſhall for euermoꝛe
Eſchewe enuie well the moꝛe.
And that I haue er this miſdo,
Yeue me my penaunce er I go.
And ouer that to my matere
Of chriſte, while ye ſitten here
In priuetee betwene vs tweye
Nowe aſke, what there is I preye.

Confeſſor.

¶My good ſonne, and for thy loꝛe
I woll the telle, what is moꝛe:
So that thou ſhalte the vices knowe.
For whan thei bee to the full knowe,
Thou might hem wel the better eſchue,
And for this cauſe I thinke ſewe
The forme bothe and the matere,
As nowe ſewende thou ſhalte here,
Whiche vice ſtant nexte after this.
And whan thou woſt, howe that it is,
As thou ſhalt here my deuiſe
Thou might thy ſelfe better auiſe.

Explicit Liber ſecundus.

Ira ſuis paribus eſt par furiis Acherontis,
Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet,
Ira melancolicos animos perturbat, vt equo
lure ſui pondus nulla ſtatera tenet.
Omnibus in cauſis grauat ira inter amantes
Illa magis facili ſorte grauamen agit.
Eſt vbi vir diſcors leuiterq; repugnat amori,
Sæpe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.

¶Hic in tertio libro tractat ſuper quinq; ſpecies huius ire, quarum prima melancolia dicitur, cuius vitium Confeſſor primo deſcribens amanti, ſuper eodem conſequenter opponit.

¶Incipit Liber tertius.

If thou the vices liſte to knowe
My ſonne, it hath not ben vnknowe
Fro firſt that men their ſwerdes grounde,
That there nis none vpon this grounde
A vice foꝛreine fro the lawe,
Wherof that many a good felawe
Hath be diſtraught by ſodeine chance:
And yet to kynde no pleaſance
It doothe: but where he moſt acheueth
His purpoſe, moſte to kinde he greueth,
As he, whiche out of conſcience
Is enmy vnto patience,
And is by name one of the ſeuen,
Whiche ofte hath ſet the woꝛlde vneuen,
And cleped is the cruell Ire:
Whoſe herte is euermoꝛe on fire,
To ſpeke amiſſe, and to do bothe.
For his ſeruantes ben euer wꝛothe.
¶My good father telle me this,
What thynge is ire? Sonne it is,
That in our engliſſhe wꝛath is hote,
Whiche hath his woꝛdes ay ſo hote,
That all a mans patience
Is fired of the violence.
For he with hym hath euer fine
Seruantes, that helpen hym to ſtrine.
The firſt of hem melancoly
Is cleped, whiche in company
An honderde tymes in an houre
Woll as an angry beaſt loure,
And no man wote the cauſe why.
My ſonne ſhꝛyue the nowe foꝛ thy,
Haſt thou be melancolien?
¶My father ye by ſainct Julien:
But I vntrewe woꝛdes vſe,
I maie me not therof excuſe.
And all maketh loue well I wote,
Of whiche myn herte is euer hote,
So that I bꝛenne as doth a glede
For wꝛath, that I maie not ſpede.

And

And thus full ofte a daie for nought
(Sauſe onliche of myn owne thought)
I am ſo with my ſelue wroth,
That howe ſo that the game goth,
With other men I am not glad,
But I am well the more vnglad.
For that is other mens game,
It tourneth me to pure grame.
Thus am I with my ſelfe oppreſſed
Of thought, whiche I haue imprẽſſed,
That all wakynge I dreme and mete,
That I alone with hir mete,
And pray hir of ſome good anſwere.
But for ſhe wolde not gladly ſwere,
She ſaith me naye withouten othe.
And thus ware I within wroth,
That outwarde I am all affraied,
And ſo diſtempred, and ſo eſmayed:
A thouſaude tymes on a daie
There ſowneth in myn eares naye,
The whiche ſhe ſaide me tofore.
Thus be my wittes all forlore,
And namely whan I begynne
To reken with my ſelfe withinne,
Howe many yeres ben agone
Sith I haue truely loued one,
And neuer toke of hir other hede,
And euer a liche for to ſpede
I am, the more I with hir deale:
So that my hap, and all my heale
Me thinketh is ay the lenger the ferre,
That bringeth my gladſhip out of herre:
Wherof my wittes ben empeired,
And I, as who ſaith, all diſpeired.
For finally whan that I muſe
And thinke, howe ſhe woll me refuſe,
I am with anger ſo beſtad,
For al this worlde might I be glad.
And for the whyle that it laſteth,
All vp ſo downe my ioye it caſteth.
And ay the forther that I bee,
(Whan I ne maie my ladie ſee)
The more I am redy to wrathe,
That for the touchynge of a lath,
Or for the tournynge of a ſtrea,
I woode as doth the wilde ſea:
And am ſo melancolious,
That ther nis ſeruant in myne houſe,
Ne none of tho, that be aboute,
That eche of hem ne ſtant in doubte,
And wenen, that I ſhulde raue
For angre, that thei ſee me haue.
And ſo thei wondre more and laſſe,
That thei ſeen it ouerpaſſe.
But father, if it ſo betide,
That I approche at any tide
The place, where my ladie is:
And than hir liketh ywis
To ſpeke a goodly worde tome,
For all the golde that is in Rome
Ne couth I after that be wroth,
But all myn angre ouergothe.
So glad I am of the preſence
Of hir, that I all offence
Foryete, as though it were nought.
So ouer glad is my thought.
And netheles, the ſothe to telle,
Ayenewarde if it ſo befelle,
That I at thilke tyme ſe
On me, that ſhe miſcaſte hir ee,
Or that ſhe lyſt not loke,
And I therof good hede toke:
Anone into my firſte eſtate
I tourne, and am with that alſo mate,
That euer it is a liche wicke.
And thus myn honde ayene the pricke
I hurte, and haue done many a daie,
And go ſo forth as I go maie
Full ofte bityngе on my lippe,
And make vnto my ſelfe a whippe:
With whiche in many a thele and heate.
My wofull herte is ſo to beate,
That all my wittes ben vnſofte,
And I am wroth, I not how ofte,
And all it is melancolie,
Whiche groweth on the fantaſie
Of loue, that me woll not loute:
So beare I forthe an angry ſnoute
Full many tymes in a yere.
But father, nowe ye ſitten here
In Loues ſtede, I you beſeche,
That ſome enſample ye me teche.
Wherof I maie my ſelfe appeaſe.

Confeſſor.

My ſonne for thyn hertes eaſe
I ſhall fulfill thy praiere,

So

So that thou might the better lere
What mischiefe that this vice fereth,
Whiche in his anger nought forbeareth,
Wherof that after him forthinketh,
Whan he is sobre, and that he thinketh
Upon the folie of his dede,
And of this point a tale I rede.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui cum uires amoris non sunt realiter experti contra alios amantes melancolica feueritate ad iracundiã indicte pronocantur, Et narrat qualiter rex Eolus filium nomine Machareum, et filiam nomine Canacem habuit, qui cum ab infantia vsq; pubertatem inuicem fuerant educati, Cupido tandem cum ignito iaculo amborum cordis desideria amorose penetrauit, ita q; natura Canacis cooperante a fratre suo impregnata parturit, super quo pater intolerabilem iuuentutis concupiscentiam ignorans, nimiaq; furoris melancolia preuentus, dictam filiam cum partu dolorosissimo casu interfeci diiudicauit.

¶ There was a kynge, whiche Eolus
Was hote: and it befell hym thus,
That he two childzen had fayze
The sonne cleped was Machayze,
The doughter eke Canace hight,
By daie bothe and eke by night.
While thei be ponge of common wonne
In chambze thei to gether wonne,
And as thei shulden pleid hem ofte
Till thei be growen vp alofte
In the pongthe of lustie age,
Whan kynde assaileth the courage
With loue, and doth him for to bowe,
That he no reason can allowe,
But halte the lawes of nature.
For whom that loue hath vnder cure,
As he is blynde hym selfe, right so
He maketh his client blynde also.
In suche maner, as I you tell:
As thei all daie to gether dwell,
Whis brother might it not askerte,
That he with all his hole herte
His loue vpon his sister cast,
And so it fell hem at the laste,
That this Machayze with Canace,
Whan they were in a preuy place,
Cupide bad hem sticke to kisse,
And after she, whiche is maistresse
In kynde, and teacheth euery lisse,
Without lawe positife,
Of whiche she taketh no maner charge,
But kepeth her lawes all at large:
Nature toke hem in to loze,
And taught hem so, that euermoze
She hath hem in suche a wise daunted,
That thei were as who saith, enchaunted,
And as the blynde an other ledeth,
And till thei fall nothynge dredeth:
Right so thei had none inright,
But as a birde, whiche woll a light,
And seeth the meate, and not the nette,
Whiche in deceite of him is sette,
These ponge folke no perill sie,
But all was likynge in hir eie.
In that thei fell vpon the chance
Where witte hath loze his remembzance.
So longe thei to gether assemble,
The wombe arose, and she gan to tremble,
And helde hir in hir chambze close,
For dzede it should be disclose,
And come vnto hir fathers eare.
Wherof the sonne had also feare,
And feigneth cause for to ride.
For longe durst he not abide,
In aunter if men woll seine,
That he his sister hath forleine:
For yet she had it not beknowe,
Whose was the childe at thilke throwe.
Machayze goth, Canace abit,
The whiche was not deliuered yet:
But ryght sone after that she was,
¶ Nowe list and herken a wofull cas.
The soth, whiche male not ben hid
Was at laste knowe and kid
Unto the kynge, howe that it stode.
And whan that he it vnderstode,
Anone into Melancolie,
As though it were a frensie,
He fell, as he whiche not hyngecouthe,
Nowe maisterfull Loue is in youthe.
And for he was to loue strange,
He wolde not his herte change
To be benigne and sauourable
To loue but vnmerciable.
Betwene the waue of woode and wroth
In to his doughters chambze he gothe,

And

And sie the chylde was late boze,
Wherof he hath his othe swoze,
That she it shall full soze abie.
And she beganne mercy to crie
Upon hir bare knees, and praide,
And to hir father thus she saide:
Haue mercy father, thynke I am
Thy chylde, and of thy bloud I cam.
That I misdede, youth it made,
And in the flouddes bad me wade,
Where that I see no perill tho:
But nowe it is befall so,
Mercy my father, do no wreche.
And with that woꝛde she lolle spethe,
And fell downe swouned at his fote,
As she. foꝛ soꝛowe nedes mote.
But his hoꝛrible cruelte,
That might attempte no pitee,
Out of hir chambꝛe foꝛth he wente
All full of wꝛath in his entente,
And toke the counsaile in his herte,
That she shall not the death asserte.
And he whiche is melancolien,
Of patience hath not lien,
Wherof he may his wꝛath restreine:
And in this wilde woode peyne,
Whan all his reason was untame,
A knight he cleped by his name,
And toke hym, as by wey of sonde
A naked swerde, to beare on honde,
And saide hym, that he shulde go,
And tell unto his doughter so,
In the maner as he hym bade,
Howe she that sharpe swerdes blade
Receiue shulde, and do withall,
So that she wote where to she shall.
Foꝛth in message goth this knight
Unto this wofull yonge wight.
This sharpe swerde to hir he toke,
Wherof that all hir bodie quoke.
Foꝛ well she wist what it ment,
And that it was to thilke entent,
That she hir selue shulde slea,
And to the knight she saide yea,
Nowe that I wote my fathers will,
That I shall in this wise spill:
I will obeie me therto,
And as he woll, it shall be do.
But now this thyng maie be none other,
I woll a letter to my bꝛother,
(So as my feble hande maie wꝛite)
With all my wofull herte endite.
She toke a penne on honde tho,
Fro point to point and all the wo,
As ferfoꝛth as hir selfe it wote,
Unto hir deadly frende she wꝛote:
And tolde howe that hir fathers grace
She myght foꝛ nothynge purchace.
And ouer that as thou shalt here,
She wꝛote and saide in this manere.
O thou my soꝛowe, and my gladnes,
O thou my hele, and my sickenes,
O thou my wanhope, and my truste,
O thou my disease, and all my luste,
O thou my weale, O thou my wo,
O thou my frende, O thou my so,
O thou my loue, O thou my hate,
Foꝛ the mote I be deade algate,
Thilke ende maie I not asserte,
And yet with all myn holle herte,
While that there lasteth me any bꝛeath,
I woll the loue unto my death.
But of o thynge I shall the preie,
If that my litell sonne deie,
Let him be buried in my graue,
Beside me, so shalte thou haue
Upon us both remembꝛance.
Foꝛ thus it stondeth of my greuance
Nowe at this time, as thou shalte wite
With teares, and with inke wꝛite
This letter I haue in cares colde.
In my right honde my penne I holde,
And in my lefte my swerde I kepe,
And in my barme there lieth to wepe
Thy chylde and myn, whiche sobbeth fast.
Nowe am I come unto my last.
Fare well: foꝛ I shall soone die,
And thinke howe I thy loue abie.
The pomell of the swerde to grounde
She set: and with the point a wounde
Thꝛough out hir herte anone she made,
And foꝛth with all pale and fade
She fell downe dead fro ther she stoode.
The childe laie bathende in hir bloode
Out rolled from the mother barme.
And foꝛ the bloud was hote and warme,

He basketh hym about therin
Ther was no boote for to wynne.
For whiche he can no pitee knowe.
The kynge cam in the same throwe,
And sawe howe that his doughter died,
And howe this baby all blodie cried:
But all that might hym not suffise,
That he ne bad to do Iuise
Upon the childe, and beare hym out,
And seche in the forest aboute
Som wilde place that it were,
To cast him out of honde there:
So that some beste hym maie devoure,
Where as no man hym shall socoure.
All that he bad was done in dede.
A who hearde euer singe or rede
Of suche a thyng, as tho was do:
But he, whiche lad his wrath so,
Hath knowe of loue but a litte.
But for all that he was to wite
Through his sodeine melancolie
To do so great a felonie.
¶For thy my sonne, howe so it stonde,
By this cas thou might understonde,
That if thou euer in cause of loue
Shalt deme, and thou be so aboue,
That thou might leade it at thy wille,
Let neuer through thy wrath spille,
Whiche euery kinde shulde saue.
For it sit euery man to haue
Regarde to loue and to his might:
Ayenst whos strengthe maie no wight.
And sith an hert is so streined,
The reddour ought to be restreined,
To hym that maie bet aweye,
Whan he mote to nature obeye.
For it is saide thus overall,
That nedes mote, that nedes shall.
Of that a life doth after kinde,
Wherof he maie no boote finde.
What thyng nature hath set in lawe,
Ther maie no mans might withdrawe,
And who that worcheth there ayene,
Full ofte tyme it hath be seyne,
There hath befall great vengeance,
Wherof I finde a remembrance.

¶Hic narrat qualiter Tiresias in quodam monte duos serpentes invenit pariter commiscentes, quos cum virga percussit, Irati dii ob hoc, q̄ naturam impediuit, ipsum contra naturam a forma Virili in muliebrem transmutarunt.

¶Ouide after the tyme tho
Tolde an ensample, and saide so:
Howe that whilom Tiresias,
As he walkend goth par cas
Upon an high mountaine, he sigh
Two serpentes in his weye nighe:
And thei so, as nature hem taught
Assembled were, and he tho caught
A yerde, whiche he bare on honde,
And thought, that he wolde fonde
To lette hem, and smote hem bothe,
Wherof the gods weren wrothe.
And for he hath desfourbed kinde,
And was so to nature vnkinde,
Unkindeliche he was transformed,
That he, whiche erst a man was formed,
In to a woman was forshape:
That was to hym an angry tape.
But for that he with anger wrought,
His anger angerliche he bought.

Confessor.

¶Lo thus my son Ouide hath write,
Wherof thou might by reason wite,
More is a man than suche a beste,
So might it neuer ben honest,
A man to wrathen hym to sore,
Of that another doth the lore
Of kinde, in whiche is no malice,
But onely that it is a vice.
And though a man be resonable:
Yet after kinde he is meuable
To loue, where he woll or none.
Thinke thou my sonne therupon,
And do melancolie awaye.
For loue hath euer his lustе to playe
As he whiche wold no life greue.

Amans.

¶My fader that I maie well leue
All that ye telle, it is skille,
Let euery man loue, as he wille,
Be so it be not my ladye.
For I shall not be wroth there by.
But that I wrath and fare amis
Alone upon my selfe it is,
That I with bothe loue and kinde

I am ſo beſtad, that I can finde
No wey, howe I it maie aſterte,
Whiche ſtant vpon myn owne hert,
And toucheth to none other life,
Sauf onely to that ſwete wife,
For whom, but if it be amended,
My glad daies ben diſpended,
That I my ſelfe ſhall not forbeare
The wrathe, whiche I nowe beare.
For therof is none other liche.
Nowe aſketh forth I yowe beſeche
Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,
Wherof to ſhriue. Sonne yis.

Ira mouet litem, quæ linguæ frena reſoluens,
Laxa per infames currit vbique vias.
Rixarum nutrix quos educat iſta loquaces,
Hos Venus à latere linquit habere vagos.
Sed patienter agens taciturno qui celet ore,
Vincit & optati carpit amoris iter.

¶ Hic tractat Confeſſor ſuper ſecunda ſpecie ire, que Lis dicitur, ex cuius cõtumeliis innumeroſa dolorum occaſio, tam in amoris cauſa quam aliter, in quem pluribus ſepiſſime exorta eſt.

Of wrath the ſecond is cheſt,
Whiche hath the wyndes of tempeſt
To kepe, and many a ſodeine blaſt
He bloweth, wherof ben agaſt
Thei, that deſiren pes and reſte:
He is that ilke vngoodlyeſte,
Whiche many a luſtie loue hath twynned,
For he beareth euer his mouth vnpinned:
So that his lippes ben vnloke,
And his courage is all to broke,
That euery thyng, whiche he can tell,
It ſpringeth vp as doth a welle,
Whiche maie no man of his ſtremes hide,
But renneth out on euery ſide:
So boylen vp the foule ſawes,
That cheſte wote of his felawes.
For as a ſiue kepeth Ale,
Right ſo can cheſte kepe a tale.
All that he wote, he woll diſcloſe,
And ſpeke er any man oppoſe.
As a citee without walle,
Where men maie gon out oueralle,
Withouten any reſiſtence:
So with his croked eloquence
He ſpeketh all, that he wote with ynne,
Wherof men leſe more than wynne.
For often tyme of his chidynge,
He bringeth to hous ſuche tidynge,
That maketh warre at beddes heade:
He is the leuein of the breade,
Whiche soureth all the paſt about:
Men ought well ſuche one to doute.
For euer his bowe is redy bent,
And whom he hit, I tell hym ſhent.
If he maie perce hym with his tonge,
And eke ſo loude his belle is ronge,
That of the noyſe, and of the ſonne
Men fearen hym in all the towne
Well more than thei done of thonder.
For that is cauſe of more wonder.
For with the windes, whiche he bloweth,
Full ofte ſith he ouerthroweth
The Citees, and the policie.
That I haue herde the people crie
And echone laide in his degree:
Ha wicke tonge wo thou bee.
For men ſayn, that the harde bone,
All though hym ſelfe haue none,
A tonge breaketh it all to pieces,
He hath ſo many ſondry ſpices
Of vice, that I maie not wele
Deſcriue hem by a thouſand dele.
But whan that he to cheſte falleth,
Full many a wonder thyng befalleth.
For he ne can no thyng forbere.
Nowe tell my ſonne thyn anſwere,
If it hath euer ſo betide,
That thou at any tyme haſt chidde
Toward thy loue? Fader naie,
Suche cheſte yet vnto this daie
Ne made I neuer, god forbede.
For er I ſinge ſuche a crede
I had leuer to be lewed.
For than were I all beſhrewed,
And worthy to be put a backe,
With all the ſorowe vpon my backe,
That any man ordeine couthe.
But I ſpake neuer yet by mouthe
That vnto cheſt might touche,
And that I durſt right wel vouche
Upon hir ſelfe, as for witnes.
For I wote of hir gentilnes,

That

That she me wold well excuse,
That I no suche thynges vse.
And if it shulde so betyde,
That I algates must chyde,
It might not be to my loue.
For so yet neuer was I aboue,
For all this wyde worlde to wynne,
That I durst any worde begynne:
By whiche she might haue be amoued,
And I of chesse also reproued.
But rather if it might hir like,
The besse wordes wolde I pike,
Whiche I couthe in myn hert chese.
And serue hem forth in stede of chese.
For that is helpeliche to desie:
And I wolde so my wordes plie,
That mighten wrath and chesse auale,
With tellyng of my softe tale.
Thus dare I make a forward,
That neuer vnto my lady ward
Yet spake I worde in suche a wise,
Wherof that chesse shulde arise.
Thus saie I not, that I full ofte
Me haue, whan I spake mosse softe,
Parcas saied more than enough.
But so well halt no man the plough,
That he ne balketh other while,
Ne so well can no man affile
His tonge, that somtyme in iape
Hym maie some light worde ouerscape,
And yet ne meneth he no chesse.
But that I haue ayene hir hest
Full ofte spoke, I am beknowe,
And howe, my wille is that ye knowe.
For whan my time cometh about,
That I dare speke, and saie all out
My longe loue, of whiche she wot,
That euer in one aliche hot
Me greueth: than all my disease
I tell: and though it hir displease
I speke it forth, and nought ne leue:
And though it be beside hir leue,
I hope and trowe netheles,
That I do not ayene the pes.
For though I tell hir all my thought,
She wot well, that I chyde nought.
Men maie the highe god beseche,
And he woll here a mans speche,
And be not wroth of that he seith:
So yeueth it me the more feith,
And maketh me hardie soth to seie,
That I dare well the better preie
My lady, whiche a woman is.
For though I tell hir that er is
Of loue, whiche me greueth sore,
Hir ought not to be wroth the more.
For I without noise or crie
My plaint make all buromly,
To putten all wrath awaie.
Thus dar I say vnto this daie
Of chesse, in ernest or in game
My lady shall me nothynge blame.
But ofte tyme it hath betid,
That with my selue I haue chid,
That no man couth better chide
And that hath ben at euery tide,
Whan I cam to my selue alone.
For than I made a preuy mone,
And euery tale by and by,
Whiche as I spake to my lady,
I thinke and peise in my balance,
And drawe in to my remembrance,
And than, if that I fynde a lacke
Of any worde, that I mispake,
Whiche was to muche in any wise:
Anone my wittes I despise,
And make a chidyng in myn herte,
That any worde be shuld asserte,
Whiche as I shuld haue holden ynne.
And so forth after I begynne.
And loke if there was elles ought
To speke, and I ne spake it nought.
And than if I maie seche and fynde,
That any worde be lefte behynde,
Whiche as I shulde more haue spoke,
I wolde vpon my selfe be wroke,
And chide with my selfen so,
That all my wit is ouergo.
For no man maie his time lore
Recouer: and thus I am therfore
So ouer wroth in all my thought,
That I my selfe chide all to nought,
That for to muche, or for to lyte
Full ofte I am my selfe to wyte.
But all that maie me not auaile,
With chesse though I me trauaile.

But oule on ſtoke, and ſtoke on oule,
The moze that a man defoule,
Men wote well whiche hath the werſe,
And ſo to me nis wozth a kerſe,
But tozneth vnto myn owne heade,
Though I tell, that I were deade,
Wolde euer chide in ſuche a wiſe
Of loue, as I to you deuiſe.
¶But father nowe ye haue all herde,
In this maner howe I haue ferde
Of cheſte, and of diſſencion,
Yeue me your abſolucion.

Confeſſor.

¶My ſonne if that thou wilneſt all,
What cheſte doth in ſpeciall
To loue, and to his welwillyng,
Thou woldeſt ſleen his knowlegeyng.
For who that moſt can ſpeke fayze,
And lerne to be debonayze,
Is moſt accozdende vnto loue,
Fayze ſpeche hath ofte bzought aboue
Full many a man, as it is knowe,
Whiche elles ſhuld haue ben right lowe.
And failed mochell of his wille.
For thy holde thy tonge ſtill,
And lete thy witte thy wille reſte,
So that thou fall not in cheſte,
Whiche is the ſours of great diſtance,
And take into remembzance,
If thou might gete Pacience,
Whiche is the leche of all offence,
As tellen vs the olde wiſe.

¶Pacientia eſt vindicta omnium iniuriarum.

¶For whan nought elles maie ſuffiſe,
By ſtrengthe, ne by mans wit,
Than Pacience it ouer ſit,
And ouer cometh at laſte.
But he maie neuer longe laſte,
Whiche woll not bowe er that he bzeake.
Take hede ſonne of that I ſpeke.

Amans.

¶My fader of your goodly ſpeche,
And of the witte, whiche ye me teche,
I thanke you with all myn herte.
For that wozde ſhall me neuer aſterte,
That I ne ſhall your wozdes holde
Of Pacience, as ye me tolde,
Als ferfozth as myn herte thinketh,
And of my wzath it me fozthinketh.
But father if ye fozth with all
Some good enſample, in ſpeciall
Me wolden teche of ſome Cronike:
It ſhulde well myn hert like
Of Pacience for to here:
So that I might in my matere
The moze vnto my loue obeie,
And putten my diſeaſe aweie.

¶Hic ponit Confeſſor Exemplum de pacientia in amoze contra lites habenda, Et narrat qualiter Yyoz Socratis, ipſum quodam die multis ſermonibus litigauit, Sed cum ipſe abſque vlla reſponſione omnia pzobza pacienter ſuſtulit, indignata Yyoz quandam pdziam plenam aque, quam in manu tenebat, ſuper caput viri ſui ſubito effudit, dicens: Euigila et loquere, qui reſpondens tunc ait: O vere iam ſcio, et expertus ſum, quod poſt ventozum rabiem ſequuntur imbzes. Et iſto modo litis contumeliam ſua pacientia deuicit.

Confeſſor.

My ſonne a man to bie hym pes
Behoueth ſuffer, as Socrates
Enſample left, whiche is wzitte.
And for thou ſhalt the ſooth witte
Of this enſample, what I mene,
All though it be nowe littell ſene
Amonge the men thilke euidence:
Yet he was vpon pacience
So ſet, that he hym ſelfe aſſaie
In thynge, which might him moſt miſpaie
Deſyzeth, and a wicked wife
Ye weddeth, whiche in ſozow and ſtrife
Ageinſt his eaſe was contrayze:
But he ſpake euer ſofte and fayze,
Till it befell, as it is tolde,
In wynter, whan the daie is colde,
This wife was fro the well come,
Where that a pot with water nome
She hath, and bzought it in to houſe,
And ſawe howe that hir ſele ſpouſe
Was ſet, and loked on a boke
Nigh to the fyze, as he whiche toke
His eaſe, as for a man of age,
And ſhe began the wood rage,

And

And asketh hym, what diuel he thought,
And bare on hond, that hym ne rought
What labour that she toke on honde,
And saith, that suche an husbonde
Was to a wife not worth a stre.
He said nother naye ne ye,
But helde hym stille, and lete hir chide.
And she, whiche maie hir selfe not hide,
Began within for to swelle,
And that she brought in fro the welle
The water pot she hent a lofte,
And badde hym speke, and he all softe
Sat stille, and nought a word answerde.
And she was wroth, that he so ferde,
And asketh hym, if he be deade,
And all the water on his heade
She poured out, and bad hym a wake.
But he, whiche woll not forsake
His patience, than spake,
And saide, howe that he fond no lake
In no thyng, whiche she had do.
For it was wynter tyme tho,
And wynter, as by wey of kinde,
Whiche stormie is, as men it finde,
First maketh the windes for to blowe,
And after that within a throwe,
He reineth, and the water gates
Undoth, and thus my wife algates,
Whiche is with reason well beseyn,
Hath made me bothe wynde and reyn
After the season of the yere.
And than he set hym ner the fire,
And as he might his clothes dried,
That he nomore o worde ne seyd,
Wherof he gat hym somdele rest.
For that hym thought was for the best.

Amans.

¶I not if thilke ensample yit
Accordeth with a mans wit
To suffer, as Socrates dede.
And if it fal in any stede
A man to lese so his galle,
Hym ought amonge the women alle
In Loues court, by Judgement
The name beare of patient,
To yeue ensample to the good
Of patience howe that it stode,
That other men it might knowe.

Confessor.

¶And sonne if thou at any throwe
Be tempted ayenst patience,
Take hede vpon this euidence,
It shall par case the lesse greue.

Amans.

¶My fader so as I beleue
Of that shall be no maner nede.
For I woll take so good hede,
That er I fail in suche assaie,
I thinke eschewe, if that I maie.
But if there be ought elles more,
Wherof I might take lore,
I praie you, so as I dare,
Nowe telleth, that I maie beware
Some other tale of this mattere.

Confessor.

¶Sonne it is euer good to lere,
Wherof thou might thy word restreine
Er that thou falle in any peine.
For who that can no counseil hide,
He maie not fasle of wo beside,
Whiche shall befalle, er he it witte,
As I finde in the bokes writte.

¶Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod de alterius vita intromittere cauendum est. Et narrat qualiter Jupiter cum Junone super quadam questione litigabant, videlicet Vtrum vir an mulier in amoris concupiscentia fernentius ardebat: super quo Tiresiam eorum Judicem constituebant. Et quia ille contra Junonem in dicta litis causa sententiam diffiminit, irata ipsum de amborum oculorum lumine claritatis absque remissione priuauit.

Confessor.

¶Yet cam there neuer good of strife,
To seche in all a mans life,
Though it begyn on pure game
Full ofte it torneth in to grame,
And doth greuance on som side,
Wherof the great clerke Ouide,
After the lawe, whiche was tho,
Of Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his boke mencion,
Howe thei felle at dissencion,
In maner as it were a borde,
As thei began for to worde:

Amonge hem selfe in priuetee:
And that was vpon this degree,
Whiche of the two more amorous is,
Or man or wife, And vpon this
Thei might not acorde in one,
And take a Juge therupon,
Whiche cleped is Tyresias,
And bad hym demen in this cas.
And he without auisement
Ayene Juno gaf iugement.
This goddes, vpon his answere
Was wrothe, and wolde not forbere,
But toke awey for euermo
The light from both his eyen two.
Whan Jupiter this hurt hath sene,
Another benefite there ayene
He yaf, and suche a grace hym dooth,
That for he wiste he saide sooth,
A sooth sayer he was for euer.
But yet that other were leuer
Haue had the lokyng of his eie
Than of his worde the prophecie.
But howe so that the sooth went,
Strife was the cause, of that he hent
So great a peine bodily.
¶My sonne be thou ware there by,
And holde thy tonge stille close.
For who that hath his worde disclose
Er that he witte what he mene,
He is full ofte nighe his tene,
And leseth full many tyme grace,
Wher that he wold his thanke purchace.
And ouer this my sonne dere,
Of other men if thou might here
In priuitee, what thei haue wrought:
Hold counseil, and discouer it nought.
For cheste can no counseil hele,
Or be it wo or be it wele,
And take a tale in to thy minde,
The whiche of olde ensample I finde.

¶Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare presumunt. Et narrat, qualiter quedã auis tunc albissima nomine Corunus, consilium domine sue Coronis Phebo denudauit: Vnde cõtigit non solum ipsam Coronidem interfici, sed et Corunũ, qui antea tanquam niue albus fuit, in piceum colorem pro perpetuo transmutari.

¶Phebus, whiche maketh the daies light,
A loue he had, whiche tho highte
Coronis, whom abouen all
He plesed. But what shall befalle
Of loue, there is no man knoweth,
But as fortune hir happes throweth.
So it befell vpon a chance,
A yong knight toke hir acqueintance,
And had of hir all that he wolde.
But a fals byrd, whiche she hath holde
And kept in chambre of pure youthe,
Discouereth all that euer he couthe.
The byrdes name was as tho
Coruus, the whiche was than also
Well more white than any swan:
And he the shrewe all that he can
Of his lady to Phebus saide.
And he for wrath his swerd out braide,
With whiche Coronide anone he slough.
But after, hym was wo enough,
And toke full great repentance,
Wherof in token and remembrance
Of hem, whiche vsen wicke speche,
Vpon this byrde he toke his wreche,
That there he was snowe white tofore,
Euer afterwarde cole blake therfore
He was transformed, as it sheweth.
And many a man yet hym beshreweth.
And clepen hym in to this daie
A Rauen, by whom yet men maie
Take euidence, whan he crieth,
That some mishap it signifieth.
Beware therfore, and saye the best,
If thou wolt be thy selfe in rest,
My good sonne, as I the rede.

¶Hic loquitur super eodem, Et narrat qualiter Lara Nimpha eo quod Jupiter Juturnam adulteranit, Junoni Jouis Vxori secretum reuelauit. Qua propter Jupiter ira commotus lingua Laris prius abscisa, ipsam postea in profundum Acheruntis eyulem pro perpetuo mancipauit.

¶Lo in another place I rede
Of thilke Nymphe, whith Lara highte
For she the priuetee by night
(How Jupiter laie by Juturne)
Hath told: god made hir ouertorne.
Hir tonge he cut, and in to helle
For euer he sent hir for to dwelle:

As

As ſhe that was not worthie here
To ben of loue a chambrere.
For ſhe no counſaile couth hele.
And ſuche a daies be nowe fele
In loues courte, as it is ſaide,
That lette her tonges gone vnteide.
My ſonne be thou none of tho,
To iangle, and telle tales ſo,
And namely that thou ne chide.
For cheſſe can no counſaile hide.
For wrathe ſaide neuer wele.
¶My father ſoothe is euery dele,
That ye me teche: and I woll holde
The rule, whiche I am holde
To flee the cheſſe, as ye me bidde.
For well is hym, that neuer chidde.
Nowe telle me forth if there be more
As touchende vnto wrathes lore.

Dæmonis eſt odium, quaſi ſcriba cui dabit ira
Materiam ſcripti cordis ad antra ſui.
Nõ laxabit amor, odij quẽ frena reſtringunt,
Nec ſecreta ſui iuris adire ſciuit.

¶Hic tractat Confeſſor de tertia ſpecie iræ, quæ odiũ dicitur: cuius notata omnes iræ inimicitiæ ad mentem reducens vſq; ad tempus Vindictæ, Veluti ſcriba demonis in cordis pappyro commemorandas inſerit.

¶Of wrathe yet there is an other,
Whiche is to cheſſe his owne brother,
And is by name cleped hate,
That ſuffereth not within his gate,
That there come other loue or peace.
For he woll make no releaſe
Of no debate, whiche is befalle:
Nowe ſpeke if thou arte one of all,
That with this vice hath be witholde.
¶As yet for ought that ye me tolde
My father, I not what it is.
¶In good faith ſonne I trowe yis.
¶My father nay, but ye me lere.
¶Nowe lift my ſon and thou ſhalt here.
Hate is a wrath, not chewende,
But of longe tyme gatherende,
And dwelleth in the herte loken,
Till he ſee tyme to be wroken
And than he cheweth his tempeſt
More ſodeine than the wilde beſt,
Whiche wote nothyng, what mercy is.
My ſonne arte thou knowen of this?
¶My good father, as I wene,
Nowe wote I ſomedele what ye mene.
But I dare ſaufely make an othe,
My lady was me neuer lothe.
I woll not ſwere netheles,
That I of hate am gilteles.
For whan I to my ladie plie,
Fro daie to daie, and mercy crie.
And ſhe no mercy on me leith,
But ſhorte wordes to me ſeith,
Though I my lady loue algate,
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate,
And wolde thei were all diſpent,
Or ſo ferre out of londe went,
That I neuer after ſhulde hem here:
And yet loue I my ladie dere.
Thus is there hate, as ye maie ſee,
Betwene my ladies worde, and me.
The worde I hate, and hir I loue,
What ſo ſhall me betide of loue.
But furthermore I woll me ſhriue,
That I haue hated all my liue
Theſe ianglers, whiche of her enuie
Ben euer redy for to lie.
For with her falſe compaſſement
Full often thei haue made me ſhent,
And hyndred me full ofte tyme,
Whan thei no cauſe wiſſe byme,
But onliche of her owne thought.
And thus full ofte haue I bought
The lie, and dronke not of the wyne.
I wolde her happe were ſuche as myne.
For howe ſo that I be nowe ſhriue,
To hem maie I nought forgeue,
Till I ſee hem at debate
With loue, and with myn eſtate
Thei mighten by her owne deme,
And loke how wel it ſhuld hem queme
To hyndre a man, that loueth ſore.
And thus I hate hem euermore,
Til loue on hem wold done his wreche:
For that ſhall I alwaie beſeche
Unto the mighty Cupido,
That he ſo mochel wolde do
(So as he is of loue a god)
To ſmite hem with the ſame rod,
With whiche I am of loue ſmiten.

So

So that thei might knowe and witen,
Howe hinderyng is a wofull peine
To hym, that loue wold atteine.
Thus euer on hem I waite and hope,
Till I maie sene hem lepe a lope,
And halten on the same sore,
Whiche I do nowe. for euermore
I wolde than do my might,
So for to stonden in her lighte,
That thei ne shulden haue awey
To that, thei wolden put awey.
I wolde hem put out of the stede
Fro loue, right as thei me dede.
With that thei spekе of me by mouthe,
So wolde I do, if that I couth
Of hem, and thus so god me saue
Is all the hate, that I haue
Towarde the ianglers euery dele,
I wolde all other ferde wele.
Thus haue I father, said my wille:
Saye forth nowe, for I am stille.
¶My sonne of that thou hast me saide,
I holde me nought fully paide,
That thou wolte haten any man,
To that accorden I ne can,
Though he haue hindred the tofore.
But this I telle the therfore,
Thou might vpon my benison,
Well haten the condicion
Of the ianglers, as thou me toldest.
But furthermore, of that thou woldest
Hem hinder in any other wise:
Suche hate is euer to despise.
For thy my sonne I wolde the rede,
That thou drawe in by frendely hede,
That thou ne might not do by hate,
So might thou gete loue algate,
And sette the my sonne in reik.
For thou shalte finde it for the best.
And ouer this so as I dare,
I rede, that thou be right wel ware
Of other mens hate about,
Whiche euery wise man shulde dout.
For hate is euer vpon awayte:
And as the fissher on his bayte
Sleeth, whan he seeth the fisshes fast:
So whan he seeth tyme at last,
That he maie worche an other wo,
Shall no man tourne him ther fro,
That hate nyll his felonie
Fulfill, and feigne companie.
Yet netheles for false semblant
Is towarde hym of couenant
Witholde, so that vnder bothe
That preuy wrath can hym clothe,
That he shall seme a great beleue.
But ware the well, that thou ne leue
All that thou seest afore thyn eie,
So as the Gregoys whilom sie.
The boke of Troie who so rede,
There maie he finde ensample in dede.

¶Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui cū ire sue odium aperte vindicare non possint, ficta dissimulatione vindictam subdole assequentur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamedes princeps Grecorum in obsidione Troie, a quibusdam suis emulis proditorie interfectus fuisset, paterq; suus rex Nauplus in patria sua tunc existens, huiusmodi euentus certitudinem sciuisset: grecos in sui cordis odium super omnia recollegit, vnde contigit, q̄ cum greci deuicta Troia per altum mare versus Grecium nauigio remeantes obscurissimo noctis tempore nimia ventorum tempestate iactabantur, rex Nauplus in terra sua contra litus maris, vbi maiora saxorum eminebant pericula super cacumina montium, grandissimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos greci aspicientes salutem portum ibidem inuenire certissime putabant, Et terram approximates diruptis nauib⁹ magna pars grecorum periclitabatur.

SOnne after the destruction,
Whan Troie was all beate downe,
And slain was Priamus the kyng,
The gregoys, whiche of all this thyng
Ben cause, torn en home ageyne.
There maie no man his hap withseyne,
It hath ben sene, and felte full ofte
The harde tyme after the softe.
By sea as thei forth homewarde went,
A rage of great tempest hem hent.
Juno let bende hir partie bowe,
The skie ware derke, the wind gan blow,
The firie welken began to thonder,
As though the world shuld al a sonder.
From heuen out of the water gates
The reynie storme felle downe algates,
And all hir tacle made vnwelde,
That no man might him selfe bewelde.
There maie men here shipmen crie,

That

That ſtoode in aunter for to die.
He that behynde ſat to ſtere
Maie not the for ſterne here.
The ſhyp aroſe againe the wawes,
The lodeſman hath loſt his lawes,
The ſea on beate on euery ſide,
Thei nisten what fortune abide,
But ſet hem well in gods will,
Where he hem wolde ſaue or ſpill.
And it fell thilke time thus,
There was a kynge, whiche Nauplus
Was hote: and he a ſonne had
At Troie, whiche the gregoys ladde,
As he that was made prince of all,
Till that Fortune let hym fall,
His name was Palamides
But through an hate uetheles
Of ſome of hem, his death was caſte,
And he by treaſon ouercaſte.
His father, whan he herde it telle,
He ſwore, if euer his time felle,
He wolde him venge if that he might,
And therto his auowe he hight.
And thus this kynge through priue hate,
Abode upon a waite algate.
For he was not of ſuche empriſe,
To auengen hym in open wiſe.
The fame, whiche goth wide where
Maketh knowe, how that the grekes were
Homwarde with all the felawſhip
Fro Troie upon the ſea by ſhip.
Nauplus whan he this underſtode,
And knewe the tides of the flode,
And ſawe the wynde blowe to the londe:
A great deceite anone he fonde
Of priuie hate, as thou ſhalte here,
Wherof I tell all this matere.
This kynge the wether gan beholde,
And will well, thei moten holde
Her cours endlonge the marche right,
And made upon the derke night,
Of great flydes and of blockes,
Great fire agein the great rockes,
To ſhewe upon the hilles high:
So that the flete of grece it ſigh.
And ſo fell right as he thought,
This flete, whiche an hauen ſought,
The bright eyes ſawe a ferre,
And thei ben drawen ner and ner,
And wende well, and underſtoode,
Howe all that fyre was made for good,
To ſhewe where men ſhulde ariue,
And thitherwarde thei haſten blyue.
In ſemblant (as men ſayne) is gile,
And that was proued thilke while.
The ſhip, whiche wende his helpe accroche,
Drofe all to peces on the roche:
And ſo there deden tenne or twelue,
There might no man helpe hym ſelue.
For there thei wenden death eſcape,
Withouten helpe her death was ſhape.
Thus thei that comen firſte tofore,
Upon the rockes ben forlore.
But through noiſe, and their crie,
The other were ware therby.
And whan the daie began to rowe,
Tho mighten thei the ſooth knowe,
That where thei wende frendes fynde,
Thei fonde frendſhip all behynde.
The londe than was ſcone weiued,
Where that thei hadden be deceiued,
And toke hem to the high ſee,
Therto they faiden all ye.
Fro that daie forthe, and where thei were,
Of that thei haue aſſaied there.

Confeſſor.

My ſonne wherof thou might auiſe,
Howe fraude ſtant in many wiſe
Amonge hem, that gile thynke.
There is no ſcriuener with his inke
Whiche halfe the fraude writе can,
That ſtant in ſuche a maner man.
For thy the wiſe men ne demen
The thynges after that thei ſemen,
But after that thei knowe and fynde.
The mirrour ſheweth in his kynde,
As he had all the worlde within,
And is in ſooth nothyng therin.
And ſo fareth hate for a throwe,
Till he a man hath ouerthrowe,
Shall no man knowe by his chere,
Whiche is auant, and whiche arere.
For thy my ſonne thinke on this.
My father ſo I woll ſwys.
And if there more of wrath bee,
Nowe alke forthe pur charitee.

As ye by your bokes knowe,
And I the soothe shall beknowe.

Qui cohibere manum nequit, & sic spem eius
Naribus hic populo sæpe timendas erit.
Sepius in luctū Venus & sua gaudia trāsfert,
Cumq; suis thalamis talis amicus adest.
Est amor amplexu non ictibus alliciendus,
Frangit amicitias impetuosa manus.

¶ Hic tractat Confessor super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositas & homicidium dicuntur: sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendit, cuius natura spm̄ in naribus gestando ad omnes ire motiones in vindicta parata, pacientiam nullatenus obseruat.

¶ My sonne thou shalte vnderstonde,
That yet towarde wrath stonde
Of deadly vices other two:
And for to tell her names so,
It is Contecke and Homicide,
That be to gether on euery syde.
Contecke, as the bokes saine,
Foolehast hath to his chamberlaine,
By whose counsayle all vnaduised
Is Patience moste despised,
Tyll Homicide with hem mete,
For mercy thei ben all vnmete.
And thus ben thei the worst of all
Of hem, whiche vnto wrath fall,
In dede both, and eke in thought.
For thei accompten their wrath nought,
But if there be shedynge of blood.
And thus liche to a beast woode
Thei knowen not the god of life,
Be so thei haue or swerde or knife,
Her deadly wrath for to wreke,
Of pitee list hem not to speke,
None other reason thei ne conge,
But that thei ben of might stronge.
But ware him well in other place,
Where euery man behoueth grace.
But there I trowe it shall him faile,
To whom no mercie might auaile,
But wroughten vpon tyrannie,
That no pitee ne might hem plie.
Now tell me sonne. My father what?
If thou hast be culpable of that?
¶ My father nay, Christe me forbede,
I speake onliche of the dede,
Of whiche I was neuer culpable,
Without cause reasonable.
But this is not to my matere
Of christe, why we sitten here.
For we be set to shriue of loue,
As we begonne firste aboue.
And netheles I am beknowe,
That as touchende of loues throwe,
Whan Imy wittes ouerwende,
Myn hertes contecke hath none ende,
But euer stant vpon debate,
To great disease of myn estate,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.
For whan my fortune ouercasteth
Hir whele, and is to me so strange,
And that I see she woll not change:
Than cast I all the worlde about,
And thinke howe I at home in dout
Haue all my tyme in veine spended,
And see not howe to be amended,
But rather for to be empeired,
As he that is well nigh despeired.
For I ne maie nothynge deserue,
And euer I loue, and euer I serue,
And euer I am a liche nere.
Thus, for I stonde in suche a were,
I am, as who saith, out of herre,
And thus vpon my selfe a werre
I bringe, and put out all pees,
That I full ofte in suche a rees
Am wery of myne owne life.
So that of contecke, and of strife,
I am beknowe, and haue answerde,
As ye my father nowe haue herde.
Myn herte is wonderly begone
With counsaile, wherof witte is one,
Whiche hath reason in companie,
Againe the whiche stant partie
wille, whiche hath Hope of his accorde.
And thus thei bringen vp discorde.
witte and Reason counsailen ofte,
That I myn herte shulde softe:
And that I shulde wille remue,
And put him out of retenue:
Or els holde hym vnder foote.
For as thei seine, if that he mote
Dis owne rule haue vpon honde,
There shall no witte ben vnderstonde

Of

Of hope, also to tellen this
That ouer all where that he is,
He sette the herte in ieopardie,
With wisshyng and with fantasie,
And is not trewe of that he seith:
So that in hym there is no seith.
Thus with Reason and witte auised
Is will and hope all daie despised.
Reason saith, that I shulde leue
To loue, where there is no leue
To spede: and will saith there ageine,
That suche an herte is to bileine,
Whiche dare not loue, till that he spede,
Let Hope serue at suche a nede.
He seith eke, where an herte sitte
All holle gouerned vpon witte,
He hath this liues lufte forlore.
And thus myn herte is all to tore
Of suche a contecke, as thei make.
But yet I maie not will forsake,
That he nis maister of my thought,
Or that I spede, or spede nought.
Thou dost my son ageynst the right.
But loue is of so great a might,
His lawe maie no man refuse:
So might thou the better excuse.
And netheles thou shalt be lerned,
That will shulde be gouerned
Of reason more than of kinde,
Wherof a tale write I finde.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod omnis impetuosa voluntas sit discretionis moderamine gubernanda. Et narrat qualiter Diogenes, qui motus animi sui rationi subiugauerat, regē Alexandrum sub isto facto sibi opponente plenius informauit.

¶ A philosopher of whiche men tolde
There was whylom by daies olde,
And Diogenes than he highte:
So olde he was, that he ne mighte
The worlde trauaile, and for the best
He shope hym for to take his rest,
And dwelle at home in suche a wise,
That nigh his house he lette deuise
Ende longe vpon an arell tree
To sette a tonne in suche degree,
That he it might tourne about,
Wherof one head was taken out.
For he therin sitte shulde,
And tourne hym selfe as he wolde,
And take the ayre, and see the heuen,
And deme of the planettes seuen,
As he, whiche couthe mochell what.
And thus full ofte there he sat
To muse in his philosophie
Sole without companie.
So that vpon a morow tide
A thyng, whiche shulde tho betide,
Whan he was sette, there as hym lift,
To loke vpon the sonne arift,
Wherof the propertee he sighe,
It felle, there cam ridyng nigh
Kynge Alisander, with a rout:
And as he cast his eie about,
He sight this tonne: and what it ment
He wolde witte, and thither sent
A knight, by whom he might it know.
And he hym selfe that ilke throwe
Abode, and loueth there stille.
This knight, after the kynges wille
With spore made his horse to gone,
And to the tonne he cam anone,
Where that he fonde a man of age,
And he hym tolde the message,
Suche as the kynge hym had bede:
And asketh why in thilke stede
The tonne stode: and what he was.
And he, whiche vnderstode the cas,
Sat still, and spake no worde agein.
The knight bad speke: and saith, Villein
Thou shalt me telle, er that I go,
It is thy kynge, whiche asketh so.
My kyng, quod he, that were vnright.
What is he than, saith the knight:
Is he thy man: that saie I nought
Quod he, but this I am bethought,
My mans man howe that he is.
Thou lielt fals chorle iwis
The knight him said, and was right wroth,
And to the kynge ayene he goth,
And tolde hym, how this man answerde.
The kynge whan he this tale herde,
Bad that thei shulde all abide.
For he hym selfe wold thider ride.
And whan he came tofore the Tonne,
He hath his tale thus begonne:

All

Al hell, he seith, what man art thou
Quod he? Suche one, as thou seest nowe.
The kynge, whiche had wordes wise,
His age wolde nought despise,
But saith: My father I the praie,
That thou me wolt the cause saie,
How that I am thy mans man.
Sire kynge, quod he, that I can,
Yf thou wilt. Yes, seith the kyng.
Quod he, this is the sooth thyng.
Sith I first reason vnderstode,
And knew what thing was yll and goode
The wil, whiche of my body moueth,
Whos weckes that the god reproueth,
I haue resreigned euer more
Of hym, that stant vnder the lore
Of Reason, whos subiect he is,
So that he maie not done amis.
And thus by weie of couenant
VVIL is my man, and my seruant,
And euer hath bee, and euer shall.
And thi wil is thy principal,
And hath the lordship of thy wit
So that thou couthest neuer yet
Take a daie rest of thy laboure.
But for to be a Conquerour
Of worldes good, which maie not last,
Thou highest euer a liche fast,
Where thou no reason hast to winne.
Thus thy will is cause of sinne,
And is thy lorde, to whom thou seruest,
Wherof thou litel thonke deseruest.
The kyng, of that he thus answerde,
Was nothyng wroth: but when he herde
The highe wisedome, whiche he saide,
With goodly wordes thus he praide,
That he him wold tell his name.
I am, quod he, that ilke same,
Whiche men Diogenes call.
Tho was the kyng right glad with all.
For he had herd oft to fore,
What man he was, so that therfore
He saide: O wise Diogene,
Nowe shall thy great witte be sene.
For thou shalt of my yefte haue,
What worldes thyng thou wolte craue.
Quod he, than houe out of my sonne,
And lete it shyne in to my Tonne.
For thou byreuest me thilke yifte,
Whiche lieth not in thy might to shifte.
None other good of the me nedeth.
The kyng, whō euery countrei dredeth,
Lo thus he was enformed there.
Wherof my sonne thou might lere,
How that thy wil shal nought be leued,
Where it is nought of wit releued.
And thou hast said thy selfe er this,
How that thy wil thi maister is,
Through which thyn hertes thought within
Is euer of conteke to beginne:
So that it is greatly to drede,
That it no homicide brede.
For loue is of a wondre kinde,
And hath his wittes ofte blynde,
That thei fro mans reason fall.
But whan that it is so befall,
That will shall the courage lede
In loues cause, it is to drede:
Wherof I finde ensample writte,
Whiche is behouefull that thou witte.

¶ Hic in amoris causa ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui in sua damna nimis accelerantes ex impetuositate se ipsos multotiens offendunt. Et narrat qualiter Piramus, cum ipse Tisbe amicam suam in loco inter eosdem deputato, tempore aduentus sui promptam non inuenit, animo impetuoso se ipsum præ dolore extracto gladio mortaliter transfodit, quæ postea infra breue veniens, cum ipsum sic mortuum inuenisset, etiam et illa in sue ipsius mortem impetuose festinans, eiusdem gladii cuspide sui cordis intima per medium penetrauit.

¶ I rede a tale, and telleth this.
The citee, whiche Semiramis
Enclosed hath with walle about,
Of worthy folke with many a rout
Was inhabited here and there:
Amonge the whiche two there were
Abouen all other noble and great,
Dwellend tho within a strete
So nighe together, as it was sene,
There was nothyng hem betwene,
But wowe to wowe, and walle to walle.
This o lord hath in specialle
A sonne, a lustie bachilere,
In all the towne was none his pere.
That other had a doughter eke,

In al the lande for to seke,
Men wisten none so fayre as shee,
And fell so, as it shulde bee,
This faire doughter me this sonne,
As thei to geder than wonne,
Cupide hath so thynges shape.
That thei ne might his handes escape,
That he his fire on hem ne caste:
Wher of her hartes he ouercaste:
To folowe thilke lore and sewe,
Whiche neuer man yet might eschewe,
And that was loue, as it is happed,
Whiche hath her hertes so betrapped,
That thei by all weies seche,
How that thei might winne a speche,
Her wofull peine for to lisse.
Who loueth well, it maie not misse,
And namely whan there ben two
Of one accorde, howe so it go,
But if that thei some weie finde.
For loue is euer of suche a kinde,
And hath his folke so well affaited,
That howe so that it be awaited,
There maie no man the purpos let.
And thus betwene hem two thei set
An hole vpon a wall to make,
Through which thei haue her counsell take
At all times, whan thei might.
This faire Maide *Tisbe* hight,
And he, whome she loued hote,
Was *Piramus* by name hote
So longe hir lesson thei recorden,
Tyll at the laste thei acorden,
By nightes time for to wende
Alone out fro the townes ende,
Where was a well vnder a tree:
And who cam firſt or the or hee,
He shulde still there abide.
So it befell the nightes tide,
This maide, whiche desguised was,
All priuely the softe paas
Goth through the large towne vnknowe,
Till that she cam within a throwe,
Where that she liked for to dwell,
At thilke vnhappy freshe well,
Whiche was also the forestе nighe,
Where she comend a lion sighe
In to the felde to take his praie
In haste: and she tho fledde awaie
(So as fortune shuld fall)
For feare, and lete hir wimpill fall
Nighe to the well vpon therbage.
This wylde lyon in his rage
A beste, whiche he founde there out,
Hath slaine, and with his blowdy snoute
(Whan he hath eaten, what he wolde)
To drinke of thilke stremes colde,
Come vnto the well, where he fonde
The wympill, whiche out of hir honde
Was falle, and he it hath to drawe,
Be bledde aboute, and all forgnawe:
And than he straught him for to drinke,
Upon the freshe welles brinke,
And after that out of the playne
He torneth to the wode againe.
And *Tisbe* durst not remewe,
But as a byrde, whiche were in mewe,
Within a bushe she kepte hir close,
So still, that she not arose,
Unto hir selfe and plaineth aie.
And fell, while that she there laie,
This *Piramus* cam after soone
Unto the well, and by the moone
He fonde hir wympill blodie there.
Cam neuer yet to mans eare
Tidyng, ne to mans sight
Mervaile, whiche so sore a slight
A mans herte, as it tho dede
To hym, whiche in the same stede,
With many a wofull complainyng,
Bygan his hondes for to wrynge,
As he, whiche demeth siberly,
That she be dede: and sodeinly
His swerde all naked out he braide
In his fooll haste, and thus he saide:
I am cause of this felonie,
So it is reason, that I die.
And she is deade because of mee.
And with that sworde vpon his knee
He felle, and to the goddes all
Unto the heuen he gan to call,
And praid, sen it is so,
That he maie not his loue as tho
Haue in this worlde, that of her grace
He might hir haue in other place.
For here wolde he not abide

He saith: but as it shall betide.
The pomell of his swerde to grounde
He set, and thrugh his herte a wounde
He made up to the bare hilte.
And in this wise hym selfe spilte,
With his foolhaste, and deth he nam.
For she within a while cam
Where he laie dede upon knife.
So wofull yet was neuer life,
As Tysbe was, whan she him sigh,
She might not one worde on high
Speke, for hir herte shette,
That of hir life no prise she sette,
But deade swonyng downe she fell,
Till afterwarde it so befell,
That she out of hir trauns awoke,
With many a wofull pitous loke
Hir eie alweie amonge she caste
Upon hir loue, and at the laste
She caught breth, and saide thus:
O thou, whiche art cleped Venus,
Goddesse of loue: and thou Cupide,
Whiche loues cause haste for to guide,
I wote nowe well, that ye be blynde,
Of thilke unhap, whiche I now finde,
Onely betwene my loue and me,
This Piramus, whiche here I see
Bleedend, what hath he deserued?
For he thyn hest hath kept and serued,
And was yonge, and I both also.
Allas why do ye with us so?
Ye set our hertes both a fyre,
And made us suche thynge desyre,
Wherof that we no skill couthe.
But thus our freshe lustie youthe
Without ioie is all despended:
Whiche thynge maie neuer be amended.
For as for me this woll I seie,
That me is leuer for to deie,
Than liue after this sorowfull daie.
And with this worde where as he laie
Hir loue in armes she embraseth,
Hir owne deth and so purchaseth,
That nowe she wepte, and now she kisse
Till at the laste, or she it wiste,
So great a sorow is to hir fall,
Whiche ouergoth hir wittes all,
And she, whiche might not asserte
The swerdes point ayenst hir herte
She set, and fell downe therupon:
Wherof that she was dede anone.
And thus both on a swerde bleedend
Thei were founde dede liggend.
Nowe thou my sonne hast herd this tale,
Beware that of thyn owne bale
Thou be not cause in thy foolhaste,
And kepe that thou thy witte ne waste
Upon thy thought in auenture,
Wherof thy liues forfeture
Maie falle: and if thou haue so thought
Er this, tell on, and hide it nought.
My fader upon loues side
My conscience I woll not hide:
Now that for loue of pure wo
I haue ben ofte moued so,
That with my willes, if I might,
A thousand tymes, I you plight,
I had forgurn in a daie:
And therof I me shriue maie,
Though loue fully me ne slowe,
My will to deie was enowe.
So am I of my wyll culpable:
And yet she is not mercyable,
Whiche maie me yeue life and hele.
But that hir list not with me dele
I wote by whos counsail it is:
And hym wolde I longe time er this
(And yet I wolde and euer shall)
Sleen and destroie in speciall.
The golde of nyne kynges londes
Ne shulde him saue fro myn hondes,
In my power if that he were.
But yet hym skant of me no fere,
For nought that euer I can manace,
He is the hindrer of my grace.
Till he be deade I maie not spede,
So mote I nedes taken hede
And shape howe, that he were awey,
If I therto maie synde a weie.
My sonne tell me nowe for thy,
Whiche is that mortall enemy,
That thou manacest to be dede.
My fader it is suche a quede,
That where I come, he is toforе,
And doth so, that my cause is lore.
What is his name? It is daunger,

Whiche

Whiche is my ladis counseiler.
For I was neuer yet so sligh
To come in any place nigh,
Where as she was by night or daie,
That Daunger ne was redy aye,
With whom for speche, ne for mede,
Pet might I neuer of loue spede.
For euer this finde I sooth,
All that my lady saith or dooth
To me, Daunger shall make an ende:
And that maketh al my world miswende:
And euer I aske his helpe: but hee
Maie be wel cleped Sans pitee.
For ay the more I to hym bowe,
The lesse he woll my tale allowe.
He hath my lady so englewed,
She woll not, that he be remewed.
For euer he hongeth on hir seil,
And is so preuie of counseil,
That euer whan I haue ought bede,
I finde Daunger in hir stede,
And myn answere of hym I haue.
But for no mercy, that I craue,
Of mercy neuer a point I had,
I find his answere ay bad,
That worse might it neuer be.
And thus betwene Daunger and me
Is euer werre til he die.
But might I ben of suche maistrie,
That I Daunger had ouercome,
With that were all my ioye come,
Thus wolde I wonde for no sinne,
Ne yet for all this world to wynne,
If that I might finde a sleight,
To laie all my state in weight,
I wolde hym fro the Court deseuer,
So that he come ayenewarde neuer.
Therfore I wisshe and wolde faine,
That he were in some wise slain.
For while he stant in thilke place,
Ne gete I not my ladis grace.
Thus hate I deadely thilke vice,
And wolde he stood in none office
In place, where my ladie is.
For if he doo, I wote wel this,
That outher he shall die or I
Within a while, and not for thy
On my lady full ofte I muse,
How that she maie hir selfe excuse.
For if that I die in suche a plite,
Me thinketh she might not be quite,
That she ne were an homicide.
And if it shulde so betide
(As god forbede it shulde bee)
By double wey it is pitee.
For I, whiche all my wil and wit
Haue yeue, and serued euer yit,
And than I shuld in suche a wise,
In rewardyng of my seruice
Be deade: Me thinketh it were routh.
And ferthermore I telle trouth,
She that hath euer be wel named,
Were worthy than to be blamed:
And of reason to be appeled,
Whan with o word she might haue heled
A man: and suffreth hym to deye.
A who sawe euer suche a wey?
A who sawe euer suche distresse?
Without pitee gentilnesse,
Without mercy womanhede,
That woll so quite a man his mede,
Whiche euer hath be to loue trewe.
¶ My good fader if ye rewe
Upon my tale, telle me nowe,
And I wol stynte and herken you.
¶ My sonne attempre thy courage
Fro wrath, and let thyn hert assuage.
For who so wel hym underfonge,
He maie his grace abide longe
Er he of loue be receiued,
And eke also but if it be weiued,
There might mochel thyng befalle,
That shulde make a man to falle
Fro loue: that neuer afterwarde
Ne durst he loke thiderwarde.
In harde weyes men gone softe,
And er thei climbe auise them ofte.
And men seen all daie, that rape reweth.
And who so wicked ale brewеth,
Full ofte he mote the werse drinke.
Better it is to flete than sinke.
Better is on the bridell chewe,
Than if he fel, and ouerthrewe
The hors, and stiked in the myre.
To calk water in the fire
Better is, than brenne vp al the howes.

The man whiche is malicious,
And foolhaſty: full ofte he falleth:
And ſelden is, whan loue hym calleth.
For thy better is ſuffer a throwe,
Than to be wilde, and ouer throwe.
Suffrance hath euer be the beſt
To wiſen hym that ſeeketh reſt.
And thus if thou wilt loue ſpede,
My ſonne ſuffer, as I the rede.
What maie the mous ayen the cat:
And for thilke cauſe I aſke that,
Who maie to loue make a werre,
That he ne hath hym ſelfe the werre.
Loue aſketh pees, and euer ſhall:
And who that fighteth moſt withall,
Shall leſt conquere of his empriſe.
For this thei tellen that ben wiſe,
Whiche is to ſtriue, and haue the werſe,
To haſten, is nought worth a kerſe
Thyng, that a man maie not acheue.
That maie not wel be done at eue
It mot abide till the morowe.
He haſt not thyne owne ſorowe
My ſonne, and take this in thy witte,
He hath not lofte that wel abitte.
Enſample, that it falleth thus,
Thou might well take of Piramus,
Whan he in haſte his ſwerd out drough,
And on the point hym ſelfe ſlough
For loue of Tiſbe, pitouſly.
For he hir wymple fonde blodie,
And wende a beſte had hir flayne,
Where as hym ought be right fayne.
For ſhe was fafte right beſide.
But for he wolde not abide,
This meſchiefe felle. For thy beware
My ſonne, as I the warne dare,
Do thou no thyng in ſuche a rees.
For ſuffrance is the well of pees.
Though thou to loues courte purſewe,
Yet ſit it wel, that thou eſchewe,
That thou the courte not ouerhaſt.
For ſo thou might thy tyme waſt.
But if thyn happe therto be ſhape,
It maie not helpe for to rape.
Therfore attemper thy courage:
Foolhaſt doth none auantage,
But ofte it ſet a man behynde
In cauſe of loue, and I finde
By olde enſamples, as thou ſhalt here
Touchend of loue in this matere.

¶ Hic ponit Confeſſor exemplum cõtra illos, qui in amoris cauſa nimia feſtinatione concupiſcẽtes, tardius eppediũt, Et narrat qualiter pro eo quod Phebus quandam Virginem pulcherrimã, nomine Daphnem, nimia amoris acceleratione inſequebatur, Gratus Cupido cor Phebi ſagitta aurea ignita ardẽtius ſuſtinerauit, Et ecõtra cor Daphne, quadam ſagitta plumbea, quæ frigidiſſima fuit, ſoꝛtius perforauit. Et ſic quanto magis Phebus ardentior in amore Daphnem perſecutus eſt, tanto magis ipſa frigidior Phebi concupiſcentiam toto corde fugitiua dedignabatur.

¶ A maiden whilom there was one
Which Daphnes hight: and ſuch was none
Of beautee than, as it was ſaide,
Phebus his loue hath on hir laide
And therupon to hir he ſought
In his foolhaſt, and ſo beſought,
That ſhe with hym no reſte had.
For euer upon hir loue he grad.
And ſhe ſaide euer unto hym naye.
So it beſelle upon a daie,
Cupide, whiche hath euery chance
Of loue, under his gouernance,
Sigh Phebus haſten hym ſo ſore,
And for he ſhulde hym haſte the more,
And yet not ſpeden, at laſte
A dart throughout his hert he caſte,
Whiche was of golde, and all a fire,
That made hym many folde deſire
Of loue more than he dede.
To Daphne eke in the ſame ſtede
A dart of lead he caſte and ſmote,
Whiche was all colde, and no thyng hote.
And thus Phebus in loue bꝛenneth,
And in haſt about renneth
To loke, if that he might wynne.
Thus was he euer to begynne.
For euer awey fro hym ſhe fled,
So that he neuer his loue ſped.
And for to make hym full beleue
That no foolhaſt might acheue,
To gete loue in ſuche degree:
This Daphne in to a laurel tree
Was torned, whiche is euer greene,
In token, as yet it maie be ſeene,

That

That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phebus failen of his will.
By suche ensamples as thei stonde
My sonne thou myght vnderstonde
To hasten loue is thynge in veine,
Whan that fortune is there ageine.
To take where a man hath leue
Good is: and elles he mote leue.
For whan a mans happes faylen,
There is no hatte maie availen.
¶My fader graunte mercy of this.
But whyle I see my lady is
No tree: but holde hir owne forme,
There maie me no man so enforme,
To whedyr parte fortune wende,
That I vnto my liues ende
Ne wolde hir serue euermo.

Confessor.

¶My sonne sith it is so,
I saie no more, but in this cas
Beware, howe it with Phebus was.
Nought onely vpon loues chance,
But vpon euery gouernance,
Whiche falleth vnto mans dede,
Foolhatte is euer for to drede.
And that a man good counseyll take.
Er he his purpose vndertake.
For counseill put foolhatt a wey.
¶Now good fader I you prey,
That for to wisse me the more,
Some good ensample vpon this lore
Ye wolde me tell, of that is writte,
That I the better might witte,
How I foolhatte shulde eschewe,
And the wisdome of counseill sewe.
¶My sonne that thou myght enforme
Thy patience opon the forme
Of olde ensamples, as thei fell,
Nowe vnderstonde, what I shall tell.

¶Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos qui nimio furore accensi, vindictam ire sue vltra quam decet cõsequi affectant. Et narrat qualiter Athemas et Demephon Reges, cum ipsi a Bello Troiano ad propria remeassent, et a suis ibidem pacifice recepti non fuissent, congregato aliunde pugnatorum exercitu, regiones suas non solum incendio vastare, sed et omnes in eisdem habitantes a minimo vsque ad maiorem in perpetuam vindicte memoriam gladio interficere, feruore iracundie proposuerunt: Sed rex Nestor, qui senex et sapiens fuit, tractatus inter ipsos reges et eorum regna inita pace huiusmodi impetuositatem mitius pacificauit.

¶When noble Troie was bileyn
And ouercome, and home ageine
The gregoys torned from the siege,
The kynges fonde her owne liege
In many place, as men saide,
That hem forsoke and disobeide:
Amonge the whiche fell this case
To Demephon and Athemas,
That were kynges both two,
And bothe were serued so:
Her lieges wolde not hem receiue,
So that thei mote algates weiue
To seche londe in other place.
For there fonde thei no grace
Wherof thei token hem to rede,
And soughten frendes at nede:
And eche of hem assureth other,
To helpe as to his owne brother,
To vengen hem of thilke oultrage,
And wynne ayene her heritage.
And thus thei ride aboute faste
To getten hem helpe: and at laste
Thei hadden power sufficsant,
And maden than a couenant,
That thei ne shulde no life saue,
Ne preste, ne clerke, ne lorde, ne knaue,
Ne wife, ne childe of that thei finde,
Whiche beareth visage of mans kynde.
So that no life shall be socoured,
But with the deadely swerde deuoured.
In suche foolhatte her ordinance.
Thei shapen for to do vengeance.
Whan this purpose was wist and know
Amonge their host, tho was there blowe
Of wordes many a spethe aboute.
Of yonge men the luste route
Were of this tale gladde enough.
There was no care for the plough,
As thei that were foolhattise,
They ben accorded to the strike,
And sein, it maie not be to great
To vengen hem of suche forfet.
Thus saith the wilde vnwise tonge
Of hem, that there weren yonge.

But Nestor, whiche was olde and hore,
The salue sawe tofore the sore,
As he that was of counseille wise:
So that anone by his aduise,
There was a preuie counsaile nome,
The lordes ben to gether come:
This Demephon and anthemas
Her purpose tolden, as it was.
Thei setten all still and herde,
Was none but Nestor hem answerde:
He bad hem, if thei wolde winne,
Thei shulden see, er thei beginne
Her ende: and set her first entent,
That thei hem after ne repent,
And asketh hem this question
To what finall conclusion
Thei wolden reigne kynges there,
If that no people in londe were?
And seith, it were a wonder wierd,
To seen a kynge bycomen an hierd,
Where no like is but onely beste
Under the ligeance of his heste.
For who that is of man no kynge,
The remenant is as no thynge.
He seith eke, if thei pourpose holde
To slee the people, as thei two wolde:
Whan thei it might not reskore,
All Greece it shulde abidge sore,
To se the wylde beastes wonne,
Where whilom dwelt mans sonne.
And for that cause he bad hem treate,
And stint of tho manaces great:
Better is to wynne by faire speche
He seith, than suche vengeance seche.
For whan a man is moste aboue,
Hym nedeth moste to gette hym loue.
Whan Nestor hath this tale saide,
Ayene hym was no worde withsaide:
It thought hem all he saide wele.
And thus fortune hir deadly whele
Fro werre tourneth in to pees:
But forth thei wenten netheles.
And whan the countreis hearde seyne,
Howe that her kynges be beseyne,
Of suche a power as thei lad,
Was none so bolde, that hem ne drad,
And for to seche peas and grith
Thei sende and praide anone forthwith:
So that the kynges ben appeased,
And euery mans hert is eased:
All was forpete, and not recorded,
And thus thei ben to geder acorded.
The kynges were ayene received,
And pees was take, and wrath weined,
And all through counseill, which was good
Of hym that reason vnderstoode.
By this ensample sonne attempre
Thyn herte, and let no will distempre
Thy witte: and do nothing by might,
Whiche male be do by loue and right.
Foolhast is cause of mochell wo:
For thy my sonne do not so.
And as touchend of Homicide,
Whiche toucheth vnto loues side,
Full ofte it falleth vnauised
Through will, whiche is not well assised:
Whan witte and reason ben awey,
And that foolhast is in the wey:
Wherof hath fall great vengeance.
For thy take into remembrance
To loue in suche a maner wise,
That thou deserue no juise.
For well I wote, thou might not lette,
That thou ne shalt thin herte sette
To loue, where thou wolt or none,
But if thy witte be ouergone,
So that it torne vnto malice,
There wote no man of thilke vice,
What perill that there male befall:
Wherof a tale amonges all,
Whiche is great pitee for to here,
I thinke for to tellen here,
That thou such murdre might withstonde,
Whan thou the tale hast vnderstonde.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui ob sue concupiscentie desiderium Homicide efficiuntur. Et narrat quakiter Clitemestra, vxor Regis Agamemnonis, cum ipse a bello Troiano domi rediisset, consilio Egisti, quem adultera peramauit, sponsum summo in cubili dormientem suo noctis silencio trucidabat: cuius mortem filius eius Horestes tunc iuuenis etatis postea diis admonitus crudelissima seueritate vindicauit.

Of Troie at thilke noble towne,
Whose fame stant yet of renowne,
And euer shall to mans ere:

The

The siege lasse longe there,
Er that the Grekes it might winne,
While *Priamus*, was kynge therin.
But of the grekes, that lien aboute,
Agamemnon ladde all the route.
This thynge is knowen ouer all:
But yet I thinke in speciall,
To my matter therupon,
Tell in what wise *Agamemnon*
Through chance, that maie not be weiued,
Of loue vntrewe was deceiued.
An olde sawe is: who that is sligh,
In place where he maie be nigh,
He maketh the ferre leef, loth
Of loue, and thus full ofte it goth.
There while *Agamemnon* batailleth,
To winne Troie, and it assailleth,
From home and was longe tyme there,
Egistus drough his quene nere,
And with the leiser, whiche he had,
This ladie at his will he ladde.
Clitemnestre was hir right name,
She was therof greatly to blame,
To loue there it maie not lasse,
But fell to mischiefe at lasse.
For whan this noble worthie knight
Fro Troie came, the firste night
That he at home a bedde laie,
Egistus longe er it was daie,
As this Clitemnestre hym had assent,
And weren both of one assent:
By treson slough hym in his bed.
But mourder, whiche maie not ben hed,
Sprynge out to euery mans eare,
Wherof the londe was full of feare.
Agamemnon hath by this queen
A sonne, and that was after seene.
But yet as than he was of youth
A babe, whiche no reason couth.
And as god wolde, it fell hym thus,
A worthie knight *Taltibius*,
This ponge childe hath in keppyng:
And whan he herde of this tidynge,
Of this treason, of this mislede,
He gan within hym selfe to drede,
In aunter if this false Egiste
Vpon hym come, er he it wiste,
To take and mourther, of his malice,
This childe, whiche he hath to norrice,
And for that cause in all haste
Out of the londe he gan hym haste,
And to the kynge of Crete he straught,
And him this ponge lorde betaught,
And praide him for his fathers sake,
That he this childe wolde vndertake,
And kepe hym till he be of age,
So as he was of his lignage:
And tolde hym ouer all the cas,
Howe that his father mourthred was:
And howe *Egistus*, as men saide,
Was kynge, to whom the londe abeide.
And whan *Idomeneus* the kynge
Hath vnderstonding of this thynge,
Whiche that this knight him hath tolde,
He made sorowe manifolde,
And toke the childe vnto his warde,
And saide, he wolde hym kepe and warde,
Tyll that he were of suche a might,
To handle a swerde, and be a knight,
To wengen him at his owne will.
And thus Horestes dwelleth still,
Suche was the childes right name,
Whiche after wrought mochell shame
In vengeance of his fathers deth.
The tyme of yeres ouergeth,
That he was man of brede and length,
Of wyt, of manhode, and of strenth:
A fayre persone amonges all,
And he beganne to clepe and call,
As he, whiche come was to man,
Vnto the kynge of Crete than,
Preiende that he wolde hym make
A knight, and power with hym take,
For lenger wolde he not beleue
He saith, but praieth the kynge of leue
To gone and cleyme his heritage,
And venge hym of thilke oultrage,
Whiche was vnto his father do.
The kynge assenteth well therto,
With great honor and knight him maketh,
And great power to hym betaketh,
And gan his iourney for to caste.
So that Horestes at lasse
His leue toke, and forth he goth,
As he that was in his herte wroth,
His sirste playnt to be mene

Vnto

Unto the citee of Athene
He goth hym forth, and was receiued.
So there was he nought deceiued.
The duke, and tho that weren wise
Thei proferen hem to his seruice.
And he hem thonketh of their proffer,
And saide hym selfe he wolde gone offer
Unto the goddes for his spede,
And all men yeue hym rede.
So goth he vnto the temple forth,
Of yeftes, that be mochell worth
His sacrifice, and his offrynge
He made: and after his askynge
He was answerde, if that he wolde
His estate recouer, than he sholde
Upon his mother do vengeance
So cruell, that the remembrance
Therof might euermore abide,
As she that was an homicide,
And of hir owne lorde mourdrice.
Horestes, whiche of thilke office
Was nothyng glad, and than he praide
Unto the goddes there, and saide,
That thei the iudgement deuise,
Howe he shall take the iuise.
And therupon he had answere
That he hir pappes shulde of tere
Out of hir breast, his owne hondes:
And for ensample of all londes,
With hors she shulde be to drawe,
Till houndes had hir bones gnawe,
Without any sepulture.
This was a wofull auenture.
And whan Horestes hath all herde,
Howe that the goddes haue answerde,
Forth with the strength, whiche he lad,
The duke and his power he had,
And to a citee forth thei gone,
The whiche was cleped Cropheone:
Where as Phoicus was lorde and sire,
Whiche profereth hym withouten hyre
His helpe, and all that he maie do,
As he that was right glad therto,
To greue his mortall ennemy,
And tolde him certaine cause why,
Howe that Egiste in mariage
His doughter whilom of full age
Forlaie, and afterwarde forsoke,
Whan he Horestes mother toke.
Men saine olde synne newe shame:
Thus more and more arose the blame
Ayene Egiste on euery side.
Horestes with his host to ride
Began, and Phoicus with hym went.
I trowe Egiste shall hym repent.
Thei riden forth vnto Mycene,
There lay Clitemnestre thilke quene,
The whiche Horestes mother is.
And whan she herde tell of this,
The gates were falle shette,
And thei were of her entre lette.
Anone this citee was without
Beleine, and seged all about,
And euer amonge thei it assaile
Fro daie to night, and so trauaile,
Till at laste thei it wonne.
Tho was there sorowe enough begonne.
Horestes did his mother call
Anone tofore the lordes all,
And eke tofore the people also,
To hir and tolde his tale tho
And saide: O cruell beaste vnkynde,
Howe mightest thou in thyn herte finde,
For any luste of loues draught,
That thou accordest to the slaught
Of hym, whiche was thine owne lorde?
Thy treason stant of suche recorde,
Thou might thy werkes not forsake.
So mote I for my father sake
Mengeance vpon thy body do,
As I commaunded am therto.
Unkyndely for thou hast wrought,
Unkyndeliche it shall be bought.
The sonne shall the mother slea,
For that whilom thou saidest yea
To that thou shuldest nay haue sayd.
And he with that his hondes hath laid
Upon his mothers breast anone,
And rent out from the bare bone
Hir pappes both, and caste awaie
Amiddes in the carte waie.
And after toke the deade cors,
And lete it bedrawe awey with hors
Unto the hounde, vnto the Rauen,
She was none other wise grauen.
Egistus whiche was elles where

Ty-

Tydynges comen to his eare,
Howe that Mycenes was beleine:
But what was moze, herd he not seine.
With great menace and mochel bolde
He drough power, and made an holde,
And came in rescous of the towne.
But all the sleight of this treasone
Horestes wist it by a spie,
And of his men a great partie
He made ambusshement abide,
To wayte on hym in suche a tide,
That he ne might her honde escape.
And in this wise, as he hath shape,
The thyng befell, so that Egyst
Was take, er he hym selfe it wist:
And was brought forth his hondes bonde,
As whan men haue a traitour fonde.
And tho that were with hym take,
Whiche of treason were ouertake,
To gether in one sentence falle.
But false Egyste aboue hem alle
Was demed to diuers peine,
The werst that men couthe ordeine,
And so after by the lawe
He was vnto the gibet drawe,
Where he aboue all other hongeth,
As to a traitour it belongeth.
The same with hir swifte wynges
About fleeth, and bare tidynges,
And made it couth in all londes,
Howe that Horestes, with his hondes
Clytemnestre his owne mother slough.
Some seyne, he did well enough,
And some seyne, he did amis.
Diuers opinions there is,
That she is deade thei speken all.
But plainly howe it is befall
The matter in so littell throwe,
In soothe there might no man knowe,
But thei that weren at the dede.
And commonliche in euery nede
The werst spethe is rathest herde,
And leued, till it be answerde.
The kynges, and the lordes great
Begonne Horestes for to threat,
To putten hym out of his reigne.
He is not worthy for to reigne.
The childe, whiche slough his moder for
Thei saide, and therupon also
The lordes of common assent,
The tyme set of parlement.
And to Athenes kynge and lorde
To gether come of one accorde,
To knowe howe that the sooth was:
So that Horestes in this cas
Thei senden after, and he come.
Kynge Menelay the worthes nome,
And asketh hym of this matere.
And he, that all it might here,
Answerde, and tolde his tale at large:
And howe the goddes in his charge
Commaunded hym in suche a wise
His owne honde to do iuyse.
With this tale a duke arose,
Whiche was a worthy knight of lose,
His name was Menestheus,
And saide vnto the lordes thus:
The wreche, whiche Horestes dede,
It was thyng of the goddes bede,
And nothyng of his crueltee.
And if there were of my degree
In all this place suche a knight,
That woll seyne, it was no right,
I woll it with my body proue,
And therupon he cast his glone.
And eke this noble duke aleyde
Full many an other skill, and seide,
She had well deserued wreche.
First for the cause of spouse breche,
And after wrought in suche a wise,
That all the worlde it ought agrise,
Whan that she for so foule a vice
Was of hir owne lorde mourdrice.
Thei sitten all stille and herde,
But therto was no man answerde:
It thought hem all, he saide skille,
There is no man with say it wille.
Whan thei vpon the reason musen,
Horestes all thei excusen:
So that with great solemnitee,
He was vnto his dignitee
Receyued, and corones kynge.
And tho befell a wondre thynge.
Egyona, whan she it wyste,
Whiche was the doughter of Egyste
And sister on the mother side,

To

To this Hozek, at thilke tide,
Whan she herde, how hir brother sped,
For pure sozowe, whiche hir led,
That he ne had ben exiled,
She hath hir owne life begiled
Anone, and henge hir selfe tho.
It hath and shall be euermo,
To mourther who that woll assente,
He maie not faile to repent.
This false Egyona was one,
Whiche to mourther Agamemnon
Paue hir accozde, and hir assent,
So that by gods iudgement,
Though none other man it wolde,
She toke hir iuyse, as she sholde.
And as she to an other wrought
Uengeance vpon hir selfe she thought,
And hath of hir vnhappy witte,
A mourther with a mourther quit.
Suche is of mourther the vengeance.
¶For thy my sonne in remembrance
Of this ensample, take good hede.
For who that thinketh his loue spede
With mourther, he shall ẅ worldes shame
Him selfe and eke his loue shame.
¶My father of this auenture,
Whiche ye haue tolde, I you assure,
My herte is sozy for to here:
But onely for I wolde lere
What is to done, and what to leue.
And ouer this by your leue,
That ye me wolde telle I prey,
If there be lefull any weye,
Withoute sinne a man maie slea?
¶My sonne in sondry wise yea.
What man that is of Traitozie,
Of mozde, oz els Robberie
Atteint, the Judge shal not let,
But he shal sleen of pure det,
And doth great sinne if that he wonde.
For who that lawe hath vpon honde,
And spareth for to do iustice
For mercy: doth not his office,
That he his mercy so bewareth:
Whan for one shrewe, whiche he spareth,
A thousand good men he greueth.
With suche mercy who that bileueth.
To please god: he is deceiued,
Oz els mote reason be weyued.
The lawe stode oz we were boze,
Nowe that a kynges swerde is boze
In signe, that he shall defende
His true people: and make an ende
Of suche, as wolden hem deuour.
¶Lo thus my sonne to soueroun
The lawe, and common right to wynne
A man maie slee without sinne,
And do therof a great almesse,
So for to kepe rightwisenesse.
And ouer this for his countree,
In tyme of werre, a man is free
Hym selfe, his house, and eke his londe,
Defende with his owne honde,
And sleen, if he maie no bet,
After the lawe, whiche is set.
¶Nowe father than I you beseche,
Of hem, that deadly werres sethe
In worldes cause, and sheden blood,
If suche an homicide is good?

Confessor.

¶My sonne vpon thy question,
The trouth of myn opinion
(Als ferforth as my wit aretheth
And as the plaine lawe teacheth)
I wolde the telle in euidence,
To rule with thy conscience.

Qđ creat ipse deꝰ, necat hoc homicida creatũ,
Vltor & humano sanguine spargit humũ.
Vt pecoris sic est hoīs cruor heu modo fusus,
Victa iacet pietas, & furor vrget opus.
Angelus in terra pax dixit, & vltima Christi
Verba sonẽt pacẽ, quã modo guerra fugat.

¶Hic sequitur contra motores guerre, quæ non solum homicidii sed vniuersi mundi desolationis mater existit.

¶The high god of his iustice,
The ilke foule horrible vice,
Of homicide he hath forbede
By Moyses, as it was bede.
Whan goddes sonne was also boze,
He sent his angell downe therfoze,
Whom the shepeherdes herden singe
Pees to the men of welwillynge
In erthe amonge vs here.
So for to speke in this matere
After the lawe of charitee,

There shall deadly werre bee.
And eke nature it hath defended,
And in hir lawe pees commended,
Whiche is the chiefe of mans welth,
Of mans life, of mans helth.
But deadly werre hath his cosine
Of pestilence, and of famine,
Of pouertee, and of all wo:
Wherof this worlde we blamen so,
Whiche nowe the werre hath vnderfoote
Till god him selfe therof do boote.
For all thyng, whiche god hath wrought
In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.
The churche is brent, the preest is slaine
The wife, the maide is eke forlaine,
The lawe is lore, and god vnserued:
I not what mede he hath deserued,
That suche werres ledeth inne.
If that he do it for to winne:
Firste to accompte his great coste,
Forth with the folke that he hath loste,
As to the worldes reckenynge
There shall he fynde no winnynge.
And if he do it to purchace
The heuen, mede of suche a grace
I can nought speke netheles,
Christ hath commaunded loue and pes.
And who that worcheth the reuers,
I trowe his mede is full diuers.
And sithen than that we fynde,
That werres in her owne kynde
Ben towarde god of no deserte:
And eke thei bringen in pouerte
Of worldes good, it is merueile,
Amonge the men what it maie eyle,
That thei a pees ne connen set.
I trowe synne be the let,
And euery mede of sinne is deth,
So wote I nener howe it geth.
But we, that be of o beleue
Amonge our selfe, this wolde I leue,
That better it were pees to chese,
Than so by double wete lese.
¶ I not if that it nowe so stonde,
But this a man maie vnderstonde,
Who that these olde bokes redeth,
That couetise is one, whiche ledeth
And brought the firste werres inne.

At Grece if that I shall beginne,
There was it proued howe it stode,
To Perse, whiche was full of good,
Thei maden werre in speciall:
And so thei didden euer all,
Where great richesse was in londe:
So that thei lefte nothynge stonde
Unwerred, but onely Archade.

¶ Nota quod greciomnem terram fertilē debellabant, sed tantum Archadiam, pro eo q̄ pauper et sterilis fuit, pacifice dimiserunt.

¶ For there thei no werres made,
Because it was barcine and poure,
Wherof thei might nought recouer:
And thus pouerte was forbore.
He that nought had nought hath lore.
But yet it is a wonder thynge,
Whan that a riche worthie kynge
Or lorde, what so he bee,
Woll aske and claime propertee
In thynge, to whiche he hath no right.
But onely of his great might.
For this maie euery man well wite,
That both kynde and lawe write
Expressely stonden there ageyne.
But he mote nedes somewhat seyne,
All though there be no reason inne,
Whiche secheth cause for to winne.
For wille, that is with will oppressed,
Whan couetise him hath adressed,
And all reasone put alwey,
He can wel fynde suche a wey
To werre, where as euer hym liketh:
Wherof that he the worde entriketh,
That many aman of hym compleineth:
But yet alway some cause he feineth,
And of his wrongefull herte he demeth,
That all is well, what euer him semeth,
Be so that he maie winne enough.
For as the true man to the plough
Only to the gaine entendeth:
Right so the werriour dispendeth
His tyme, and hath no conscience.
And in this point for euidence
Of hem that suche werres make,
Thou might a great ensample take,
Now thei her tyrannie excusen,

Of

Of that thei wrongfull warres vsen,
And howe thei stonde of one accorde
The soudiour forth with the lorde,
The poore man forth with the riche,
As of courage thei ben liche,
To make werres and to pylle
For lucre: and for none other skille:
Wherof a propre tale I rede,
As it whilom befell in dede

Hic declarat per exemplum contra istos principes seu alios quoscunq; illicite guerre motores, Et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus marinis spoliatore notissimo, qui cum captus fuisset, et in iudicium coram rege Alexandro productus, et de latrocinio accusatus, dixit, O Alexander Vere quia cū paucis sociis spoliorum causa naues tantum expleo, ego latrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine vniuersam terram subiugando spoliasti, Imperator diceres, Ita q; status tuus a statu meo differt, sed eodem animo condicionem parilem habemus. Alexander vero eius audaciam in responsione comprobans, ipsum penes se familiarem retinuit, Et sic bellicosus bellatori complacuit.

Of hym whome all this erthe drad,
Whan he the worlde so overladde
Through werre, as it fortuned is,
Kynge Alisaunder I rede this,
Howe in a marche, where he laie,
It fell perchance vpon a daie,
A rouer of the sea was nome,
Whiche many a man had overcome,
And slaine, and take her good awaie.
This piller, as the bokes saie,
A famous man in sondrie stede
Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.
This prisoner afore the kynge
Was brought: and therupon this thynge
In audience he was accused.
And he his dede hath nought excused,
And praide the kynge to done him right,
And saide. Syre if I were of might
I haue an herte liche vnto thyn.
For if thy power were myn
My will is moste in speciall
To ryfle, and gette over all
The large worldes good about.
But for I leade a poure route
And am, as who saith, at mischiefe,
The name of pillour and of theefe
I beare: and thou whiche routes greate
Might leade, and take thy beyete,
And dolke right, as I wolde do,
Thy name is nothynge cleped so,
But thou art named emperour.
Our dedes ben of one colour,
And in effecte of one deserte:
But thy rychesse and my powerte,
Thei be not taken euen liche
And netheles he that is riche
This daie, to morowe he maie be poorer,
And in contrary also recouer
A poore man to great riches.
Men seyn for thy let rightewisenes
Be peised euen in the balance.
The kynge his hardie countenance
Behelde: and his wordes wise,
And said vnto hym in this wise:
Thyne answere I haue vnderstonde,
Wherof my wyll is, that thou stonde
In my seruice, and still abide.
And forth with all the same tide
He hath hym terme of life withholde,
The more and for he shulde ben holde,
He made him knight, and yafe hym londes
Whiche afterwarde was of his honde
An orped knight in many a stede,
And great prowes of armes dede,
As the Cronikes it recorden:
And in this wise thei acorden,
The whiche of condicion
Be sette vpon destruction.
Suche Capitaine suche retinue,
But for to see what issue
The kynge befalleth at the laste.
It is great wonder that men caste
Her herte vpon suche wronge to winne,
Where no beyete maie be inne,
And doth disease on euery side.
But when reason is put a side,
And wille gouerneth the courage.
The faucon whiche fleeth ramage,
And suffreth no thynge in the waie,
Wherof that he maie take his praie:
Is not more set vpon rauyne,
Than thilke man, whiche his couyne
Hath set in suche a maner wise

For

For all the worlde maie nought suffise
To wil, whiche is not reasonable.

☞ Hic secundum gesta Alexandri de guerris illicitis ponit Confessor exemplum, dicens: quod quamuis Alexander sua potentia totius mundi victor, subingarat imperium, ipse tandem mortis victoria subingatus, cunctipotentis sententiam euadere non potuit.

☞ Wherof enlample concordable
Liche to this pointe, of whiche I mene,
Was vpon Alisander sene,
Whiche had set all his entent,
So as fortune with hym went,
That reason might hym not gouerne,
But of his wille he was so sterne,
That all the worlde he ouerran,
And what hym list he toke and wan.
In Indee the superiour,
Whan that he was full conqueroure,
And had his wilfull pourpose wonne,
Of all this erth vnder the sonne,
This kynge homwarde to Macedoyne,
Whan that he cam to Babyloyne,
And wend most in his empire
(As he whiche was holle lorde and sire)
In honour for to be receyued,
Most sodenliche he was deceyued,
And with stronge poison enuenoumed.
And as he hath the worlde misklimed,
Not as he shulde with his witte,
Not as he wolde, it was acquitte,
Thus was he slayn, that whilom slough.
And he, whiche riche was enough
This daie, to morowe had nought.
And in suche wise as he hath wrought
In disturbance of worldes pees,
His werre he fonde than endeles
In whiche for euer discomfite
He was. Lo nowe for what profite
Of werre it helpeth for to ride,
For couetise and worldes pride
To slee the worldes men aboute
As bestes, whiche gone there oute.
For euery life, whiche reason can,
Ought wel to knowe, that a man
Ne shulde through no tyrannie
Liche to this other bestes die.
Til kynde wolde for hym sende,
I not how he it might amend,
Whiche taketh a weye for euermore
The life, that he maie not restore.
For thy my sonne in all weye
Be wel auised, I the preie
Of slaught, er that thou be culpable
Withoute cause reasonable.
My fader vnderstonde it is
That ye haue saide: but ouer this
I praie you telle me naye or yea,
To passe ouer the great sea
To warre and sle the Saracin,
Is that the lawe? Sonne nay
To preche, and suffer for the feith,
That haue I herd, the gospel seith:
But for to slea, that here I nought.
Christ with his owne deth hath bought
All other men, and made hem free,
In token of perfite charitee.
And after that he taught him selue,
Whan he was dede these other twelue
Of his apostles went aboute
The holy feith to preche oute,
Wherof the deathe in sondrie place
Thei suffer, and so god of his grace
The feith of Christ hath made arise.
But if thei wolde in other wise
By werre haue brought in the creance,
It had yet stonde in balance,
And that maie prouen in the dede.
For what man the Cronickes rede
Fro first that holy churche hath welued
To preche, and hath the swerde receiued,
Wherof the werres ben begonne:
A great partie of that was wonne
To Christes feith, stant nowe miswent:
God do therof amendement,
So as he wote, what is the best.
But sonne if thou wilt liue in rest
Of conscience well assised,
Er that thou slea, be wel auised.
For man, as tellen vs the clerkes,
Hath god aboue all erthely werkes
Ordeined to be principall,
And eke of soule in speciall
He is mirde liche to the godhede:
So sit it wel to taken hede,

And for to loke on euery side
Er that thou falle in homicide:
Whiche sinne is nowe so generall,
That it wel nie stant ouerall
In holy churche, as elles where,
But all the while it is so there,
The world not nede care amis.
For whan the wel of pitee is,
Through coueitise of worldes good,
Defoulled with shedyng of blood,
The remenant of folke about
Unnethe stonden in any dout
To werre eche other, and to slea,
So is it all not worth a strea
The charitee, wherof we prechen.
For we do no thyng as we techen.
And this the blynde conscience
Of pes hath lost thilke euidence,
Whiche Christe vpon this erth taught,
Nowe maie men see murder & manslaught
Liche as it was by daies olde,
Whan men the sinnes bought and solde.

Facilitas venie occasionē prebet delinquēdi.

In Grece afore Chrisses seithe
I rede, as the Cronicke seith,
Touchend of this matter thus,
In thilke tyme howe Peleus
His owne broder Phocus slough.
But for he had golde enough
To yeue, his sinne was dispensed
With golde, wherof it was compensed.
Acastus, whiche with Venus was
Hir preest, assoylled in that cas,
Al were there no repentance.
And as the boke maketh remembrance,
It telleth of Medee also,
Of that she slough hir sonnes two,
Egeus in the same plite
Hath made hir of hir sinne quite.
The sonne eke of Amphioras,
Whos right name Almeus was,
His moder slough Eriphele.
But Acbisoo the preest and hee,
So as the bokes it recorden,
For certaine some of golde acorden,
That thilke horrible sinfull dede
Assoiled was. And thus for mede
Of worldes good it falleth ofte,
That homicide is set alofte
Here in this worlde: but after this
There shall be knowe, how that it is
Of hem, that suche thynges sourche.
And how also that holy churche
Lete suche sinnes passe quite.
And how thei wolde hem selfe acquite
Of deadely werres, that thei make.
For who that wolde ensample take,
The lawe, whiche is naturell,
By weye of kinde sheweth wel,
That homicide in no degree
(Whiche werreth ayene charitee)
Among the men shulde not dwelle.
For after that the bokes telle,
To seche in all the worlde riche,
Men shall not finde vpon his liche
A best for to take his preye.
And sithen kinde hath suche aweye:
Than is it wonder of a man,
Whiche kinde hath, and reason can,
That he woll either more or lasse
His kinde and reason ouerpasse,
And slea that is to hym semblable.
So is the man not reasonable,
Ne kinde, and that is not honeste,
Whan he is worse than a beste.

Nota secundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiusdam auis faciem ad similitudinem humanam habentis, quæ cum de preda sua hominem iuxta fluuium occiderit, sideritq; in aqua similem sibi occisam, statim præ dolore moritur.

Among the bokes, which I finde,
Solinus speketh of a wonder kinde,
And saith of foules there is one,
Whiche hath a face of bloode and bone,
Like to a man in resemblance.
And if it falle so perchance,
As he, whiche is a foule of praie,
That he a man finde in his waye,
He woll hym slea, if that he maie.
But afterward the same daie.
Whan he hath eaten all his felle,
And that shall be beside a welle,
In whiche he woll drinke take,
Of his visage and the make,

That

That he hath slayn, anone he thinketh
Of his misdede, and it forthinketh
So greatly, that for pure sorowe
He liueth not till on the morowe.
¶ By this ensample it maie well sewe,
That man shall homicide eschewe.
For euer is mercy good to take,
But if the lawe it hath forsake,
And that Justice is there agayne.
Full oft time I haue herde saine
Amonges hem that werres hadden,
But thei somwhile her cause ladden
By mercie, whan thei might haue slaine,
Wherof that thei were after faine.
And sonne, if that thou wolt recorde
The vertue of Misericorde,
Thou sighe neuer thilke place,
Where it was vsed, lacke grace.
For euery lawe, and euery kynde
The mans wit to mercy bynde,
And namely the worthie knightes,
Whan that thei stonden moste vprightes,
And ben moste mightie for to greue:
Thei shulden then moste releue
Hym, whome thei mighten ouerthrow:
As by ensample maie men knowe.

☞ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de pietate contra homicidium in guerris habenda, Et narrat qualiter Achilles vna cum filio suo contra regem Mesee, qui tunc Theucer vocabatur, bellum inierunt, Et cum Achilles dictum regem in bello prostratum occidere voluisset, Thelaphi pietate motus ipsum clipeo cooperiens veniam pro rege a patre postulauit, pro quo facto, ipse rex ad huc viuens Thelaphum regni sui heredem libera voluntate constituit.

¶ He maie not failen of his mede,
That hath mercy. For this I rede.
In a Cronike I fynde thus,
Whan Achilles with Telaphus
His sonne, towarde Troie were:
It fell hem er thei come there
Ayene Theucer the kynge of Mese,
To make warre, and for to lese
His londe, as thei that wolden reigne:
And Theucer put out of his reigne.
And thus the marches thei assaile:
But theucer yafe to hem bataile.
Thei foughten on both sides faste.
But so it happeth at laste,
This worthie greke this Achilles,
The kynge amonge all other thes,
As he that was cruell and felle
With swerde in honde on hym he felle,
And smote hym with a deathes wounde,
That he vnhorsed fell to grounde.
Achilles vpon hym alight,
And wolde anone, as he well might,
Haue slain him fulliche in the place.
But Thelaphus his faders grace
For hym besought, and for pitee
Prayth, that he wolde let hym bee,
And caste his sheld betwene hem two.
Achilles asketh hym why so.
And Thelaphus his cause tolde,
And saith, that he is mochell holde.
For whilome Theucer in a stede
Great grace and socour to hym dede,
And saith, that he him wolde acquite,
And prayth his fader to respite.
Achilles tho withdrough his honde.
But all the power of the londe,
Whan that thei sawe her kynge thus take,
Thei fled, and hathen the felde forsake.
The grekes vnto the chaas fall,
And for the moste parte all
Of that countrei the lordes great,
Thei toke and wonne a great beyete.
And sone after this victorie
The kynge, whiche had memorie,
Upon the great mercie thought,
Whiche Thelaphus toward him wrought,
And in presence of all the londe
He toke hym fayre by the honde,
And in this wise he gan to seie:
My sonne I mote by double weie
Loue and desire thine encres.
Firste for thy fader Achilles
Whilome full many a daie er this,
Whan I shulde haue fare amis,
Rescoule dyd in my quarele,
And kept all myn astate in hele.
Now so there fall nowe distance
Amonge vs, yet remembrance
I haue of mercie, whiche he dede
As than: and thou nowe in this stede
Of gentilnes, and of franchelle

Hast do mercy the same I gesse,
So woll I not, that any tyme
Be losse, of that thou hast do byme.
For how so this fortune fall,
Yet stant my trusse abouen all.
For the mercy whiche I nowe synde,
That thou wilt after this be kynde,
And for that suche is mine espeire,
And for my sonne and for myn heire
I the receiue, and all my londe
I yeue and seise into thyn honde.
And in this wise thei accorde,
The cause was misericorde.
The lordes do her obeisance
To Thelaphus, and purueiance,
Was made, so that he was crowned.
And thus was mercie reguerdoned,
Whiche he to Theucer did tofore.
To this ensample is made therfore,
That thou might take remembrance
My son, and whan thou seest a chance
Of other mens passion,
Take pitee and compassion,
And let no thyng to the be leef,
Whiche to an other man is greef,
And after this if thou desire
To stonde ayene the vice of Ire,
Counseill the with pacience
And take in to thy conscience
Mercy to be thy gouernour:
So shalt thou fele no rancour,
Wherof thyn herte shall debate
With homicide, ne with hate.
For thelle or melancolie
Thou shalt be softe in companie,
Without contecke or foolhast.
For elles might thou longe waste
Thy tyme, er that thou haue thy wille
Of loue, for the weadir stille
Men preise, and blame the tempestes.

Amans.

My fader I woll do your hestes.
And of this point ye haue me taught,
Toward my selfe the better saught
I thinke be, while that I liue.
But for as muche as I am shriue
Of wrath, and all his circumstance:
Yeue what ye lyste to my penance:
And aske forther of my life,
Yf otherwise I be giltife
Of any thynge, that toucheth sinne.

Confessor.

My sonne, er we departe a twinne,
I shall behynde nothyng leue,

Amans.

My good fader by your leue,
Than asketh forth what so you lisse,
For I haue in you suche a trisse,
As ye that be my soule hele,
That ye kno me nothynge woll hele.
For I shall tell you the trouthe.

Confessor.

My sonne art thou culpable of slouthe
In any poynt, whiche to hym longeth:

Amans.

My fader of tho pointes me longeth
To witte pleinly, what thei mene,
So that I maie me shriue clene.

Confessor.

Now herken, I shall tho pointes deuise,
And vnderstonde well myn apprise
For shrifte stant of no value
To hym, that woll hym nought vertue
To leue of vices the folie.
For worde is wynde, but the maistrie
Is that a man hym selfe defende
Of thynge, whiche is not to commende:
Wherof be fewe nowe a daie:
And netheles so as I maie
Make vnto thy memorie knowe
The pointes of slouth, thou shalt knowe.

Explicit liber tertius.

Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem vitiorum,
Torpet & in cuntis tarda & lenta bonis.
Que fieri possent hodie trãsfert piger in cras,
Furato & prius hostia claudit equo.
Possenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido:
Sed Venus in celeri ludit amore viri.

Hic in quarto libro inquirit confessor de speciebus Accidie, quarum primum tardacionem vocat, cuius condicionem pertractans Amanti, super hoc consequenter opponit.

Incipit

¶ Incipit liber quartus.

VPon the vices to procede
After the cause of mans dede,
The first point of slouth I call
Lachesse, and is the chief of all,
And hath this properly of kinde
To lenen all thyng behynde:
Of that he might do nowe here,
He tarieth all the longe yere,
And euermore he saith, *To morowe*,
And so he woll his tyme borowe,
And willeth after, *God me sende*:
That whan he weneth to haue an ende,
Than is he forthest to begyn.
Thus bryngeth he many a meschiefe in
Unware, till that he be meschened,
And maie not than be relieued.
And right so nother more ne lesse,
It stant of loue, and of lachesse.
Some tyme he sloutheth on a daie
That he neuer after gete maie.
Nowe sonne as of this like thynge,
If thou haue any knowlechynge,
That thou to loue hast done er this,
Telle on. My good fader yis.
As of laches I am beknowe,
That I maie stonde vpon his rowe,
As I that am sladde of his sute.
For whan I thought my pursute.
To make, and therto set a daie
To speke vnto that swete maie,
Lachelle badde abide yit,
And bare on honde it was no wit,
Ne tyme, for to speke as tho.
Thus with his tales to and fro
My tyme in taryng he drough:
Whan there was tyme good enough,
He said another tyme is better,
Thou shalt nowe senden hir a letter:
And par caas write more plein,
Than thou by mouth durst seln.
Thus haue I let tyme slide
For slouthe, and kept not my tide:
So that laches with his vice
Full ofte hath made my wit so nice.
That what I thought to speke or do,
With taryng he held me so,
Til whan I wolde, and might nought,
I not what thyng was in my thought:
Or it was drede, or it was shame,
But euer in ernest and in game,
I wote there is longe tyme passed,
But yet is not the loue lassed,
Whiche I vnto my ladie haue.
For though my tonge is slow to crane
At all tyme, as I haue bede,
Myn hert stant euer in o stede,
And asketh besiliche grace,
The whiche I maie not yet embrace:
And god wote that is maulgre myn.
For this I wote right wel afin,
My grace cometh so selde aboute,
That is the slouthe, whiche I doubte
More than of all the remenant,
Whiche is to loue appartenant.
And thus as touchende of lachesse,
As I haue tolde, I me confesse
To you my fader, I beseche,
That ferthermore ye wol me teche,
And if there be to my mattere
Some goodly tale for to here,
How I maie do lachesse awey,
That ye it wolde telle, I prey.
¶ To wille the my sonne and rede,
Amonge the tales, whiche I rede
An olde ensample therupon
Nowe herken, and I wol telle on.

☞ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui in amoris causa tardãtes delinquunt. Et narrat qualiter Dido regina Cartaginis Eneam, ab incẽdus Troie fugitiuum in amorem suum gauisa suscepit, qui cum postea in partes Italie a Carthagine bellaturum se transtulit, nimiamq; ibidẽ moram faciens, tempus reditus sui ad Didonẽ pœna modum tardauit, ipsa intolerabili dolore concussa, sui cordis intima gladio transfodit.

AGayne lachesse in loues caas
I finde, howe whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchises to sonne had,
With great naue, whiche he lad
Fro Troie, arriueth at Carthage.
Where for a while his herbage
He toke, and it betid so,
With hir, whiche was a quene tho
Of the Citee, his acqueintance
He wan, whos name in remembrance

Is yet, and Dido she was hote,
Whiche loueth Eneas so hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he saide,
That all hir herte on hym she laide:
And did all wholy, what he wolde.
But after that, as it be shulde,
Fro thens he goth toward Itayle
By ship, and there his arriuayle
Hath take, and shope hym for to ride.
But she, whiche mate not longe abide
The hotte peine of loues throwe,
Anon within a litel throwe
A letter vnto hir knight hath writte,
And did hym plainly for to witte:
If he made any taryinge
To dretche of his ayen compynge,
That she ne might hym fele and see,
She shulde stonde in suche degree,
As whilom stode a swan to fore,
Of that she had hir make lore,
For sorowe a fether in to hir brayne
She shoof, and hath hir selfe slayne.
As kynge Menander in a laye
The sooth hath sonde, where she laye
Spraulend with hir wynges twey,
As she whiche shulde than deye
For loue of hym, whiche was hir make.
And so shal I do for thy sake,
This quene saide, wel I wote.
Lo to Enee thus she wrote,
With many a nother word of compleint.
But he, whiche had his thoughtes feint
Towardes loue, and full of slouth,
His tyme let, and that was routhe.
For she, whiche loueth hym to fore,
Desireth euer more and more.
And whan she sawe hym tary so,
Hir hert was so full of wo,
That compleynend manyfolde
She hath hir owne tale tolde
Vnto hir selfe, and thus she spake.
A who sonde euer suche a lacke
Of slouth in any worthye knight?
Nowe wote I well my death is dight
Through him, which shuld haue be my life.
But for to stynten all this strife,
Thus whan she sighe none other boote,
Right euen vnto hir hert roote
A naked sword anone she threste:
And thus she gat hir selfe reste.
In remembrance of all nowe
Wherof my sonne thou might knowe,
Nowe tarynge vpon the nede
In loues cause, is for to drede.
And that hath Dido sore abought,
Whose death shall euer be bethought.
And euermore if I shal seche
In this matter another speche,
In a Cronicke I finde writte
A tale, whiche is good to witte.

Hic loquitur super eodem, qualiter Penelope Vlyssem maritum suum in obsidione Troie diutius morantem, ob ipsius ibidem tardationē epistola sua redarguit.

☞ At Troie whan kynge Vlysses
Upon the lege amonge the pres
Of hem, that worthye knightes were
Abode longe tyme stille there:
In thilke tyme a man mate se
Howe goodly that Penelope,
Whiche was to hym his trewe wike,
Of his lachelle was pleintife:
Wherof to Troie she hym sende
Hir wille by letter, thus spekende:
My worthy loue, and lorde also,
It is and hath be euer so
That where a woman is alone,
It maketh a man in his persone
The more hardye for to nowe,
In hope that she wolde nowe
To suche thyng, as his wille were,
While that hir lorde were els where.
And of my selfe I telle this.
For it so longe passed is
Sith firste that ye from home went,
That welle nigh euery man is went
To there I am, while ye be out
Had made, and eche of hem about
Whiche loue can, my loue secheth,
With great prayer, and me beseecheth.
And some maken great manace,
That if thei might come in place,
Where that thei might hir wille haue,
There is no thynge me shulde saue,
That thei ne wolde worth thynges.

And

And some telle me tidynges,
That ye ben dead: and some seyne,
That certainly ye ben beseyne
To loue a newe, and leaue me.
But howe as euer that it be,
I thonke vnto the goddes all,
As yet for ought, that is befall,
Maie no man do my thekes redde:
But netheles it is to dredde,
That lacheſſe in continuance
Fortune might suche a chance,
Whiche no man after shulde amende.
¶ Lo thus this ladie complaynende,
A letter vnto hir lorde hath writte,
And prayde hym, that he wolde witte,
And thinke, howe that she was al his,
And that he tarie not in this:
But that he wolde his loue acquite
To hir ayenewarde, and not write,
But come hym selfe in all haſte,
That he none other paper waſte:
So that he kepe, and holde his trouth,
Without lette of any slouthe.
¶ Unto hir lorde and loue liege
To Troie, where the great siege
Was leide, this letter was conueide.
And he, whiche wisedome hath purueid,
Of all that to reason belongeth,
With gentill herte it vnderfongeth.
And whan he hath it oure rad,
In parte, he was right inly glad,
And eke in parte he was diseaſed:
But loue his hert hath so through seaſed
With pure imagination,
That for none occupacion,
Whiche he gan take on other side,
He maie not flitte his herte aside,
For that his wife hym had enformed,
Wherof he hath hym selfe conformed,
With all the will of his courage,
To shape and take the viage
Homewarde, what tyme that he maie,
So that hym thinketh of a daie
A thousande yere till he maie se
The visage of Penelope,
Whiche he desireth moſte of all.
And whan the tyme is so befall,
That Troie was distroied, and brent,
He made no delayement,
But goth hym home in all hie,
Where that he fonde tofore his eie
His worthye wife in good eſtate.
And thus was seaſed the debate
Of loue, and slouth was excuſed,
Whiche doth great harme, wher it is vſed,
And hindreth many a cause honeſt.

¶ Nota adhuc de quodam Astrologo super eodem, qui quoddam opus ingeniosum, quasi ad complemẽtum septennios perducens, vnius momenti tardatione omni sui operis diligentiam penitus frustrauit.

¶ For of the great clerke Groſteſt
I rede, howe busy that he was
Upon the clergie an head of brass
To forge, and make it for to telle
Of suche thynges as befelle:
And seuen yeres beſmeſſe
He laide, but for the lacheſſe
Of halfe a minute of an houre,
Fro first he began labour,
He loſte all that he had do.
And other while it fareth so
In loues cause, who is slowe,
That he without vnder the bowe
By night stant full ofte a colde
Whiche might, if that he had wolde
His tyme kepte, haue be within.

¶ Nota adhuc contra tardationẽ de Virginibus fatuis, quæ nimiam moram facientes, intrante sponso ad nuptias, cum ipso non introierunt.

¶ But slouth maie not profit wynne,
But he may singe in his Carole,
How late ware came to the dole,
Where he no good receyue might,
And that was proued well by night,
Whilom of the maidens fine,
Whan thilke lorde came for to wiue.
For that her oyle was aweye
To light hym lampes in his wey,
Her slouth brought it so about,
Fro hym that thei be shette without.
Wherof my sonne be thou ware,
Als ferforth as I telle dare.
For slouthe muſte ben awaited:
And if thou be not well affaited

In loue, to eſchewe ſlouthe,
My ſonne for to telle trouthe,
Thou might not of thy ſelfe ben able
To wynne loue, or make it ſtable:
All though thou mighteſt loue acheue.
¶My father that I maie well leue:
But me was neuer aſſigned place,
Where yet to gette any grate.
Ne me was no ſuche tyme appointed.
For than I wolde I were vnioynted
Of euery lymme that I haue,
And I ne ſhulde kepe and ſaue
Myn houre bothe, and eke my ſtede,
If my lady it had bede.
But ſhe is otherwiſe auiſed,
Than graunt ſuche a tyme aſſiſed.
And netheleſſe of my lacheſſe,
There beth by no defaulte I geſſe
Of tyme loſſe, in that I might.
But yet hir lyketh not alight
Upon no lure, whiche I caſte.
For ay the more I crie caſte,
The leſſe hir liketh for to here.
So for to ſpeke of this matere,
I ſeche that I maie not finde:
I haſte, and euer I am behynde,
And wote not, what it maie amount.
But father vpon myn accompte,
Whiche ye ben ſette to examine
Of ſhrifte after the diſcipline:
Saye what your beſt counſaile is.
¶My ſonne my counſeile is this,
Howe ſo it ſtande of tyme ago,
Do forthe thy beſines ſo,
That no lacheſſe in the be founde.
For ſlouthe is mighty to confounde
The ſpede of euery mans werke.
For many a vice, as ſaith the clerke,
There hongen vpon ſlouthes lappe,
Of ſuche as make a man miſhappe,
To pleine and telle of *Had I wiſt*:
And therupon if that the liſte
To knowe of ſlouthes cauſe more,
In ſpeciall yet ouermore
There is a vice full greuable
To hym, whiche is therof culpable:
And ſtant of all vertues bare,
Here after as I ſhall declare.

Qui nihil attẽptat, nihil expedit, orẽq; muto
Munus amicitie vir ſibi raro capit.
Eſt modus in verbis, ſed ei qui parcit amori
Verba referre ſua non fauet vllus amor.

¶Hic loquitur Confeſſor de quadam ſpecie Accidie, quæ puſillanimitas dicta eſt, cuius imaginatiua formido neque Virtutes aggredi, neq; Vitia fugere audet, ſicq; Vtriuſq; Vite tam actiue quam contemplatiue præmium non attingit.

Touchende of ſlouth in his degree
There is yet puſillanimitee,
Whiche is to ſaie in this langage,
He that hath littell of courage,
And dare no mans werke begynne:
So may he nought by reaſon wynne.
For who that nought dare vndertake,
By right he ſhall no profit take.
But of this vice the nature
Dare nothyng ſette in auenture,
Hym lacketh bothe worde and dede,
Wherof he ſhulde his cauſe ſpede:
He woll no manhode vnderſtonde:
For euer he hath drede vpon honde.
All is perill, that he ſhall ſaie,
Hym thynketh the wolfe is in the waie:
And of imaginacion
He maketh his excuſacion,
And feigneth cauſe of pure drede,
And euer he faileth at nede,
Till all be ſpilte, that he with dealeth,
He hath the lore, whiche no man heleth,
The whiche is cleped Lacke of herte:
Though euery grace aboute hym ſterte,
He woll not ones ſtere his fote,
So that by reaſon leſe he mote,
That woll not aunter for to wynne.
And ſo forth ſonne, if we begynne
To ſpeke of loue and his ſeruice,
There ben truantes in ſuche a wiſe,
That lacken hert, whan beſt were
Thei ſpeken of loue, and right for fere
Thei waren dombe, and dare not telle,
Without ſowne, as dothe the belle,
Whiche hath no clapper for to chyme:
And right ſo thei, as for the tyme
Ben herteles without ſpeche,
Of loue and dare nothyng beſeche:
And thus thei leſe, and wynne nought.

For

For thy my ſonne if thou arte ought
Culpable, as touchende of this ſouthe,
Shriue the therof, and tell me trouth.
¶My fader I am all beknowe,
That I haue ben one of the ſlowe,
As for to telle in loues cas
Myn herte is yet, and euer was,
Although the worlde ſhulde all to breke
So fearfull, that I dare not ſpeke,
Of what purpoſe that I haue nome,
Whan I towarde my ladie come:
But lette it pas and ouer go.
¶My ſonne do no more ſo.
For after that a man purſueth
To loue, ſo fortune ſeweth
Full ofte, and geueth hir happie chance
To hym, whiche maketh continuance
To preie loue, and to beſeche,
As by enſample I ſhall the teche.

☞ Hic in amoris cauſa loquitur contra puſillanimes, Et dicit q̄ amans, pro timore verbis obtumeſcere non debet, ſed concinando preces ſui amoris expeditionem tutius proſequatur, Et ponit Confeſſor exemplum, qualiter Pigmalion pro eo q̄ preces continuauit, quandam imaginem eburneam, cuius pulchritudinis concupiſcentia illaqueatus extitit, in carnem et ſanguinem ad latus ſuum tranformatam ſentiit.

¶I fynde, how whilom there was one,
Whoſe name was Pigmalion,
Whiche was a luſtie man of youthe:
The werkes of entaile he couthe
Aboue all other men as tho:
And through fortune it fell hym ſo,
As he, whom loue ſhall trauaile,
He made an image of entaile,
Liche to a woman in ſemblance,
Of feature, and of countenance,
So fayre yet neuer was figure,
Right as a liues creature
She ſemeth. For of yuor white
He hath it wrought of ſuche delite.
She was rodie on the cheke,
And redde vpon hir lippes eke:
Wherof that he him ſelfe begyleth.
For with a goodly loke ſhe ſmileth:
So that through pure impreſſion
Of his imagination,
With all the herte of his courage
His loue vpon this faire image
He ſet: and hir of loue praide.
But ſhe no worde ayenewarde ſaide.
The longe daie what thynge he dede
This image in the ſame ſtede
Was euer by: that at meate
He wolde hir ſerue, and praide hir eate,
And put vnto hir mouth the cup.
And whan the borde was taken vp
He hath hir vnto his chambre nome:
And after whan the night was come,
He leide hir in bedde all naked.
He was forwepte, he was forwaked,
He kiſſe hir colde lippes ofte,
And wiſſheth, that thei were ſofte.
And ofte he rowneth in hir eare,
And ofte his arme now here now there
He laide, as he hir wolde enbrace:
And euer amonge he aſketh grace,
As though ſhe wiſt what it ment.
And thus hym ſelfe he gan tourment
With ſuche diſeaſe of loues peyne,
That no man might hym more peine.
But howe it were of his penance
He made ſuche countenance
For daie to night, and praide ſo longe,
That his praier is vnderfonge,
Whiche Venus of hir grace herde
By night, and whan that he werk ferde,
And it laie naked in his arme,
The colde image he felte warme
Of fleſihe and bone, and full of life.
So thus he wanne a luſtie wife,
Whiche obeiſant was at his will.
And if he wolde haue holde him ſtill,
And nothyng ſpoke, he ſhuld haue failed.
But for he hath his worde trauailed,
And durſt ſpeke, his loue he ſpedde,
And had all that he wolde abedde.
For er thei went than a two
A knaue childe betwene hem two
Thei gate, whiche was after hote
Paphus, of whom yet hath the note
A certaine ile, whiche Paphos
Men clepe, and of his name it roſe.
By this enſample thou might fynde,
That worde male worche aboue kynde.

For

For thy my ſonne if that thou ſpare
To ſpeake, loſte is all thy fare.
For slouth bringeth in all wo
And ouer this to loke alſo.
The god of loue is fauourable
To hem, that ben of loue ſtable:
And many a wonder hath befall.
Wherof to ſpeake amonges all,
If that ye liſte to taken hede,
Therof a ſolemne tale I rede,
Whiche I ſhall tell in remembrante,
Upon the ſorte of loues chance.

Hic ponit exemplum ſuper eodem, qualiter rex Ligdus Yphi ſue Thelacuſe prægnanti minabatur, q̃ ſi filiam pararet, infans occideretur. que tamen poſtea cum filiam ediderat, Iſis dea partus tunc præſens filiam nomine Yphi appellari ipſamq̃ more maſculi educare admonuit, quam pater ſuum credens, ipſam in maritagium filie cuiuſdam principis etate ſolida copulauit, Sed eſt Yphis debitum ſui coniugii, vnde ſoluere non habuit, deos in ſui adiutorium interpellabat, qui ſuper hoc miſerti femineum genus in maſculinum ob effectum nature in Yphe per oia tranſmutarũt.

The kynge Ligdus vpon a ſtrife
Spake vnto Thelacuſe his wife,
Whiche than was with childe great:
He ſwore, it ſhulde nought be lette,
That if ſhe haue a doughter bore,
That it ne ſhulde be forlore,
And ſayne: wherof ſhe ſory was.
So it befell vpon this cas,
Whan ſhe deliuered ſhulde bee,
Iſis by nighte in priuitee
(Whiche of childyng is the goddeſſe)
Came for to helpe in that diſtreſſe,
Till that this ladie was all ſmall,
And had a doughter forth with all,
Whiche the goddeſſe in all weie
Bad kepe, and that thei ſhulde ſeie,
It were a ſonne: And Thus Yphis
Thei named him: and vpon this
The father was made for to wene,
And thus in chambre with the quene
This Yphis was forthe drawe tho
And clothed, and arraied ſo
Right as a kynges ſonne ſholde,
Till after, as fortune it wolde,
Whan it was of tenne yere age,
Hym was betake in mariage
A dukes doughter for to wedde,
Whiche Iaunte hight, and ofte a bedde
Thele children late, ſhe and he,
Whiche of one age both be:
So that within tyme of yeres,
To gether as thei ben play feres,
Liggende abedde vpon a night
Nature, whiche doth euery wight
Upon hir lawe for to muſe,
Conſtreigneth hem, ſo that thei vſe
Thyng, whiche to hem was all vnknow,
Wherof Cupide thilke throwe
Toke pitee for the great loue,
And let do ſette kynde aboue:
So that hir lawe maie ben vſed,
And thei vpon her luſte excuſed.
For loue hateth nothynge more
Than thyng, whiche ſtant ayenſt the lore
Of that nature in kynde hath ſet.
For thy Cupide hath ſo beſette
Her grace vpon this auenture,
That be accordant to nature.
Whan that he ſigh his time beſt,
That eche of hem hath other beſt,
Tranſformeth Yphe into a man,
Wherof the kynde loue he wan
Of luſty yougth, Iante his wife,
And tho thei ledde a mery lyfe,
Whiche was to kynde none offence.
And thus to take an euidence,
It ſemeth loue is welwillende
To hem that be continuende
With beſie herte to purſue
Thynge, whiche that is to loue due:
Wherof my ſonne in this matere
Thou might enſample taken here,
That with thy great beſineſſe
Thou might atteine the richeſſe,
Of loue, that there be no slouth.
I dare well ſaie by my trouth,
Als ferre as my witte can ſeche,
My father, as for lacke of ſpeche,
But ſo as I me ſhroſe tofore,
There is none other time lore:
Wherof there might be obſtacle
To lette loue of his miracle,

Whiche

Whiche I beſeche daie and night.
But father ſo as it is right,
In forme of ſhrifte to be knowe,
What thyng belongeth to the lowe,
Your fatherhode I woll preye,
If there be forther any weye
Touchende vnto this ilke vice.
¶My ſonne ye, of this office
There ſerueth one in ſpeciall,
Whiche loſt hath his memoriall:
So that he can no wit withholde
In thyng, whiche he to kepe his holde:
Wherof full ofte hym ſelfe he greueth,
And who that moſte vpon hym leueth,
Whan that his wittes ben ſo weiued,
He maie full lighily be deceiued.

Mentibus oblitus alienis labitur ille,
Quem probat accidia non meminiſſe ſui.
Sic amor incautus, qui nõ memorat ad horas,
Perdit, & offendit, quod cuperare nequit.

¶Hic tractat Confeſſor de Vitio obliuionis, quã mater eius Accidia ad omnes Virtutum memorias, necnon et in amoris cauſa immemorem ſe conſtituit.

¶To ſerue Accidie in his office
There is of ſlouth an other vice,
Whiche is cleped Forgetfulnes,
That nought maie in his herte imprelle
Of vertue, whiche reaſon hath ſet,
So clene his wittes he forgete.
For in tellyng of his tale
No more his herte than his male
Hath remembrance of thilke fourme,
Wherof he ſhulde his witte enfourme
As than, and yet ne wote why.
Thus is his purpoſe nought for thy
Forlore, of that he wolde abidde
And ſcarſely if he ſeeth the thridde
To loue of that he had ment.
Thus many a louer hath be ſhent:
Telle on further, haſt thou ben one
Of hem, that hath ſlouth begonne?
¶Ye father ofte it hath ben ſo,
That whan I am my ladie fro,
And thynke vntoward hir drawe,
Than caſt I many a newe lawe,
And all the worlde tourne vp ſo downe:
And ſo recorde I my leſſon,
And write in my memoriall,
What I to hir telle ſhall
Right all the matter of my tale:
But all nis worthe a nutte ſhale.
For whan I come there ſhe is,
I haue it all forgete iwis,
Of that I thought for to telle,
I can not than vnnethes ſpelle,
That I wende alther beſt haue redde,
So lore of hir I am adrede.
For as a man that ſodeinly
A gooſt beholdeth, ſo fare I:
So that for feare I can nought gette
My wit: but I my ſelfe forgete,
That I wote neuer, what I am,
Ne whither I ſhall, ne when I cam:
But muſe, as he that were amaſed,
Liche to the boke, in whiche is raſed
The letter, and maie nothyng be radde:
So ben my wittes ouerladde,
That what as euer I thought haue ſpoken
It is out of myn herte ſtoken
And ſtonde, as who ſaith, dombe & deſe,
That all nis worth an Jupe leſe,
Of that I wende well haue ſaide:
And at laſte I make abrayde,
Caſt vp myn heed, and loke aboute,
Right as a man, that were in doute,
And wote not, where he ſhall become.
Thus am I ofte all ouercome,
There as I wende beſt to ſtonde.
But after whan I vnderſtonde,
And am in other place alone,
I make many a wofull mone
Vnto my ſelfe, and ſpeke ſo.
¶A foole, where was thyne herte tho,
Whan thou thy worthie ladie ſie?
Were thou afered of hir eie?
For of hir honde there is no dreade,
So well I knowe hir woman heade,
That in hir is no more outrage
Than in a childe of thre yere age.
Why haſt thou dredе of ſo good one?
Whom all vertue hath begone,
That in hir is no violence,
But goodlihede, and innocence,
Without ſpotte of any blame.

A nyce herte, fie for shame.
A cowarde herte of loue vnlered,
Wherof arte thou so sore afered?
That thou thy tonge suffrest frese,
And wolte thy good wordes lese,
Whan thou hast fonde tyme and space,
Howe sholdest thou deserue grace?
When thou thy selfe darst aske none,
But all thou hast forpete anone.
And thus dispute in loues lore,
But helpe ne finde I nought the more,
But stomble vpon myn owne treine,
And make an eskynge of my peine.
For euer whan I thinke amonge,
Howe all is on my selfe alonge,
I saie, O foole of all fooles,
Thou farest as he betwene two stoles
That wolde sitte, and goth to grounde:
It was, ne neuer shall be founde
Betwene Forpettilnes and Drede,
That man shulde any cause spede.
And thus myn holy father dere,
Towarde my selfe, as ye may here,
I pleine of my forpettilnes:
But elles all the businesse,
That maie be take of mans thought,
My hert taketh, and is through sought
To thinken euer vpon that swete
Withouten slouthe I you by hete.
For what so falle or wele or wo,
That thought forpete I neuermo,
Where so I laugh, or so I loure,
Not halfe a minute of an houre
Me might I lette out of my mynde,
But if I thought vpon that hende,
Therof me shall no slouth lette,
Till death out of this worlde me fette,
All though I had on suche a tryng,
As Moyses, throughe his enchantyng
Sometyme in Ethiope made,
Whan that he Tharbis wedded had.
Whiche tryng bare of oblivion
The name, and that was by reason,
That where on a finger it sate,
Anone his loue he so forpate,
As though he had it neuer knowe.
And so it felle that ilke throwe
Whan Tharbis had it on hir honde,
No knowlageyng of hym she fonde,
But all was cleane out of memorie,
As men maie rede in his storie.
And thus he went quite awaie,
That neuer after thilke daie
She thought, that there was suche one,
All was forpete, and ouergone.
But in good feith so maie not I.
For she is euer fast by
So nigh, that she myn herte toucheth,
That for no thing that slouth voucheth,
I maie forpete hir lefe ne loth.
For ouer all where as she goth,
Myn herte foloweth hir aboute.
Thus maie I saie withouten doute,
For bet, for wers, for ought, for nought
She palleth neuer fro my thought.
But whan I am there, as she is,
Myn hert, as I you saide er this,
Somtyme of hir is sore adradde,
And sometyme is ouergladde,
All out of reule, and out of space.
For whan I se hir goodly face,
And thinke vpon hir high prise,
As though I were in Paradise
I am so rauisshed of the sight,
That speke vnto hir I ne might,
As for the tyme, though I wolde.
For I ne maie my witte vnfolde
To finde o worde of that I meane,
But it is all forpete cleane.
And though I stonde there a mile,
All is forpete for the while.
A tonge I haue, and wordes none:
And thus I stonde, and thinke alone
Of thyng, that helpeth ofte nought:
But what I had afore thought
To speake, whan I come there
It is forpete, as nought ne were,
And stonde amased, and afloted,
That of no thyng, whiche I haue noted,
I can not than a note singe,
But all is out of knowlageyng.
Thus what for ioy, and what for drede,
All is forpeten at nede:
So that my father of this slouth
I haue you saide the plaine trouth:
Ye maie it, as ye liste, redresse.

For

For thus ſtant my forȝetfulneſſe,
And eke my puſillanimitee:
Say nowe forth, what ye liſte, to mee.
For I woll onely do by you.
¶ My ſon I haue well herd, how thou
Haſt ſayd, and that thou muſt amende.
For loue his grace woll not ſende
To that man, whiche dare aſke none.
For this we knowen euerichone,
A mans thought without ſpeche
God wote: and yet that men beſeche,
His will is: for without bedis
He dothe his grace in fewe ſtedis.
And what man that forȝete hym ſelue,
Amonge a thouſande be not twelue,
That woll hym take in remembȝance,
But let hym fall and take his chance.
For thy pull vp a beſie herte
My ſonne, and let nothynge aſterte
Of loue fro thy beſineſſe.
For touchynge of forȝetfulneſſe,
Whiche many a loue hath ſet behynde,
A tale of great enſample I fynde:
Wherof it is pitee to witte
In the maner as it is writte.

☞ Hic in amoris cauſa contra obliuioſos ponit Confeſſor exemplum, qualiter Demophon verſus Bellum Troianum itinerando a Phillide de Rodopea regina non tantum in hoſpicium, ſed etiam in amorem gaudio magno ſuſceptus eſt, qui poſtea ab ipſa Troie deſcendens rediturum infra certum tempus fideliſſime ſe compromiſit: ſed quia huiuſmodi promiſſionis diem ſtatutum poſt modum obliitus eſt, Phillis obliuionem Demophontis lachȝymis primo deplangens, tandem ſoȝdula colla ſuo cercūligata ſe mortuā ſuſpēdit.

¶ Rynge Demophon whan he by ſhip
To Troie warde with felauſhip,
Seylend goth vpon his weie,
It happeth hym at Rodopeie,
As Eolus hym had blowe
To londe, and reſted foȝ a thȝowe,
And fell that ylke tyme thus,
That the doughter of Lycurgus,
Whiche quene was of the countree,
Was ſoiourned in that Citee,
Within a caſtell nigh the ſtronde,
Where Demophon cam vp to londe:
Phillis ſhe hight, and of yonge age,
And of ſtature, and of viſage
She had all that hir beſt beſemeth.
Of Demophon right well hir quemeth,
Whan he was come, and made hym there,
And he that was of his manere
A luſtie knight, ne might aſterte,
That he ne ſet on hir his herte:
So that within a daie oȝ two
He thought, howe euer that it go,
He wolde aſſaie the foȝtune,
And gan to comune
With goodly woȝdes in hir ere.
And foȝ to put hir out of fere,
He ſwoȝe, and hath his trouth plight
To be foȝ euer hir owne knight.
And thus with hir he ſtill abode
There, while his ſhip on anker rode,
And had enough of tyme and ſpace
To ſpeke of loue, and ſeke grace.
This ladie herde all that he ſaide,
Howe he ſwoȝe, and howe he praide,
Whiche was an enchantment
To hir, that was as an innocent
As though it were trouthe and feith
She leueth all, that euer he ſeith:
And as hir foȝtune ſhulde,
She graunteth hym, all that he wolde.
Thus was he foȝ the time in ioye
Till that he ſhulde go to Troye:
But tho ſhe made mochell ſoȝowe,
And he his trouth leyd to boȝowe
To come, and if that he liue maie
Ageine, within a moneth daie,
And therupon thei kiſſen bothe.
But were hym leef oȝ were hym loth,
To ſhip he goth, and foȝth he went
To Troye, as was his firſt entent.
The daies go, the moneth paſſeth,
Hir loue encreſeth, and his laſſeth.
Foȝ hym ſhe lokte ſlepe and mete,
And he his tyme hath all foȝȝete,
So that this wofull ponge quene,
Whiche wote not what it might mene,
A letter ſent, and praȝd hym come,
And ſaith, howe ſhe is ouercome
With ſtrength of loue, in ſuche a wiſe,
That ſhe not longe maie ſuffiſe
To lyuen out of his preſence:
And put vpon his conſcience

The trouthe, whiche he hath behote,
Wherof she loueth hym so hote.
She saith, that if he lenger lette
Of suche a daie as she hym sette,
She shulde sterue in his slouthe,
Whiche ware a shame vnto his trouthe.
This letter is forth vpon hir sonde,
Wherof somdele comfort on honde
She toke, as she that wolde abide:
And waiteth vpon that ylke tide,
Whiche he hath in hir letter writte.
But nowe is pitee for to wite.
As he did erst, so he forgate
His tyme eftsoone, and ouer sate.
But she, whiche might not do so,
The tide awaiteth euermo,
And caste hir eie vpon the sea,
Somtime naie, somtime yea,
Somtyme he cam, somtyme nought.
Thus she disputeth in hir thought,
And wote not what she thynke maie,
But fastende all the longe daie
She was, in to the derke night,
And tho she hath do set vp light
In a lanterne on high alofte
Vpon a toure, where she goth ofte
In hope, that in his comyng
He shulde see the light brennyng
Wherof he might his weies right
To come, where she was by night.
But all for nought, she was deceiued.
For Venus hath hir hope weiued,
And shewed hir vpon the skie,
How that the daie was fast by,
So that within a littell throwe
The daies light she mihgt knowe.
Tho she beheld the sea at large,
And whan she sigh there was no barge,
Ne ship, als fer as she maie kenne.
Downe fro the toure she gan to renne
In to an herber all hir owne,
where many a wonder wofull mone
She made, that no life it wist
As she, whiche all hir iote mist:
That now she swouneth, now she pleineth,
And all hir face she disfeineth
With teres, whiche as of a well
The stremes from hir eien fell:
So as she might, and euer in one
She cleped vpon Demophoon,
And saide: Allas thou slowe wight,
There was neuer suche a knight,
That so through his vngentilnesse
Of slouthe, and of forgettilnesse
Ayenst his trouthe breketh his steuen.
And tho hir eie vp to the heuen
She cast, and sayde: O thou vnkynde,
Here shalt thou through thy slouth finde,
(If that the like to come and see)
A lady dede for loue of thee,
So as I shall my selue spill
Whom, if it had be thy will,
Thou mightest saue well enough.
With that vpon a grene bough
A seynt of sylke, whiche she there had
She knit: and so hir selfe she lad,
That she about hir white swere
It dyd, and henge hir selfe there.
Wherof the goddes were amoued,
And Demophon was reproued,
That of the goddes prouidence
Was shape suche an euidence
Euer afterwarde ayene the slowe,
That Phillis in the same throwe
Was shape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might see:
And after Phillis Philberd
This tree was cleped in the yerd.
And yet for Demophon to shame,
In to this daie it beareth the name.
This wofull chance howe that it ferde
Anone as Demophon it herde,
And euery man it had in speche,
His sorowe was not tho to seche:
He gan his slouthe for to banne,
But it was all to late thanne.
Lo thus my sonne might thou wite
Ayene this vice how it is write.
For no man maie the harme gesse,
That fallen through forgettilnesse,
Wherof that I thy shrifte haue herde,
But yet of slouthe howe it hath ferde
In other wise I thinke oppose,
If thou haue gylt, as I suppose.

Dum plantare licet, cultor qui negligit ortū,
Si desint fructus, imputat ipse sibi.

Preterit

Præterit ista dies bona, nec valebit illa secũda
Hoc caret exemplo lentus amore suo.

☞ Hic tractat Confessor de vitio negligentie, cuius condicio Accidiam amplectẽs omnes artes scientia tam in amoris causa q̃ aliter ignominiosa pretermittens, cum nullum poterit eminere remedium sui ministerii diligentiam ex post facto in vacuum attemptare presumit.

❧ Fulfilled of slouthes exemplair.

There is yet one his secretair,
And he is cleped Negligence:
Whiche woll not loke his euidence,
Wherof he maie beware tofore:
But whan he hath his cause lore,
Than is he wise after the honde,
Whan helpe maie no maner bonde,
Than at first wold he bynde.
Thus euermore he stant behynde,
Whan he the thyng maie not amende,
Than is he ware, and saith at ende:
A wolde god I had knowe,
Wherof betaped with a mowe
Ye goth, for whan the great stede
Is stole, than he taketh hede,
And maketh the stable dore fast.
Thus euer he pleith an after cast
Of all that he shall saie or do.
He hath a maner eke also,
Hym list not lerne to be wise.
For he sette of no vertu prise:
But as hym liketh for the while,
So feleth he ful ofte gile,
Whan that he weneth seker to stonde.
And thus thou might wel vnderstonde
My sonne, if thou art suche in loue,
Thou might not come at thyn aboue
Of that thou woldest wel acheue.
Myn holy fader as I leue,
I maie wel with sauf conscience
Excuse me of negligence
Towardes loue in all wise.
For though I be none of the wise,
I am so truly amorous,
That I am euer curious
Of hem, that can best enforme
To knowen and witten all the forme,
What falleth vnto loues crafte.
But yet ne fond I nought the haft,
Whiche might vnto the blade accorde.
For neuer herd I man recorde,
What thyng it is, that might auaile
To wynne loue, without faile,
Yet so fer couthe I neuer finde
Man, that by reason ne by kynde
Me couthe teche suche an arte,
That he ne failed of a parte.
And as toward myn owne witte
Contriue I couthe neuer yit
To finde any sikernesse,
That me might other more or lesse
Of loue make for to spede.
For leueth wel withouten drede,
That if there were suche a weie,
As certainly as I shall deye,
I had it lerned longe a go.
But I wote wel there is none so,
And netheles it maie wel bee,
I am so rude in my degree,
And eke my wittes ben so dull,
That I ne maie nought to the full
Attaine vnto so highe a lore.
But this I dare sey ouer more,
All though my wit ne be not stronge,
It is not on my wil alonge.
For that is besy night and daie
To lerne all that he lerne maie,
How that I might loue wynne.
But yet I am as to begynne,
Of that I wolde make an ende.
And for I not, howe it shall wende,
That is to me my moste sorowe.
But I dare take god to borowe
As after myn entendement,
None other wise negligent
Than I you saie, haue I not bee.
For thy pur seint charitee,
Telle me my fader, what you semeth.
In good feith sonne wel me quemeth,
That thou thy selfe hast thus acquite
Toward this, in whiche no wight
Abide maie, for in an houre
Ye lest all that he maie laboure
The longe yere: so that men seyne,
What euer he doth, it is in veyne.
For thrzough the slouth of negligence
There was yet neuer suche science,

Ne vertue, whiche was bodely,
That nis destroyed, and lost therby.
Ensample, that it hath be so,
In boke I finde writte also.

☞ Hic cõtra vitium negligentie ponit Confessor exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Phaeton filius Solis currũ patris super aera regere debuerat, admonitus a patre, Vt equos ne deuiarent equa manu diligẽtius refrenaret, ipse consilium patris sua negligentia preteriẽs, equos cum curru nimis basse errare permisit, Vnde non solum incẽdio orbẽ inflammauit, sed et ipsum de curru cadentẽ in quoddam flumium demergi ad interitũ causauit.

☞ Phebus, whiche is the son hote,
That shineth vpon erthe hote
And causeth euery liues helth:
He had a sonne in all his welth,
Whiche Phaeton hight: and he desireth,
And with his moder he conspireth,
The whiche was cleped Clemene
For helpe and counsail, so that he
His faders cart lede might
Upon the faire daies light:
And for this thyng thei both praide
Unto the fader: And he saide,
He wolde wel, but forth with all
Thre pointes he bad in speciall
Unto his sonne in all wise,
That he hym thulde wel auise,
And take it as by weye of lore.
The first was, that he his hors to lore
Ne pryke: And ouer that he tolde,
That he the reynes fast hold.
And also that he be right ware,
In what maner he ledeth his chare,
That he mistake not his gate,
But vpon auisement algate
He shuld beare a siker eie,
That he to lowe, ne to hie
His cart driue, at any throwe,
Wherof that he might ouerthrowe.
And thus by Phebus ordinance
Toke Phaeton in to gouernance
The Sonnes cart, whiche he lad:
But he suche vain glory had
Of that he was set vpon high,
That he his owne estate ne sigh,
Through negligence, and toke none hede,
So might he wel not longe spede.
For he the hors withouten lawe
The cart let aboute drawe,
Where as hym liketh, wantonly,
That at the last sodenly,
For he no reason wolde knowe,
This firie cart he droue to lowe,
And fireth all the worlde aboute,
Wherof thei weren all in doute:
And to the god for helpe criden
Of suche vnhappes, as betiden.
Phebus whiche sawe the negligence,
Howe Phaeton ayene his defence,
His chare hath driue out of the weye,
Ordeineth, that he fel aweye
Out of the cart in to the flood,
And dreint: lo nowe howe it stood
With hym, that was so negligent,
That fro the highe firmament,
For that he wolde go to lowe,
He was anone downe onerthrowe.
In highe estate it is a vice
To go to lowe, and in seruice
It greueth, for to go to hie,
Wherof a tale in Poesie.

☞ Exẽplum super eodem de Icharo filio Dedali in carcere Minotauri existente, cui Dedalus, Et inde euolare alas componens firmiter innexit, ne nimis alte propter solis ardorem alcẽderet, quod Icharus sua negligentia postponens cum altius sublimatus fuisset, subito ad terram corruens expirauit.

☞ I finde, how whilom Dedalus,
Whiche had a sonne, and Icharus
He hight, and though hym thought loth,
In suche prison thei were both
With Minotaurus, that aboute
Thei mighten no where wenden oute:
So thei begonnen for to shape,
Howe thei the prison might escape.
This Dedalus, whiche fro his youthe
Was taught, and many craftes couthe,
Of fethers, and of other thynges
Hath made to flee diuers wynges
For hym, and for his sonne also:
To whom he yaf in charge tho,
And bad hym thinke therupon,
Howe that his winges ben set on
With wax: and if he toke his flight
To highe, all sodenliche he might

Make

Make it to melte with the ſonne.
And thus thei haue her flight begonne
Out of the priſon faire and ſofte.
And whan thei weren both alofte,
This Icharus began to mounte,
And of the counſeill none acompte
He ſet, whiche his fader taught,
Till that the ſonne his wynges caught:
Wherof it melt, and from the hight
Withoutten helpe of any flight,
He fell to his deſtruction,
And liche to that condicion
There fallen oftimes fele,
For lacke of gouernance in wele,
Als well loue as other weie.
¶ Now good fader I you preie,
If there be more in this matere
Of ſlouth, that I might here.
¶ My ſonne as for thy diligence,
Whiche euery mans conſcience
By reaſon ſhulde reule and kepe,
If that the liſte to take kepe,
I woll the telle aboven all,
In whome no vertu maie befall,
Whiche yeueth vnto the vices reſt,
And is of ſlouth the ſtowelt.

Abſq; labore vagus vir inutilis otia plectens,
Neſcio quid preſens vita valebit ei.
Non amor in tali miſero viget, imo valoris,
Qui faciant opera clamat habere ſuos.

☞ Hic loquitur Confeſſor ſuper illa ſpecie accidie, que Deum dicitur, cuius condicio in Virtutum cultura nullius occupacionis diligenciam admittēs, cuiuſcūq; expedicionē cauſe nō affligit

Among theſe other of ſloutes kinde,
Whiche all labour ſet behinde,
And hateth all beſines,
There is yet one, whiche Idelnes
Is cleped: and is the norice
In mans kynde of euery vice,
Whiche ſecheth eaſes many folde.
In wynter doth he nought for colde,
In ſomer maie he nought for hete,
So whether that he freſe or ſwete,
Or be he in, or be he out
He woll ben ydell all about:
But if he pley ought at dies.
For who as euer take fees,
And thynketh worſhip to deſerue,
There is no lorde whome he woll ſerue,
As for to dwell in his ſeruice,
But if it were in ſuche a wiſe,
Of that he ſeeth perauenture,
That by lordſhip and by couerture,
He maie the more ſkonde ſtille,
And vſe his Idelneſſe at wille
For he ne woll no trauaile take
To ride for his ladies ſake,
But lyueth all vpon his wiſſhes,
And as a catte wolde ete fiſſhes
Without wetynge of his clees:
So wolde he do, but netheles
He failleth ofte of that he wolde.
¶ My ſonne if thou of ſuche a molde
Art made, now tell me pleine thy ſhrift.
¶ May fader god I yeue a yift,
That toward loue, as by witte,
All ydell was I neuer yitte,
Ne neuer ſhall, while I maie go.
¶ Now ſonne tell me than ſo,
What haſt thou done of beſiſhip
To loue, and to the ladiſhip
Of hir, whiche thy ladie is?
¶ My fader euer yet er this,
In euery place, in euery ſtede,
What ſo my lady hath me bede,
With all myn herte obedient
I haue ther to be diligent.
And if ſo is, that ſhe bid nought,
What thyng that than in to my thought
Cometh fyrſt, if that I maie ſuffiſe,
I bowe, and profer my ſeruice.
Somtime in chamber, somtyme in hall,
Right ſo as I ſee the tymes fall:
And whan ſhe goth to here maſſe,
That tyme ſhall nought ouerpaſſe,
That I ne approche hir ladihede,
In aunter if I maie hir lede
Vnto the chapell, and againe,
Than is not all my wey in vayne,
Somdele I maie the better fare
Whan I, that maie not fele hir bare,
May lede hir clothed in myn arme.
But after warde it doth me harme,
Of pure imaginacion.
For than this collacion
I make vnto my ſelven ofte,
And ſay: O lorde howe ſhe is ſofte,

How she is rounde, how she is small,
Now wold god, I had hir all
Without daunger at my wille,
And than I sike and sit stille,
Of that I see my besy thought
Is torned idell in to nought.
But for all that let I ne maie
Whan I see tyme a nother daie,
That I ne do my bestnes
Unto my ladies worthines.
For I therto my witte affaite
To se the tymes and awaite,
What is to done, and what to leue,
And so whan time is, by hir leue,
What thynge she byt me don, I do,
And where she byt me gon, I go,
And whan hir list to clepe, I come:
Thus hath she fulliche ouercome
Myn idelnesse till I serue,
So that I mot hir nedes serue.
For as men seyn, nede hath no lawe.
Thus mot I nedely to hir drawe:
I serue, I bowe, I loke, I lowte,
Myn eie foloweth hir aboute,
What so she woll so woll I,
Whan she woll sit, I knele by:
And whan she stont, than woll I stonde:
And whan she taketh hir werke on honde
Of weuyng, or of embroudrie,
Than can I not but muse and prie
Upon hir fingers longe and smale:
And nowe I thinke, and nowe I tale,
And nowe I synge, and nowe I sike,
And thus my contenance I pike.
And if it fall, as for a tyme,
Hir liketh nought abide byme,
But busien hir on other thynges.
Than make I other tarienges
To driue forth the longe daie,
For me is loth departe awaie,
And than I am so symple of porte,
That for to feigne some disporte
I play with hir littell hounde,
Nowe on the bed, nowe on the grounde,
Nowe with the birdes in the cage.
For there is none so litell page,
Ne yet so symple a chamberere,
That I ne make hem all chere:
And all for thei shulde speke wele.
Thus nowe ye see my besy whele,
That goth not ydeliche aboute.
And if hir list to riden oute
On pilgremage, or other stede,
I come, though I be not bede,
And take hir in myn arme alofte,
And set hir in hir sadle softe,
And so forth lede hir by the bridell,
For that I wolde not ben ydell.
And if hir list to ride in chare,
And that I maie therof beware,
Anone I shape me to ride.
Right euen by the chares side,
And as I maie, I speke amonge,
And other while I synge a songe,
Whiche Ouide in his bokes made,
And said: O what sorowes gladde,
O whiche wofull prosperitee
Belongeth to the propirtee
Of loue: who so woll hym serue,
And there fro maie no man swerue,
That he ne mote his lawe obeie.
And thus I ride forth my weie,
And am right besie euer all
With herte, and with my bodie all,
As I haue saide you here tofore,
My good fader tell therfore,
Of ydelnes if I haue gilte.
My sonne but thou tell wilte
Ought elles, than I maie nowe here,
Thou shalt haue no penance here
And netheles a man maie see,
Howe nowe a daies that there bee
Ful many of suche hertes lowe,
That woll not besien hem to knowe,
What thynge loue is: till at laste,
That he with strengthe hem ouercaste,
That maulgre hem thei mote obey,
And done all ydelship awey
To serue well and besiliche.
But sonne thou arte none of siche.
For loue shall the well excuse,
But otherwise if thou refuse
To loue, thou might so par caas
Ben ydell, as sometyme was
A kynges doughter vnauised,
Till that Cupide hir hath chastised:

Where

wherof thou shalt a tale here
Accordant vnto this matere.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui amoris occupationem omittentes, grauioris infortunii casus expectant, Et narrat de quadam Armenie regis filia, que huiusmodi condicionis in principio inuentutis ocio supersistens, mirabili postea visione castigata, in amoris obsequium prę ceteris efficitur.

¶ Of Armenie I rede thus
There was a kynge, whiche Herupus
Was hote: and he a lustie mayde
To doughter had, and as men saide,
Hir name was Rosiphele,
Whiche tho was of great renome.
For she was bothe wise and feyre
And shulde be hir fathers heyre.
But she had one defaut of slouth
Towardes loue, and that was routh.
For so well couthe no man seie,
Whiche might set hir in the weie
Of loues occupacion
Through none imaginacion:
That schole wolde she not knowe,
And thus she was one of the slowe,
As of suche hertes besinesse,
Till whan Venus the goddesse,
Whiche loues courte hath for to rule,
Hath brought hir into better rule,
Forth with Cupide, and with his might.
For thei meruaile of suche a wight,
Whiche tho was in hir lustie age,
Desyreth neuther marlage,
Ne yet the loue of peramours,
Whiche euer hath ben the common cours
Amonge hem, that lustie were:
So was it after shewed there.
For he that hie hertes loweth
With fyrie darte, whiche he throweth,
Cupido, whiche of loue is god,
In chastisynge hath made a rod
To driue awais hir wantonnesse.
So that within a while I gesse
She had on suche a chance spourned,
That all hir mode was ouertorned,
Whiche firste syr had of slowe manere.
For this it fell, as thou shalt here.

Whan come was the moneth of maie,
She wolde walke vpon a daie,
And that was er the sonne arist,
Of women but a fewe it wist,
And forth she went priuely
Vnto the parke was faste by
All softe walkende on the gras,
Tyll she came there the launde was,
Through whiche there ran a great riuere,
It thought her fayre: and said here
I woll abide vnder the shawe,
And bad hir women to withdrawe,
And there she stode alone stille,
To thinke what was in hir wille.
She sighe the swete floures springe,
She herde glad foules synge,
She sigh beastes in her kynde,
The bucke, the doo, the hert, the hynde,
The males go with the femele,
And so began there a quarele
Betwene loue and hir owne herte,
Fro whiche she couthe not asterte.
And as she caste hir eie aboute
She sigh clad in one sute a route
Of ladies, where thei comen ride
Alonge vnder the woodde side,
On fayre ambulende hors thei set,
That were all white, fayre and great,
And euerichone ride on side.
The sadels were of suche a pride,
With perles and golde so well begone,
So riche sigh she neuer none:
In kirtels and in copes riche
Thei were clothed all aliche,
Departed euen of white and blewe,
With all lusses, that she knewe
Thei were embroudred ouer all,
Her bodies weren longe and small,
The beautee of her fayre face
There maie none erthly thynge deface.
Corownes on their heades thei bere,
As eche of hem a quene were,
That all the golde of Cresus hall,
The leaste coronall of all,
Might not haue boughte, after the worth.
Thus comen thei ridend forth.
The kynges doughter, whiche this sigh,
For pure abasshe drewe hir adrigh,

And

And helde her close vnder the bough,
And let hem still ride enough.
For as hir thought in hir auise
To hem that were of suche a prise,
She was not worthie to aske there.
Fro when they come, or what thei were,
But leuer than this worldes good,
She wolde haue wist how it stoode,
And put hir head a litell out:
And as she loked hir aboute,
She sawe comende vnder the lynde
A woman vpon an hors behynde,
The hors, on whiche she rode was blacke,
All lene, and galled vpon the backe,
And halted, as he that were encloied,
Wherof the woman was annoied.
Thus was the hors in sorie plight,
And for all that a sterre white
Amiddes in hir front she had:
Hir saddell eke was wonder bad,
In whiche the wofull woman sat.
And netheles there was with that
A riche bridell for the nones
Of golde and precious stones:
Hir cote was somedele to tore,
About hir middell twentie score
Of hors halters, and well mo
There hangen that time tho.
Thus whan she came the ladie nighe,
Then toke she better hede, and sighe
The woman was right faire of face,
All though hir lacked other grace.
And so this ladie, there she stode
Bethought hir well, and vnderstode,
That this, whiche came ridende tho,
Tidynges couthe tell of tho,
Whiche as she sigh tofore ride,
And put hir forth, and praide abide,
And said: A sister lette me here,
What ben thei, that riden nowe here,
And ben so richely arraied?
This woman, whiche come so esmaied,
Answerde with full softe speche
And saide: Madame I shall you teche.
These are of tho, that whilom were
Seruauntes to loue, and trouth bere
There as thei had their hertes sette.
Fare well. For I maie not be lette,
Madame I go to my seruice,
So muste I haste in all wise.
For thy madame yeue me leue,
I may not longe with you leue.
A good sister yet I preie,
Tell me why ye be so beseye,
And with these halters thus begone?
¶ Madame, whilom I was one,
That to my father had a kynge
But I was slowe, and for no chynge
Me liste not to loue obeie,
And that I nowe full sore abeie.
For I whilom no loue had
My hors is nowe feble and badde,
And all to tore is myn arraie,
And euery yere this freshe maie,
These lustie ladies ride aboute,
And I muste nedes sewe her route
In this maner, as ye nowe see,
And trusse her halters forth with mee,
And am but her horse knaue,
None other office I ne haue,
Hem thynketh I am worthy no more.
For I was slowe in loues lore,
When I was able for to lere,
And wolde not the tales here
Of hem, that couthe loue teche.
¶ Now tell me than I you beseche,
Wherfore that riche bridell serueth?
With that awaie hir chere she swerueth,
And gan to wepe, and thus she tolde.
This bridell, whiche ye nowe beholde
So riche vpon myn hors hede
Madame afore er I was dede
When I was in my lusty life
There fell in to myn herte a strife
Of loue, whiche me ouercome,
So that therof hede I nome,
And thought I wolde loue a knight,
That last well a fourtenight.
For it no lenger might laste,
So nigh my lyfe was at laste.
But nowe at laste to late ware,
That I ne had hym loued are.
For death cam so hast byme
Er I therto had any tyme,
That it ne might ben acheued.
But for all that I am releued

Of

Of that my wille was good therto,
That loue suffreth it be so,
That I shall suche a bridell were.
Nowe haue ye herde all myn answere,
To god madame I you betake,
And warneth all for my sake
Of loue, that thei be nought idell,
And bid hem thinke vpon my bridell.
And with that worde all sodenly
She passeth, as it were a skie
All cleane out of the ladies sight.
And tho for feare hir herte affright,
And saide to hir selfe: Alas
I am right in the same cas,
But if I liue after this daie,
I shall amende if I maie.
And thus homewarde this ladie went,
And changed all hir firste entent
within hir herte, and gan to swere,
That she no halters wolde bere.
Lo sonne, here might thou take hede,
Howe idelnes is for to drede,
Nameliche of loue, as I haue writte.
For thou might vnderstonde and witte
Amonge the gentill nation,
Loue is an occupacion,
Whiche for to kepe his lustes saue,
Shulde euery gentill herte haue.
For as the ladie was chastised:
Right so the knight maie be auised,
Whiche idell is, and woll not serue
To loue, he maie percase deserue
A greatter peine than she had,
Whan she aboute with hir lad
The hors halters: and for thy
Good is to be ware therby.
But for to loken abouen all
These maidens, howe so it fall,
Thei shulde take ensample of this,
Whiche I haue tolde: for soth it is.
My lady Venus, whom I serue,
What woman woll hir thanke deserue,
She maie not thilke loue eschewe
Of peramours, but she mote sewe
Cupides lawe, and netheles
Men sene suche loue selde in pees,
That it nis euer vpon aspie
Of tanglynge, and of fals enuie,
Full ofte medled with disease,
But thilke loue is well at ease,
Whiche sette is vpon mariage.
For that dare shewen the visage
In all places openly.
A great meruaile it is for thy,
Howe that a maide woll sette
That she hir tyme ne besette,
To hasse vnto thilke sette,
Wherof the loue is all honeste.
Men maie recouer losse of good,
But so wise a man yet neuer stoode,
Whiche maie recouer tyme yore:
So maie a maiden well therfore
Ensample take, of that she strangeth
Hir loue, and longe er that she changeth
Hir herte vpon hir lustes grene
To mariage, as it is sene.
For thus a yere, two, or three
She leste, er that she wedded bee,
While she the charge might beare
Of childzen, whiche the worlde forbeare
Me may, but if it shulde faile.
But what maiden that in hir spousaille
Wolde tarie, whan she take maie,
She shall perchance an other daie
Be let, whan that hir leuest were:
Wherof a tale vnto thyn eare,
Whiche is culpable vpon this dede,
I thinke telle of that I rede.

☞ Hic ponit exemplum super eodem: Et narratur de filia Jepte, quæ cum ex sui patris voto in holocaustum deo occidi et offerri deberet, ipsa pro eo, quod virgo fuit, et prolem ad augmentationem populi dei nondum genuisset. pl. dierum spacium, vt cum suis sodalibus virginibus suam deflceret virginitatem paulisquam moreretur, in eyeplum aliorum a patre postulauit.

Amonge the iewes, as men tolde,
There was whilom by daies olde
A noble duke, whiche Jepte hight:
And felle, he shulde go to fight
Againe Amon the cruell kyng,
And for to speke vpon this thyng,
Within his herte he made a vowe
To god, and said, A lorde, if thou
Wolte graunt vnto thy man victorie,

I shall in token of thy memorie,
The firste life, that I maie see,
Of man or woman, wher it bee,
Anone as I come home ageyne,
To the, whiche arte god sovereyne,
Sleen in thy name, and sacrifie.
And thus with his chivalrie
He goth hym forth, so as he sholde,
And wanne all that he wynne wolde,
And overcame his fomen alle.
Maie no man knowe that shall falle.
This duke a lustie doughter had,
And fame, whiche the worldes spread,
Hath brought vnto this ladies eare,
Howe that hir father hath do there.
She wayteth vpon his comynge,
With daunsinge, and with carolynge,
As she that wolde be tofore
All other, and so she was therfore
In Masphat at hir fathers gate
The first: and whan he cometh ther at,
And sigh his doughter, he to braide
His clothes, and wepende he saide:
O mightie god amonge vs here
Nowe wote I, that in no manere
This worldes ioy maie be plaine.
I had all that I couth saine
Ayene my fomen by thy grace:
So whan I came towarde this place,
There was no gladder man than I:
But now my lorde all sodeinly
My ioye is tourned in to sorowe.
For I my doughter shall to morowe
To hewe and brenne in thy seruice,
To louynge of thy sacrifice
Thorough myn auowe, so as it is.
The maiden whan she wist of this,
And sawe the sorowe hir father made,
So as she maie with wordes glade
Comforted hym, and bad hym holde
His couenant, as he was beholde,
Towardes god, as he behight.
But netheles hir herte aflight,
Of that she sawe hir deathe comende:
And than vnto the grounde knelende
Tofore hir father she is falle,
And saith, so as it is falle
Vpon this point, that she shall deye,
Of one thyng first she wolde hym prey,
That forty daies of respite
He wolde hir graunt, vpon this plight,
That she the while maie bewepe
Hir maydenhode, whiche she to kepe
So longe hath kept, and not be set,
Wherof hir lusty youth is lette,
That she no children hath forth drawe
In mariage after the lawe:
So that the people is not encreased,
But that it might be released,
That she hir tyme hath lore so
She wolde by his leue go
With other maydens to complaine:
And afterwarde vnto the paine
Of death, she wolde come ageyne.
The father herde his doughter seyne,
And therbyon of one assent
The maydens were anone assent,
That shulden with this mayden wende.
So for to speake vnto this ende,
Thei gone the downes and the dales,
With weppynge, and with wofull tales,
And euery wight hir maydenhede
Complayneth vpon thilke nede,
That she no children had bore,
Wherof she hath hir youth lore,
Whiche neuer she recouer maie,
For so felle, that hir laste daie
Was come, in whiche she shulde take
Hir dethe, whiche she maie not forsake.
Lo thus she deyde a wofull maide,
For thilke cause, whiche I saide,
As thou hast vnderstonde aboue.
My father as towarde the loue
Of maydens for to telle trouthe,
Ye haue thilke vice of slouthe
Me thinketh right wonder wel declared,
That ye the women haue not spared
Of hem that tarien so behynde.
But yet it falleth in my mynde
Towarde the men, howe that ye speke
Of hem that woll no trauaile seke
In cause of loue vpon deserte,
To speke in wordes so coverte,
I not what trauaile that ye ment.
My sonne and after myn entent
I woll the telle, what I thought:

How whilom men her loues boughte
Through great trauaile in strange londes,
Where that thei wrought with her hondes
Of armes many a worthy dede,
In sondry places, as men maie rede.

Quē ꝓbat armorū ꝓbitas Venꝰ ap, ꝓbat, et quē
Torpor habet reprobum, reprobat illa virū.
Vecors segnicies insignia nescit amoris,
Nam piger ad brauium tardius ipse venit.

☞ Hic loquitur, quod in amoris causa militie ꝓbitas ad armorum laboris exercitium nullatenus torpescat.

¶ That euery loue of pure kynde
Is fyrst forth drawe, well I fynde:
But netheles yet ouer this
Deserte dothe so, that it is
The rather had in many place.
For thy who secheth loues grace,
Where that these worthy women are,
He maie not than him selue spare
Upon his trauaile for to serue,
Wherof that he maie thanke deserue,
Where as these men of armes be,
Sometyme ouer the great sea,
So that by londe, and eke by ship
He mote trauaile for worshyp,
And make many hastie rodes,
Somtime in Pruis sometyme in Rodes,
And some time in to Tartarie:
So that these heraudes on hym crie,
Vailant vaylant, lo where he goth,
And than he yeueth hem golde and cloth:
So that his fame might springe,
And to his ladies eare bringe
Some tidynge of his worthinesse,
So that she might of his prowesse,
Of that she herde men recorde,
The better vnto his loue accorde,
And daunger put out of hir mood,
Whan all men recorden good:
And that she wote well for hir sake,
That he no trauaile woll forsake.
My sonne of this trauaile I mene,
Now shrine the: for it shall be sene,
If thou arte ydell in this cas.
¶ My father ye, and euer was.
For as me thynketh truely,
That euery man doth more than I,
As of this point, and if so is,
That I haue ought done so er this,
It is so littell of accompte,
As who saith, it maie not amount
To winne of loue his lustie yifte.
For this I tell you in shrifte,
That me were leuer hir loue winne,
Than Raire, and all that is therinne.
And for to slea the heathen all
I not what good there might fall
So muche blood though there were shad:
This synde I write, howe Christe bad,
That no man other shulde slea.
What shulde I wynne ouer the sea.
If I my ladie lofte at home?
But passe thei the salte fome,
To whom Christe bad thei shulden preche
To all the worlde, and his feith teache.
But now thei rucken in her nest,
And resten, as hem liketh beste
In all the swetnes of delices.
Thus thei defenden vs the vices,
And sitten hem selfe all amidde,
To slea and fight, thei vs bidde.
Hem whom thei shuld, as the boke saithe,
Conuerten vnto Christes faithe.
But her of haue I great meruaile,
How that thei shuld me bid trauaile,
A sarazyn if I slea shall,
I slea the soule forth withall:
And that was neuer Christes loze:
But now hoo therof I saie no more.
But I woll speke vpon my shrift,
And to Cupide I make a yifte,
That who as euer price deserue
Of arme, I woll loues serue,
As though I shulde hem bothe kepe,
Als well yet wolde I take kepe,
When it were time to abide,
And for to trauaile, and for to ride.
For how as euer a man laboure
Cupide appointed hath his houre.

¶ Hic allegat Amās in sui excusationē, qualiter Achillis apud Troiam propter amorem Polixene arma sua per aliquod tempus dimisit.

¶ For I haue herde tell also,
Achilles lefte his armes so,

Bothe

Both of hym selfe, and of his men,
At Troie for Polixen,
Upon hir loue when he fell:
That for no chance that befell
Amonge the grekes, or vp or downe,
He wolde nought ayene the towne
Ben armed, for the loue of hir:
And so me thinketh leue syr,
A man of armes maie him reste
Sometyme in hope for the beste,
If he maie fynde a werre nerre,
What shulde I than go so ferre:
In strange londes many a mile
To ride, and lese at home there while
My loue, it were a shorte beyete
To winne chaffe, and lese whete.
But if my ladie bide wolde,
That I for hir loue sholde
Trauaile, me thynketh truely,
I might flee through out the skie,
And go through out the depe sea,
For all ne sette I not a strea,
What thonke that I myght els gete.
What helpeth a man haue mete,
Where drinke lacketh on the borde:
What helpeth any mans worde:
To saie howe I trauaile faste,
Where as me faileth at laste
That thynge, whiche I trauaile fore,
O in good tyme were he bore,
That might atteine suche a mede.
But certes if I might spede
With any maner besinesse
Of worldes trauaile than I gesse,
There shulde me none idelship
Departe from hir ladiship.
But this I see on daies nowe,
The blynde god (I wote not howe)
Cupido, whiche of loue is lorde,
He sette the thynges in disorde,
That thei that lest to loue entende,
Full ofte he woll hem yeue and sende
Moste of his grace: and thus I fynde,
That he that shulde go behynde,
Goth many a tyme ferre to fore.
So wote I not right well therfore,
On whether borde that I shall saile.
Thus can I nought my selfe counsaile,
But all I sette on auenture,
And am, as who saith, out of cure,
For ought that I can sey or do.
For euermo I fynde it so,
The more besinesse I laie,
The more that I knele and praie,
With good wordes, and with sokte,
The more I am refused ofte
With besines, and maie not winne.
And in good feith that is great sinne.
For I maie seie of dede and thought,
That idell man haue I be nought,
For howe as euer that I be desaide,
Yet euermore I haue assaide.
But though my besynesse lacke,
All is but ydell at lacke.
For wha n theffecte is idelnesse,
I not what thynge is besinesse.
Saie what auaileth all the dede,
Whiche nothynge helpeth at nede.
For the fortune of euery fame
Shall of his ende beare a name.
And thus for ought is yet befalle,
An idell man I woll me calle,
And after myn entendement,
But vpon your amendement
Myn holy father, as you semeth,
My reason and my cause demeth.
¶ My son I haue herde of thy matere,
Of that thou hast the shryuen here,
And for to speake of idell fare,
Me semeth that thou thartt not care,
But only that thou might not spede,
And therof sonne I woll the rede
Abide, and haste not to faste
Thy dedes ben euery daie to caste
Thou nost, what chance shall betide:
Better is to waite vpon the tide,
Than rowe ayenste the stremes stronge.
For though so be the thynke longe:
Perrase the reuolucion
Of heuen, and thy condicion
Ne be not yet of one accorde,
But I dare make this recorde
To Venus, whose preest that I am:
That sithen that I hither cam
To here, as she me badde, thy life,
Wherof thou els be gyltife,

Thou

Thou might herof thy conscience
Excuse, and of great diligence,
Whiche thou to loue hast so dispended,
Thou oughtest wel to be commended.
But if so be, that there ought faile
Of that thou doutest to trauaile
In armes for to ben absent,
And for thou makest an argument
Of that thou saidest here aboue,
How Achilles through strength of loue
His armes left for a throwe:
Thou shalt an other tale knowe,
Whiche is contrarie, as thou shalt witte.
For this a man maie finde writte,
Whan that knighthode shall be weired,
Lust maie not than be preferred:
The bed mot than be forsake,
And shelde and spere on hond take,
Whiche thing shall make hem after glade,
Whan thei be worthy knightes made:
Wherof, so as it cometh to honde,
A tale thou shalt vnderstonde,
How that a knight shall armes sewe,
And for the while his ease eschewe.

Hic dicit, q̄ amoris delectamēto postposito, mikes arma sua preferre debet, Et ponit exēplum de Vlysse, cū ipse a bello Troiano ppter amorem Penelope remanere domi voluisset, Nauplus pater Palamidis cū tātis sermonibus allocutus est, q̄ Vlysses thoro sue coniugis relicto labores armorū Vna cum aliis Troie magnanimis subibat.

Upon knighthode I rede thus,
Howe whilom the kyng Nauplus,
The fader of Palamides,
Came for to preyen Vlysses,
With other Gregois eke also,
That he with hem to Troie go,
Where that the siege shulde be.
Anone vpon Penelope
His wife, whom that he loueth hote,
Thinkend, wolde hem nought behote:
But he shope then a wonder wile,
Howe that he shulde hem best begile,
So that he might dwelle stille
At home, and weld his loue at wille:
Wherof erly the morowe daie,
Out of his bed, where that he laie,
Whan he was vp, he gan to fare
In to the felde, and loke and stare,
As he whiche feigneth to be wood:
He toke a plough, where that it stoode,
Wherin anone in stede of oxes
He let do yoken great Foxes,
And with great salt the londe he sewe.
But Nauplus, whiche the cause knewe,
Ayene the sleighte, whiche he feigneth,
Another sleighte anone ordeineth.
And fell that tyme Vlysses had
A childe to sonne, and Nauplus bad,
How men that sonne take sholde,
And set hym vpon the molde,
Where that his fader helde the plough,
In thilke forough, whiche he tho drough.
For in such wise he thought assaie,
How it Vlysses shulde paie,
If that he were wood or none.
The knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemachus anone was sette,
Tofore the plough and euen sette,
Where that his fader shulde driue.
But whan he sawe his childe as blinde,
He drof the plough out of the weye.
And Nauplus tho began to seye,
And hath halfe in a iape cried:
O Vlysses, thou art aspied,
What is all this thou woldest mene?
For openliche it is nowe sene,
That thou hast feigned all this thyng,
Whiche is great shame to a kynge,
Whan that for lust of any slouthe,
Thou wilten a quarel of trouthe
Of armes thilke honour forsake,
And dwelle at home for loues sake.
For better it were honour to wynne
Than loue, whiche likynge is ynne.
For thy take worshipp vpon honde,
And elles thou shalt vnderstonde,
These other worthie kynges all
Of Greece, whiche vnto the call,
Towardes the wol be right wroth,
And greue the per chans both:
Whiche shall be to the double shame,
Most for the hyndryng of thy name,
That thou for slouthe of any loue,
Shalt so thy luckes set aboue,
And leue of armes the knighthode,
Whiche is the price of thy manhode,

And ought firſt to be deſired.
But he, whiche had his herte fired
Upon his wife, whan he this herde,
Nought one word there ayene anſwerde,
But torneth home haluyn aſhamed,
And hath with in hym ſelfe ſo tamed
His herte, that all the ſotie
Of loue for chiualrie
He lefte, and be hym leef or loth,
To Troie forth with hem he goth,
That he hym might not excuſe.
Thus ſtant it, if a knight refuſe
The luſt of armes to trauaile.
There maie no worldes eaſe auaile,
But if worſhip be with all,
And that hath ſhewed ouerall.
For it ſit wel in all wiſe
A knight to ben of highe empriſe,
And putten all drede aweye.
For in this wiſe I haue herd ſeye.

☞ Hic narrat ſuper eodem, qualiter Laodomia regis Protheſilai vxor, volens ipſum a bello Troiano ſecum retinere, fatalem ſibi mortem in portu Troie pronunciauit: ſed ipſe militiam poſtiuſq; ocia affectans, Troiam adiit: Vbi ſue mortis precio perpetue laudis cronicam ademit.

The worthie knight Protheſilaie
On his paſſage, where he laie
Toward Troie thilke ſiege,
She whiche was all his owne liege
Laodomie his luſtie wife,
Whiche for his loue was penſife,
As he whiche all hir hert had
Upon a thyng, wherof the drad,
A letter, for to make hym dwelle
Fro Troie, ſend hym, thus to telle,
Howe ſhe hath aſked of the wiſe
Touchend of hym in ſuche a wiſe,
That thei haue done hir vnderſtonde,
Toward other howe ſo it ſtonde,
The deſtyne it hath ſo ſhape,
That he ſhall not the deth eſcape,
In caas that he arriue at Troie.
For thy as to hir worldes ioye,
With all hir herte ſhe hym preyde,
And many another cauſe alleyde,
That he with hir at home abide.
But he hath caſt hir letter a ſide,
As he whiche tho no maner hede
Toke of hir womanliche drede:
And forth he goth, as nought ne were
To Troie, and was the firſte there,
Whiche londeth, and toke arriuaile.
For hym was leuer in the battaile,
Ye ſeith, to deyen as a knight,
Than for to liue in all his might,
And be reproued of his name.
Lo thus vpon the worldes fame
Knighthode hath euer yet beſet,
Whiche with no cowardis is let.

☞ Adhuc ſuper eodem quaritur Rex Saul, nõ obſtante q̃ Samuelem a Phitoniſſa ſuſcitatum et coniuratum reſponſum, q̃ ipſe in bello moreretur, accepiſſet: hoſtes tamẽ ſuos aggrediens militie famã eiectis huius vite vladimẽtis prepoſuit.

Of kynge Saul alſo I finde,
Whan Samuel out of his kinde,
Through that the Phitones hath lered
In Samarie, was arered
Longe tyme after that he was dede,
The kynge Saul hym aſketh rede,
If that he ſhall go fight or none.
And Samuel hym ſaid anone,
The firſt daie of the bataile
Thou ſhalte be ſlain without faile,
And Ionathas thy ſonne alſo.
But howe as euer it felle ſo,
This worthy knight of his courage
Hath vndertake the viage,
And wolde nought his knighthode let
For no perille he couth ſet:
Wherof that bothe his ſonne and he,
Upon the Mount of Gelboe
Aſſemblen with hir enemies.
For thei knighthode of ſuche a prís
By olde daies than helden,
That thei none other thyng behelden.
And thus the fader for worſhip,
Forth with his ſonne of felaulhip,
Through luſt of armes weren dede,
As men maie in the bible rede,
Thei whos knighthode is yet in mynde,
And ſhall be to the worldes ende.

☞ Hic loquitur, q̃ miles in ſuis primordiis ad audaciam pronocari debet. Et narrat qualiter Chiro Cẽſaurus Achillem, qui ſecum ab infantia in mõtem Pelleon educauit, vt audax efficeretur

tur, primitus edocuit, quod cum ipse venationibus ibidem insisteret, leones, et tigrides, huiusmodi q; animalia sibi resistencia, et nulla alia fugitiua agitaret, et sic Achillees in iuuentute animatus famosissime milicie probitatē postmodū adoptauit.

And for to loken ouermore,
It hath and shall ben euermore,
That of knighthode the prowesse
Is grounded vpon hardinesse
Of hym that dare well vndertake:
And who that wolde ensample take
Upon the forme of knightes lawe,
How that Achilles was forth drawe
With Chiro, whiche Centaurus hight,
Of many a wonder here he might.
For it stood thilke time thus,
That this Chiro this Centaurus
Within a large wylderneſſe,
Where was lyon and leoneſſe,
The leparde, and the Tygre also,
With hert, and hynd, buk, and do,
Had his dwellynge, as tho befille
Of Peleon vpon the hille:
Wherof was than mochell speche,
There hath Chiro this thilde to teche,
What tyme he was of twelue yere age.
Wherof to maken his courage
The more hardy by other weye,
In the forest to hunt and pleie
Whan that Achilles walke wolde,
Centaurus badde, that he ne sholde
After no beſt make his chas,
Whiche wolde fleen out of his place:
As bucke and do, and herte and hynde,
With whiche he male no werre kynde.
But tho, that wolden hym withstonde,
There shuld he with his darte on honde
Upon the Tygre and the lion
Purchace and make his venison,
As to a knight is acordant:
And therupon a couenant
This Chiro with Achilles set,
That euery daie without let
He shuld seche a cruell beſt,
Or sle or wounden at the leſt,
So that he might a token bringe
Of blonde vpon his home compynge.
And thus of that Chiro hym taught,
Achilles suche an herte caught,
That he no more a lion drad,
Whan he his darte on honde had,
Than if a lion were an asse,
And that hath made hym for to passe
Al other knightes of his dede,
Whan it cam the great nede,
As it was afterwarde well knowe.
Lo thus my son thou might knowe,
That the courage of hardineſſe
Is of knighthode the prowesse,
Whiche is to loue sufficant
Abouen all the remenant,
That vnto loues courte pursue.
But who that wolde no slouthe eschewe
Upon knighthode, and not trauaile,
I not what loue hym shulde auaile:
But euery labour asketh why
Of some reward, wherof that I
Ensamples couth tell enough,
Of hem that toward loue drough
By olde daies, as thei sholde.
My fader therof here I wolde.
My sonne it is well reasonble
In place, whiche is honourable,
If that a man his herte sette,
That than he for no slouth lette
To do what longeth to manhede.
For if thou wolt the bokes rede
Of Launcelot, and other mo,
There might thou seen, how it was tho
Of armes, for thei wolde atteine
To loue, whiche withouten peine
Male not be gette of Idelnes,
And that I take to witnesse
An olde Cronike in speciall,
The whiche in to memorialL
Is write for his loues sake,
Howe that a knight shall vndertake.

☞ Hic dicit, q; miles priusquā amozis amplexu dignus efficiatur, euentus bellicos victoriosus amplectere debet, ut narrat qualiter Hercules et Achillous propter Deianiram Calidonie regis filiam singulare duellum adinuicem inierunt, cuius victor Hercules, existens armorum meritis amozem Virginis laudabiliter conquestauit.

There was a kynge, whiche Oenes
Was hote, and he vnder pees

Held Calidonie in his empyre:
And had a doughter Deianire,
Men wiste in thilke tyme none.
So fayre a wight, as she was one.
And as she was a lusty wight,
Right so was than a noble knight,
To whom Mercurie fader was,
This knight the two pilers of bras,
The whiche yet a man maie fynde
Set vp in the deserte of Inde,
That was the worthy Hercules,
Whos name shall ben endeles.
For the meruailes, whiche he wrought.

This Hercules the loue sought
Of Deianire, and of this thynge
Unto hir fader, whiche was kynge
He spake touchend of mariage.

The kynge knowend his hie linage,
And drad also his mightes sterne,
To hym ne durst his doughter werne.
And netheles, this he hym seyde,
Howe Achilous, er he, fyrst preyde
To wedden hir: and in acorde
Thei stode, as it was of recorde.

But for all that, this he him graunteth,
That whiche of hem, that other daunteth,
In armes, hym she shulde take,
And that the kynge hath vndertake.

This Achilous was a geaunt,
A subtill man, a deceiuaunt,
Whiche thrugh Magike and sorcerie
Couthe all the worlde of trecherie.

And whan that he this tale herde,
Howe vpon that the kynge answerde,
With Hercules he muste feight:
He trusteth nought vpon his sleight
Al onely, whan it cometh to nede:
But that, whiche voideth all drede,
And euery noble herte stereth
The loue, that no lyfe forbereth,
For his lady, whome he desyreth,
With hardinesse his herte fyreth,
And sent hym worde without faile,
That he woll take the bataile.

Thei setten daie, thei chosen felde,
The knightes couered vnder shelde
To gyder come at tyme sette,
And eche one is with other mette.

It fell thei foughten bothe on foote,
There was no stone, there was no roote,
Whiche might letten hem the weie,
But all was voide and take aweie.

Thei smiten strokes but a fewe.
For Hercules, whiche wolde shewe
His great strengthe, as for the nones
He stert vpon hym all at ones,
And caught hym in his armes stronge.

This geaunt wote, he maie not longe
Endure vnder so harde bondes,
And thought he wolde out of his hondes
By sleighte, in some maner escape.
And as he couthe hym selfe forshape
In lykenesse of an adder he slipte
Out of his honde, and forthe he skipte,
And ofte, as he that fyght wolle,
He torneth hym into a bolle,
And gan to belowe in suche a soune
As though the worlde shuld all go doune:
The ground he sporneth, and he traunceth,
His large hornes he auaunceth,
And cast hem here and there aboute.

But he, whiche stant of hem no doute,
Awaiteth well whan that he came,
And hym by bothe hornes nam,
And all at ones he hym caste
Unto the grounde, and helde hym faste,
That he ne might with no sleight
Out of his honde gete vpon height,
Till he was ouercome, and polde,
And Hercules hath what he wolde.

The kynge hym graunted to fulfille
His askynge at his owne wille.
And she, for whome he had serued,
Hir thought he hath hir well deserued.

And thus with great deserte of armes
He wan hym for to ligge in armes,
As he whiche hath it dere abought.
For otherwise shulde he nought.

Nota de Penthesilea Amazonie regina, que Hectoris amore colligata, contra Pirrum Achillis filium apud Troiam arma ferre etiam personaliter non recusauit.

And ouer this if thou wilte here
Upon knighthode of this mattere,
Howe loue and armes ben acquointed,
A man maie see both writte and peinted,

So ferforth, that Penthesile,
Whiche was the quene of Femine,
The loue of Hector for to seke,
And for thonour of armes eke,
To Troie cam with spere and shelde,
And rode hir selfe in to the felde,
With maidens armed all a route,
In rescus of the Towne aboute,
Whiche with the grekes was belein.

☞ Nota qualiter Philimenis propter militie famam a finibus terre in defensionem Troie Veniens, tres puellas a regno Amazonie quolibet anno percipiendas sibi et heredibus suis imperpetuum ea de causa habere promeruit.

Fro Paphlagonie and as men sein,
Whiche stant vpon the worldes ende,
That tyme it liked eke to wende
Philimenis, whiche was kynge,
To Troie, and came vpon this thynge
In helpe of thilke noble towne,
And all was that for the renoune
Of worship and of worldes fame:
Of whiche he wolde beare a name,
And so he did, and forth with all
He wan of loue in speciall
A faire tribute for euermo.
For it felle thilke tyme so,
Pyrrus the sonne of Achilles
This worthy quene amonge the pres
With dedely swerde sought out, and fonde,
And slough hir with his owne honde.
Wherof this kynge of Paphlagonie
Penthesile of Amazonie,
Where she was quene, with hym ladde,
With suche maidens as she hadde
Of hem that were left aliue,
Forth in his ship, til thei ariue,
Where that the body was begraue
With worship, and the women saue.
And for the goodship of this dede,
Thei graunten hym a lustie mede,
That euery yere, for his truage,
To hym and to his heritage,
Of maidens faire he shall haue three.
And in this wise spedde hee,
Whiche the fortune of armes sought,
With his trauaile his ease he bought.
For other wise he shulde haue failed,
If that he had nought trauailed.

☞ Nota pro eo, quod Eneas regem Turnum in bello deuicit, non solum amorem Lauine, sed et regnum Italie sibi subiugatum obtinuit.

ENeas eke within Italie
Ne had he wonne the bataile,
And done his might so besily
Ayene kynge Turne his enemie,
He had nought Lauine wonne.
But for he hath hym ouer ronne
And gat his pris, he gat hir loue.
By these ensamples here aboue,
Lo nowe my sonne, as I haue tolde,
Thou might wel see, who that is bolde,
And dar trauaile, and vndertake
The cause of loue, he shall be take
The rather vnto loues grace.
For comonliche in worthie place
The women louen worthinesse
Of manhode, and of gentilnesse.
For the gentils be most desired.
EMy fader but I were inspired
Through lore of you, I wote no weye
What gentilnesse is for to seye:
Wherof to telle I you beseche.
EThe grounde my sonne for to seche
Vpon this diffinicion,
The worldes constitucion
Hath set the name of gentilnesse
Vpon the fortune of richesse:
Whiche of longe tyme is falle in age,
Than is a man of highe linage
After the forme as thou shalt here,
But no thynge after the matere.
For who that reason vnderstonde,
Vpon richesse it maie not stonde.
For that is thyng, whiche faileth ofte.
For he that stant to daie alofte,
And all the worlde hath in his wones,
To morowe he falleth all at ones
Out of riches in to pouerte:
So that therof is no deserte,
Whiche gentilnesse maketh abide.
And for to loke on other side,
Howe that a gentilman is bore:
Adam, whiche was all tofore,
With Eue his wife, as of hem two
All was alithe gentill tho.
So that of generacion

To make declaracion,
There maie no gentilnes bee.
For to the reason if we see
Of mans byrthe the measure,
It is so common to nature,
That it yeueth euery man aliche,
As well to the poore as to the riche.
For naked thei ben bore bothe,
The lorde no more hath for to clothe,
As of hym that like throwe,
Than hath the poorest of the rowe.
And whan thei shull both passe,
I not of hem whiche hath the lasse
Of worldes good, but as of charge,
The lorde is more for to charge,
Whan god shall his accompte here.
For he hath had his lusses here.
But of the body, whiche shall deye,
All though there be diuers weye
To deth, yet is there but one ende,
To whiche that euery man shall wende,
As well the begger as the lorde,
Of one nature of one accorde.
She whiche our olde mother is
The erthe, dothe that and this
Receyueth, and aliche deuoureth,
That she to nouther part fauoureth.
So wote I nothyng after kinde,
Where I maie gentilles finde.
For lacke of vertue lacketh of grace,
Wherof Richesse in many place,
Whan men best wene for to stonde,
All sodeinly goth out of honde.
But vertue sette in the courage,
There maie no worlde be so saluage,
Whiche might it take and done awaye,
Till when that the body deye:
And than he shall be riched so,
That it maie faile neuermo.
So maie that well be gentilnesse,
Whiche yeueth so great a sikernes.
For after the condicion
Of reasonable intencion,
The whiche out of the soule groweth,
And the vertue fro vice knoweth,
Wherof a man the vice eschaweth,
Without slouth, and vertue seweth,
That is a very gentill man:
And nothyng els, whiche he can
Ne whiche he hath, ne whiche he maie.
But for all that yet nowe a daie,
In loues courte to taken hede,
The poore vertue shall not spede,
Where that the riche vice woweth.
For selde it is, that loue alloweth
The gentill man withouten good,
Though his condicion be good.
But if a man of bothe two
Be riche and vertuous also:
Than is he well the more worthy.
But yet to put hym selfe forth,
He must done his besinesse
For nother good, ne gentilnesse
Maie helpen hem, whiche idel bee.
But who that woll in his degre
Trauaile so, as it belongeth,
It happeth ofte, that he fongeth
Worship, and ese bothe two.
For euer yet it hath be so,
That loue honest in sondrie wey
Profiteth: for it dothe aweye
The vice: and as the bokes seyne,
It maketh curtets of the vileyne,
And to the cowarde hardiesse
It yeueth: so that the very prowesse
Is caused vpon loues reule,
To hym that can manhode reule:
And eke towarde the womanhede,
Who that therof woll taken hede.
For though the better affaited bee
In euery thyng, as men maie see.
For loue hath euer his lusses grene
In gentill folke, as it is sene,
Whiche thyng there maie no kind aresk.
I trowe that there is no besse,
If he with loue shulde acqueint,
That he ne wolde make it queint
As for the while, that it lasse.
And thus I conclude at last,
That thei ben idell, as me semeth,
Whiche vnto thyng, that loue demeth,
For slouthen, that thei shulden do.
And ouer this my sonne also,
After the vertue morall eke
To speke of loue if I shall seke
Amonge the holy bokes wise,

I finde writte in suche a wise.

☞ Nota de amore charitatis, Vbi dicit, qui non diligit, manet in morte.

¶ Who loueth not, as here is dead.
For loue aboue all other is head,
Whiche hath the vertues for to lede,
Of all that vnto mannes dede
Belongeth. For of idelship
He hateth all the felaushyp.
For slouthe is euer to despise,
Whiche in disdeigne hath all apprise,
And that accordeth nought to man.
For he that wit and reason can,
It sit hym wel, that he trauaile
Upon suche thyng, which might auaile.
For idelship is nought comended,
But euery lawe it hath defended.
And in ensample ther vpon
The noble wise Salomon,
Whiche had of euery thyng insight,
Seith: As the birdes to the flight
Ben made, so the man is bore
To labour, whiche is nought forbore
To hem, that thinken for to thriue.
For we, whiche are nowe a liue,
Of hem that besy whilom were
(As wel in schole as els where)
Nowe euery daie ensample take,
That if it were nowe to make
Thyng, which that thei first founden out,
It shuld not be brought about.
Her liues than were longe,
Her wittes great, her mightes strong,
Her hertes full of besinesse,
Wherof the worldes redinesse,
In body both, and in courage,
Stant euer vpon his auantage:
And for to drawe in to memorie
Her names bothe, and her histories
Upon the vertu of her dede
In sondry bokes thou might rede.

Expedit de manibus labor, vt de cotidianis
Actibus ac vita viuere poscit homo.
Sed qui doctrina causa fert mente labores
Prævalet, & merita perpetuata parat.

☞ Hic loquitur contra ociosos quoscunq; et maxime contra istos, qui existentis prudentie ingenium habentes absq; fructu operum torpescunt. Et ponit exemplum de diligentia predecessorum, qui ad totius humani generis doctrinā et auxilium suis continuis laboribus et studiis gratia mediante diuina artes et scientias primitus inuenerunt.

¶ Of euery wisedome the parfite
The highe god of his spirite
Pase to men in erth here,
Upon the forme and the matere,
Of that he wolde make hem wise
And thus cam in the firste apprise
Of bokes, and of all good,
Through hem, that whilom vnderstode
The lore, whiche to hem was yeue:
Wherof these other, that nowe liue
Ben euery daie to lerne newe:
But er the tyme that men sewe,
And that the labour forth it brought,
There was no corne, though men it sought
In none of all the feldes oute,
And er the wisedome cam aboute
Of hem, that first the bokes writte,
This maie wel euery wise man witte.
There was great labour eke also.
Thus was none idel of the two,
That one the plough hath vndertake
With labour, whiche the hond hath take.
That other toke to studie and muse,
As he whiche wolde not refuse
The labour of his wittes all:
And in this wise it is befall
Of labour, whiche that thei begonne
We be now taught, of that we conne,
Her besines is yet to seene,
That it stant euer aliche greene.
All be it so the bodie deye,
The name of hem shall neuer aweye,
In the Cronicke as I finde,
Cham, whos labour is yet in mynde,
Was he, whiche firste the letters fonde,
And wrote in hebrewe with his honde
Of naturall philosophie.
He fonde first also the clergie.
Cadmus the letters of gregois
First made vpon his owne choise.
Theges of thyng, whiche shal befall
He was the first augur of all,

And

And Philemon by the vſage
Fonde to deſcriue the courage.
Claudius, Eſdras, and Sulpices,
Termegis, Pandulfe, and Frigidilles,
Menander, Ephiloquorus,
Solinus, Pandas, and Ioſephus,
The firſt were of enditours
Of olde Cronike, and eke auctours.
And Herodot in his ſcience
Of metre, of ryme, and of cadence
The firſt was, whiche men note.
And of muſike alſo the note
In mans voyce or ſofte or ſharpe,
That fonde Iuball, and of the harpe
The mery ſowne, whiche is to like,
That fonde Paulius forth with phiſike.
Zeuxis fonde firſt the portrature:
And Promœtheus the ſculpture,
After what forme that hem thought,
The reſemblance anon thei wrought.
Tuball in yron and in ſtele
Fonde firſt the forge, and wrought it wele.
And Iadahel, as ſaith the boke,
Firſte made nette, and fiſſhes toke.
Of huntyng eke he fonde the chace,
Whiche nowe is knowe in many place.
A tent of clothe with corde and ſtake
He ſette vp firſt, and did it make.
Herconius of cokerie
Firſt made the delicate.
The crafte Mynerue of wolle fonde,
And made cloth hir owne honde.
And Delbora made it of lyne.
The women were of great engyne.
But thyng which yeueth mete & drinke,
And doth the labour er for to ſwynke,
To till the londes, and ſette the vines,
Wherof the corne and the wynes
Ben ſuſtenance to mankynde,
In olde bokes as I finde,
Saturnus of his owne wit
Hath founde firſt: and more yit
Of chapmenhode he fonde the weye,
And eke to coygne the money
Of ſondry metall, as it is,
He was the firſt man of this.
But howe that metall cam a place
Through mans wit and goddes grace
The route of philoſophers wiſe
Contreueden by ſondry wiſe.
Firſt for to gette it out of myne,
And after for to trie and fine.
And alſo with great diligence
Thei fonde thilke experience,
Whiche cleped is Alconomie,
Wherof the ſiluer multiplie
Thei made, and eke the golde alſo.
And for to telle howe it is ſo
Of bodies ſeuen in ſpeciall
With foure ſpirites ioynt withall,
Stant the ſubſtance of this matere,
The bodies, whiche I ſpeke of here,
Of the planettes ben begonne
The golde is titled to the ſonne,
The moone of ſiluer hath his part,
And Iron that ſtonde vpon Mart,
The leed after Saturne groweth,
And Iupiter the braſſe beſtoweth,
The copper ſette is to Venus,
And to his part Mercurius
Hath the quicke ſiluer, as it falleth,
The whiche after the boke it calleth
Is firſt of thilke foure named
Of ſpirites, whiche ben proclaymed,
And the ſpirite, whiche is ſeconde,
In Sal Armoniake is founde:
The thirde ſpirite Sulphur is,
The fourth ſewende after this
Arcennium by name is hote,
With blowyng and with fires hote.
In theſe thynges, whiche I ſaye,
Thei worchen by diuers waye.
For as the philoſopher tolde
Of golde and ſiluer thei ben holde
Two principall extremitees,
To whiche all other by degrees
Of the metalles ben accordant,
And ſo through kinde reſemblant:
That what man couth awaie take
The ruſt, of whiche thei woren blake,
And the ſauour of the hardnes,
Thei ſhulden take the likenes
Of golde or ſiluer parfectly.
But for to worche it ſikerly
Betwene the corps and the ſpirite,
Er that the metall be parfite

In

In seuen formes it is sette
Of all: and if one be lette,
The remenant may not auaile:
But other wise it maie nought faile.
For thei, by whom this art was founde,
To euery point a certayne bounde
Ordeinen, that a man maie fynde,
This crafte is wrought by wey of kinde,
So that there is no fallace in.
But what man that this werke begyn,
He mote awaite at euery tide,
So that nothynge be lefte a side.
First of the distillacion,
Forth with the congellacion,
Solucion, Discencion,
And kepe in his entencion
The point of sublimacion,
And forth with Calcinacion
Of very approbacion,
To that there be fixacion,
With temperate hetes of the fyre,
Tyll he the parfite Elixer
Of thilke philosophers stone
Maie gette, of whiche that many one
Of philosophers, whilome write:
And if thou wolt the names wite
Of thilke stone, with other two,
Whiche as the clerkes maden tho,
So as the bokes it recorden,
The kynde of hem I shall recorden.

Nota de tribus lapidibus, quos philosophi composuerunt: quorum primus est lapis Vegetabilis, qui sanitatem conseruat, Secundus dicitur lapis Animalis, que membra et Virtutes sensibiles fortificat, Tertius dicitur lapis mineralis, que omnia metalla purificat, et in suum perfectum naturali potentia deducit.

These olde philosophers wise,
By wey of kynde in sondrie wise
Thre stones made through clergie,
The fyrste I shall specifie,
Was cleped Vegetabilis:
Of whiche the propre vertue is
To mans heale for to serue,
As for to kepe and to preserue
The body fro sickenes all,
Till death of kynde vpon hym fall.
The seconde stone I the behote
Is lapis Animalis hote:
The whose vertue is propre, and couth
For eare, and eie, nose, and mouth,
Wherof a man maie here and see,
And smelle, and talke in his degree,
And for to fele, and for to go
It helpeth a man of both two:
The wittes fiue he vnderfongeth
To kepe, as it to hym belongeth.
The thirde stone in speciall
By name is cleped Minerall,
Whiche the mettals of euery myne
Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne,
And pureth hem by suche a wey,
That all the vice goth alwey
Of rust, of fynke, and of hardnes:
And whan thei ben of suche clennes,
This minerall, so as I fynde,
Transformeth all the fyrste kynde,
And maketh hem able to conceiue
Through his vertue, and receiue
Both in substance and in figure
Of golde and siluer the nature.
For thei two ben the extremitees,
To whiche after the propertees
Hath euery metall his desire,
With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
Forth with this stone, as it is saide,
Whiche to the sonne and moone is laide:
For to the redde, and to the white
This stone hath power to profite.
It maketh multiplicacion
Of golde, and the fixacion
It causeth, and of his habite
He doth the werke to be parfite
Of thilke Elixer, whiche men call
Alconomy, as is befalle
To hem, that whilom were wise.
But now it stant all otherwise.
Thei speken falle of thilke stone,
But howe to make it, nowe wote none,
After the soothe experience.
And netheles great diligence
Thei setten vp thilke dede,
And spillen more than thei spede.
For alway thei fynde a lette,
Whiche bringeth in pouertee and dette

To

To hem, that riche were tofore,
The lolle is had, the lucre is lore:
To get a pounde thei spenden fiue,
I not how suche a crafte shall thriue,
In the maner as it is vsed,
It were better be refused,
Than for to worchen vpon wene
In thynge, whiche stant not as thei wene
But not for thy who that it knewe,
The science of hym selfe is trewe,
Upon the forme, as it was founded,
Wherof the names yet be grounded
Of hem, that first it founden out:
And thus the fame goth all about
To suche as soughten besines
Of vertue, and of worthines,
Of whom if I the names tell,
Hermes was one the first of all,
To whom this arte is moste applied:
Geber therof was magnified,
And Ortolan, and Morien,
Amonge the whiche is Auicen,
Whiche fonde and wrote a great partie
The practike of Alconomie:
Whose bokes pleinly, as thei stonde
Upon this crafte, fewe vnderstonde.
But yet to put hem in assaie,
There ben full many nowe a daie,
That knowen littell what thei mene.
It is not one to wite, and wene.
In forme of wordes thei it trete,
But yet thei failen of beyete.
For ofto muche, or of to lite,
There is algate founde a wite:
So that thei folowe not the line
Of the perfecte medicine,
Whiche grounded is vpon nature:
But thei that writen the scripture
Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
Thei were of suche auctorite,
That thei first founden out the wey
Of all that thou hast herde me sey.
Wherof the cronike of her lore
Shall stonde in price for euermore.
But towarde our marches here
Of the Latins, if thou wolt here
Of hem that whilom vertuous
Were, and therto laborious.
Carment made of hir engine
The first letters of latine,
Of whiche the tonge romayn came,
Wherof that Aristarcus name,
Forth with Donat, and Didymus
The fyrste rule of schole, as thus,
Howe that latine shall be compowned,
And in what wise it shall be sowned,
That euery worde in his degree
Shal stonde vpon congruitee.
And thilke time at Rome also
Was Tullius Cicero,
That writeth vpon Rethorike,
How that men shulde her wordes pike
After the forme of eloquence,
Whiche is, men seine, a great prudence.
And after that out of hebrewe
Jerome, whiche the langage knewe,
The Bible, in whiche the lawe is closed,
In to latine he hath transposed.
And many an other writer eke
Out of Caldee, Arabe, and Greke,
With great labour the bokes wise
Translateden, and otherwise
The latins of hem selfe also
Her studye at thilke tyme so
With great trauaile of schole toke
In sondry forme for to loke,
That we maie take her euidence
Upon the lore of the science
Of crafres bothe, and of clergie,
Amonge the whiche in poesie
To the louers Ouide wrote
And taught, if loue be to hote,
In what maner it shulde abele.
¶For thy my sonne if that thou fele,
That loue wrynge the to sore,
Beholde Ouide, and take his lore.
¶My father if thei might spede,
My loue, I wolde his bokes rede.
And if they techen to refreyne
My loue, it were an idell peyne
To lerne a thynge, whiche maie not bee.
For liche vnto the grene tree,
If that men take his roote awei:
Right so myn herte shulde dei,
If that my loue be withdrawe,
Wherof touchende vnto this sawe

There is but onely to purſewe
My loue, and idelſhip eſchewe.
¶My good ſonne ſooth to ſeye,
If there be ſiker any weye
To loue, thou haſt ſaide the beſt.
For who that woll haue all his reſt,
And do no trauaile at nede,
It is no reaſon that he ſpede,
In loues cauſe for to wynne.
For he, whiche dare nothyng begynne,
I not what thyng he ſhulde acheue.
But ouer this thou ſhalte beleue,
So as it ſit the well to knowe,
That there ben other vices lowe,
Whiche vnto loue do great lette,
If thou thyn herte vpon hem ſette.

Perdit homo cauſam linquēs ſua iura ſopori,
Et quaſi dimidium pars ſua mortis habet.
Eſt in amore vigil Venus, & q̄ habet vigilāti,
Obſequium thalamis fert vigilata ſuis.

☞ Hic loquitur de Somnolentia, quæ Accidie Cameraria dicta eſt, cuius natura ſemimortua alicui⁹ negotii vigilias obſeruari ſopori ſero for-te poſſe recuſat, Vnde quatenus amorem concernit Confeſſor Amanti diligentius opponit.

¶Towarde the lowe progenie
There is yet one of companie,
And he is cleped Somnolence,
Whiche dothe to Slouth his reuerence,
As he whiche is his chamberlein,
That many an honderde tyme hath lein
To ſlepe, when he ſhulde wake.
He hath with loue truce take,
That wake who ſo wake will,
If he maie couthe adowne his bill,
He hath all wowed what hym liſt,
That ofte he goth to bedde vnkiſt,
And ſaith, that for no druerie
He woll not leue his ſluggardie.
For though no man wold it alowe,
To ſlepe leuer than to wowe
Is his maner, and thus on nightes
When he ſeeth the luſty knightes
Reuelen, where theſe women are,
Alwey he ſculketh as an hare,
And gothe to bed, and leyth hym ſofte,
And of his ſouthe he dremeth ofte,
How that he ſticketh in the mire,
And howe he ſitteth by the fire,
And clawethe on his bare ſhankes,
And howe he clymeth vp the bankes,
And falleth in the ſlades depe.
But then who ſo take kepe,
When he is falle in ſuche a dreme,
Right as a ſhip againſt the ſtreme
He routeth with a ſlepie noyſe,
And brouſkleth as a monkes froyſe,
When it is throwe in to the panne.
And otherwhile felde whanne
That he maie dreme a luſkie ſwenen,
Hym thinketh as thoughe he were in heuen;
And as the world were holly his.
And than he ſpeaketh of that and this,
And maketh his expoſicion
After his diſpoſicion,
Of that he wold, and in ſuche wiſe
He dothe to loue all his ſeruiſe.
I not what thonke he ſhall deſerue.
But ſonne if thou wolte loue ſerue,
I rede that thou do not ſo.
¶A good father certes no,
I had leauer by my trouth,
Er I were ſette on ſuche a ſlouth,
And beare ſuche a ſleppe ſnoute,
Bothe eien of my head were out.
For me were better fully die,
Than I of ſuche ſluggardie
Had any name, god me ſhilde.
For whan my mother was with childe,
And I lay in hir wombe cloſe,
I wolde rather Atropos,
Whiche is goddeſſe of all death,
Anone as I had any breath,
Me had fro my mother caſt.
But nowe I am nothyng agaſt,
I thanke god: for Lacheſis,
Ne Cloto, whiche hir felawe is,
Me ſhopen no ſuche deſtinee,
Whan thei at my natiuitee
My werdes ſetten as thei wolde.
But thei me ſhopen that I ſholde
Eſchewe of ſlepe the truandiſe,
So that I hope in ſuche a wiſe
To loue for to ben excuſed,
That I no ſompnolence haue vſed.

For

For certes father Genius,
Yet vnto nowe it hath be thus
At all tyme if it befelle,
So that I might come and dwelle
In place there my lady were,
I was not slowe ne slepy there.
For than I dare well vndertake,
That whan hir list on nightes wake
In chambre as to carole and daunce,
Me thinke I maie me more auaunce
If I may gone vpon hir honde,
Than if I wynne a kynges londe.
For whan I maie hir honde beclip,
With suche gladnes I daunce and skip,
Me thinketh I touche not the flooze.
The Ro, whiche renneth on the mooze
Is than nought so light as I.
So mowe ye witten all for thy,
That for the tyme slepe I hate,
And whan it falleth other gate,
So that hir liketh not to daunce,
But on the dyes to caste a chaunce,
Or aske of loue some demaunde,
Or els that hir list commaunde
To rede and here of Troilus,
Right as she wolde, so or thus,
I am all redie to consent.
And if so is, that I maie hent
Somtyme amonge a good leyser,
So as I dare of my desire,
I telle a part: but whan I praie,
Anone she biddeth me go my weye,
And saith: it is ferre in the night.
And I swere, it is euen light.
But as it falleth at laste,
There may no wozldes ioye laste,
So mote I nedes fro hir wende,
And of my watche make an ende.
And if she than hede toke,
Howe pitouslich on hir I looke,
Whan that I shall my leue take,
Hir ought of merey for to slake
Hir daunger, whiche saith euer nale.
But he seith often, Haue good daie,
That lothe is for to take his leue.
Therfore while I maie beleue,
I tary forth the night alonge.
For it is nought on me alonge,
To slepe, that I soone go,
Till that I mote algate so.
And than I bidde, god hir see,
And so downe knelende on my knee,
I take leue, and if I shall,
I kisse hir, and go forth withall.
And other while, if that I doze,
Er I come fully at doze,
I tourne ayene, and feigne a thynge,
As though I had lost a rynge,
Or somwhat els, for I wolde
Kisse hir eftsoone, if I shulde.
But selden is, that I so spede.
And whan I see, that I mote nede
Departe, I departe, and than
With all my herte I curse and banne,
That euer slepe was made for eye.
For as me thinketh I might die
Without slepe to waken euer,
So that I shulde not disseuer
Fro hir, in whom is all my light.
And than I curse also the night,
With all the will of my courage,
And saie, Away thou blacke image,
Whiche of thy derke cloudie face
Makest all the wozldes light deface,
And causest vnto slepe awaye,
By whiche I mote nowe gone awaye
Out of my ladies companie.
O slepy night I the defie,
And wolde that thou lay in praesse
With Proserpine the goddesse,
And with Pluto the helle kynge.
For till I se the daie springe,
I sette slepe nought at a risshe.
And with that worde I sigh and wisshe,
And saie: A why ne were it daie.
For yet my lady than I maie
Beholde, though I do no more.
And eke I thinke forthermore,
To some man howe the night doth ease,
Whan he hath thyng, that may hym please
The longe night by his side,
Where as I faile, and go beside.
But slepe, I not wherof it serueth,
Of whiche no man his thanke deserueth
To get hym loue in any place,
But is an hyndrer of his grace,

And

And maketh hym dead as for a throwe,
Right as a ſtocke were ouerthrowe.
And ſo my fader in this wiſe
The ſlepy nightes I deſpiſe:
And euer a miodes of my tale
I thinke vpon the nightyngale,
Whiche ſlepeth not by wey of kynde
For loue, in bokes as I fynde.
Thus at laſte I go to bedde,
And yet myn herte lieth to wedde
With hir, where as I cam fro,
Though I departe, he woll not ſo,
There is no locke maie ſhet hym oute,
Hym nedeth nought to gone aboute,
That perce maie the harde wall.
Thus is he with hir ouerall
That be hir leef, or he loth,
In to hir bed myn herte goth:
And ſoftely taketh hir in his arme,
And feleth howe that ſhe is warme,
And wiſheth that his body were
To fele, that he feleth there.
And thus my ſelfen I torment,
Tyll that the dead ſlepe me hent.
But than by a thouſand ſtore,
Wel more than I was tofore
I am tormented in my ſlepe:
But that I dreme is not on ſhepe.
For I ne thynke nought on wull,
But I am dretched to the full
Of loue, that I haue to kepe:
That nowe I laugh and nowe I wepe,
And nowe I leſe and nowe I wynne,
And nowe I ende, and nowe beginne:
And other while I dreme, and mete,
That I alone with hir mete,
And that daunger is lefte behynde:
And than in ſlepe ſuche ioye I fynde,
That I ne bede neuer awake.
But after, whan I bede take,
And ſhall ariſe vpon the morowe,
Than is all torned in to ſorowe:
Nought for the cauſe I ſhall ariſe,
But for I mette in ſuche a wiſe.
And at laſte I am bethought,
That all is vaine, and helpeth nought.
But yet me thynketh by my wille,
I wold haue ley and ſlepe ſtille,
To meten euer of ſuche a ſweuen.
For than I had a ſlepie heuen.

Confeſſor.

My ſonne and for thou telleſt ſo,
A man maie finde of tyme a go,
That many a ſweuen hath be certeyn,
All be it ſo, that ſom men ſeyn,
That ſweuens ben of no credence:
But for to ſhewe in euidence,
That they full ofte ſoth thynges
Be token, I thynke in my wrytinges
To telle a tale therupon,
Whiche felle by old dayes gone.

Hic ponit exemplū, qualiter ſomnia prenoſtice veritatis quandoq; certitudinem figurant. Et narrat, q; cum Ceix rex Troceme pro reformatione fratris ſui Dedalionis in aſcipitrem transmutati peregre proficiſcens in mari longius a patria dimerſus fuerat, Juno mittens Iridem nūciam ſuam in partes Chimerie ad domum ſomni iuſſit, q; ipſe Alcione dicti regis vxori huius rei euentū per ſomnia certificaret. Quo facto Alciona rem perſcrutans corpus mariti ſui, vbi ſuper fluctus mortuus iactabatur, inuenit: que pro dolore angustiata cupiens corpus amplectere, in altum mare ſuper ipſum proſiliit, Vnde dii miſerti amborum corpora in aues, que adhuc Alciones dicte ſunt, ſubito conuerterunt.

This fynde I written in poetie,
Ceyx the kynge of Trocenie
Had Alceon to his wyfe,
Whiche as hir owne hertes lyfe
Hym loueth, and he had alſo
A brother, whiche was cleped tho
Dedalion, and he par cas,
Fro kynde of man forſhape was
In to a goſhauke of likenes,
Whereof this kynge great heauinelle
Hath take: and thought in his courage
To gone vpon a pilgremage
In a ſtrange region,
Where he hath his deuocion
To done his ſacrifice, and preye,
If that he might in any weye
Towardes the goddes fynde grace,
His brothers hele to purchace,
So that he might be reformed,
Of that he had ben transformed.

To this purpoſe, and to this ende,
This kynge is redy for to wende:
As he whiche wold go by ſhip,
And for to done hym felauſhip,
His wife vnto the ſea hym brought
With all hir herte, and hym beſought,
That he the tyme hir wolde ſeyne,
Whan that he thought come ageyne.
Within, he ſaith, two monethes daie.
And thus in all the haſte he maie
He toke his leue, and forth he ſalleth.
Wepend and ſhe hir ſelfe bewalleth,
And torneth home there ſhe cam fro.
But whan the monethes were ago,
The whiche he ſet of his compyge,
And that ſhe herd no tydynge,
There was no care for to ſeche,
Wherof the goddes to beſeche
Tho ſhe began in many wiſe,
And to Iuno hir ſacrifice
Aboue all other moſte ſhe dede,
And for hir lorde ſhe hath ſo bede,
To witte and knowe howe that he ferde,
That Iuno the goddes hir herde
Anone, and vpon this matere
She badde Iris hir meſſagyer,
To Slepes hous that ſhe ſhall wende,
And byd hym, that he make an ende
By ſweuen, and ſhewen all the cas
Vnto this ladie, howe it was.
This Iris fro the highe ſtage
(whiche vndertake hath the meſſage)
Hir reinie cope dyd vpon,
The whiche was wonderly begone
With colours of dyuers hewe,
An hondred mo than men it knewe,
The heuen lyche vnto a bowe
She bende, and ſhe cam downe lowe,
The god of ſlepe where that ſhe fonde,
And that was in a ſtraunge londe,
Whiche marcheth vpon Chimerie.
For there, as ſeith the poeſie,
The god of ſlepe hath made his hous,
Whiche of entaylle is meruailous.
Under an hille there is a caue,
whiche of the ſonne maie not haue,
So that no man maie knowe aright
The poynt betwene the daie and night
There is no fyre, there is no ſparke,
There is no doore, whiche maie charke,
Wherof an eie ſhulde vnſhet,
So that inward there is no let.
And for to ſpeke of that without,
There ſtant no great tree nigh aboute,
Whereon there might crowe or pie
Alight: for to clepe or crie.
There is no cocke to crowe daie,
Ne beſt none, whiche noiſe maie
The hyll, but all aboute rounde
There is growend vpon the grounde
Popie, whiche beareth the ſede of ſlepe,
With other herbes ſuche an hepe.
A ſtill water for the nones
Rennend vpon the ſmall ſtones,
Whiche highte of Lethes the riuer,
Under that hille in ſuche maner
There is, whiche yeueth great appetite
To ſlepe. and thus full of delite
Slepe hath his hous. And of his couche
Within his chamber if I ſhall touche,
Of Hebenus that ſlepie tree
The bordes all aboute bee.
And for he ſhuld ſlepe ſofte,
Vpon a fether bed alofte
He lieth, with many a pyllow of downe.
The chambre is ſtrowed vp and downe
With ſweuens many a thouſande folde.
Thus came Iris in to this holde,
And to the bed, whiche is all blacke
She goth, and ther with ſlepe ſhe ſpake,
And in this wiſe as ſhe was bede,
The meſſage of Iuno ſhe dede.
Full ofte hir worde ſhe reherſeth,
Er ſhe his ſlepie eares perſeth.
With mochell wo but at laſte
His ſlomerend eies he vpcaſte,
And ſaid hir, that it ſhall be do.
Wherof amonge a thouſand tho
Within his hous, that ſlepie were
In ſpeciall he cheſe out there
Three, whiche ſhulden do this dede.
The firſt of hem, ſo as I rede,
Was Morpheus, the whoſe nature
Is for to take the figure
Of that perſon, that hym liketh,
Wherof that he full ofte entriketh

The lyke, whiche slepe shall by night.
And Ithecus that other hight,
whiche hath the voice of euery soune,
The chere and the condicioun
Of euery life what so it is.
The thirde sewende after this,
Is Panthasas, whiche maie transforme
Of euery thynge the right forme,
And chaunge it in an other kynde.
Upon hem three, so as I fynde,
Of sweuens stant all thapparence,
whiche other while is euidence,
And other while but a tape,
But netheles it is so shape,
That Morpheus by night allone
Appereth vntill Alceone,
In lykenesse of hir husbonde,
All naked dead vpon the stronde.
And how he dreint in speciall
These other two it shewen all,
The tempest of the blacke clowde,
The woode sea, the wyndes lowde,
All this she met, and seeth hym dien:
wherof that she began to crien
Slepend a bedde there she laie,
And with that noise of hir affraie,
Hir women sterten vp aboute,
whiche of hir ladie were in doubte,
And asken hir, howe that she ferde.
And she, right as she sigh and herde,
Hir sweuen hath tolde hem euery dele.
And thei it hallen all wele,
And seyn, it is a token of good.
But till she wist howe that it stood,
She hath no comfort in hir herte.
Upon the morowe and vp she sterte,
And to the sea (where as she mette
The bodie laie) without lette
She drough: and whan that she cam nigh,
Starke dead his armes spradе she sighe
Hir lorde, fletende vpon the wawe:
wherof hir wittes be withdrawe,
And she whiche toke of death no kepe,
Anone forth lepte in to the depe,
And wolde haue caught hym in hir arme.
This infortune of double harme
The goddes from the heuen aboue
Beheld, and for the trouthe of loue,
whiche in this worthie ladie stoode,
Thei haue vpon the salt floode,
Hir dreint lorde and hir also
Fro deth to life torned so,
That thei ben shapen in to briddes
Swimmend vpon the waue amiddes.
And whan she sawe hir lorde lyuend
In lykenesse of a birde swymende,
And she was of the same sorte,
So as she might do disporte
Upon the soie, whiche she had
Hir winges both abrode she spradе,
And hym both so as she maie suffise,
Beclipte and kisse in suche a wise,
As she was whilome wont to do,
Hir winges for hir armes tho
She toke, and for hir lippes softe
Hir harde bille, and so full ofte
She fondeth in hir birdes forme,
If that she might hir selfe conforme
To do the plesance of a wife,
As she did in that other life.
For though she had hir power lore,
Hir wille stode, as it was tofore,
And serueth hym so as she maie,
wherof in to this ylke daie
To geder vpon the sea thei wonne,
where many a doughter and sonne
Thei bringen forth of brides kynde.
And for men shulden take in mynde
This Alceon the trewe quene,
Hir briddes yet as it is sene
Of Alceon the name beare.
¶ Lo thus my sonne it maie the stere
Of sweuens for to take kepe.
For oft tyme a man a slepe
Maie se, what after shall betide.
For thy it helpeth at some tide
A man to slepe as it belongeth:
But slouthe no life vnderfongeth,
whiche is to loue appertenant
¶ My fader vpon the couenant
I dare well make this auowe,
Of all my life in to nowe,
Als ferforth as I can vnderstonde,
Yet toke I neuer slepe on honde,
whan it was tyme for to wake.
For though myn eie it wolde take,

Myn herte is euer there agayne.
But netheles to speake it playne,
All this that I haue sayde you here,
Of my wakynge, as ye maie here,
It toucheth to my lady swete.
For other wise I you bihete,
In straunge place whan I go,
Me lyst no thynge to wake so.
For whan the women lyken plaie,
And I hir se not in the waie,
Of whome I shulde myrthe take,
Me list not longe for to wake,
But if it be for pure shame,
Of that I wolde eschewe a name,
That thei ne shuld haue cause none
To seie, Alo where suche one,
That hath forloze his countenaunce.
And thus amonge I synge and daunce
And feigne lust, there none is.
For ofte syth I fele this
Of thought, whiche in mine herte falleth,
whan it is night myn heade appalleth:
And that is for I see hir nought,
whiche is the waker of my thought.
And thus as tymeliche as I maie
Full ofte, whan it is brode daie,
I take of all these other leue,
And go my wey: and thei beleue,
That seen per cas her loues there,
And I go forth as nought ne were
Unto my bed, so that alone
I maie there ligge sigh and grone,
And wisshen all the longe night,
Tyll that I see the daies light:
I not if that be sompnolence,
But vpon your conscience
Myn holy fader demeth ye.
¶My sonne I am well payd with the
Of slepe, that thou the sluggardie
By night in loues companie
Eschewe hast, and do thy peyne
So, that thy loue dare not pleyne.
For loue vpon his lust wakende
Is euer, and wold that none ende,
wherof the longe night is sette,
wherof that thou beware the bette,
To telle a tale I am bethought,
Howe loue and slepe acorden nought.

¶Hic dicit, q̃ vigilia in amantibus, et non somnolentia laudanda est. Et ponit exemplum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno silentio Aurozam amicam suam diligentius amplecteus, Solem et Lunam interpellabat, videlicet q̃ sol in circulo ab oriente discantiozi currum cũ luce sua retardaret, et quod Luna sphera sua longissima ozbem circuens, noctem continuaret, ita vt ipsum Cephalum amplexibus Aurore volutũ priusquã dies illucesceret suis delitiis adquiescere diutius permittere dignarentur.

¶For loue who that lust to wake
By night, he maie ensample take
Of Cephalus, whan that he laie
With Aurora the swete maie
In armes all the longe night.
But whan it drough towarde the lyght,
That he within his herte sie
The daie, whiche was the morowe nie,
Anone vnto the sonne he praide,
For luste of loue: and thus he saide:
O Phebus, whiche the daies light
Gouernest tyll that it be night,
And gladdest euery creature
After the lawe of thy nature,
But netheles there is a thynge,
whiche onliche to thy knowlechynge
Belongeth as in priuitee
To loue, and to his dutee,
whiche asketh not to ben a pert,
But in silence, and in couert
Desyreth for to be beshaded:
And thus whan that the light is faded,
And desper sheweth hym alofte
And that the night is longe and softe
Under the cloudes derke and stille.
Than hath this thynge most of his wille,
For thy vnto thy mightes hie,
As thou, whiche art the daies eie
Of loue and might no counseyl hyde,
Upon this derke nightes tide
With all myn herte I the beseche,
That I plesance might seche
With hir, whiche lyeth in myn armes,
withdrawe the baner of thyn armes,
And lete thy lightes ben vnborne,
And in the signe of Capricorne
The hous appropred to Saturne,
I preie the, that thou wolt sojourne

where

Where ben the nightes derke and longe.
For I my loue haue vnderfonge,
Whiche lieth here by my side naked,
As she whiche wolde ben awaked,
And me lift no thynge for to slepe:
So were it good to take kepe
Nowe at this nede of my prayer,
And that the like for to stere
Thy fyrie carte, and so ordeine,
That thou thy swift hors restreine
Lowe vnder erthe in occident,
That thei toward thorient
By cercle go the longe weie.
And eke to the Diane I preie,
Whiche cleped art of thy noblesse
The nightes moone, and the Goddesse,
That thou to me be gracious,
And in Cancro thyn own hous,
Ayene Phebus in oppolite
Stond at this time, and of delite
Beholde Venus with a gladde eie.
For than vpon Astronomie
Of due constellacion,
Thou makest prolificacion,
And dost that childzen ben begete,
Whiche grace if that I might gete,
With all myn herte I woll serue
By nyght, and thy bigille observe.
Lo thus this luckie Cephalus
Praied vnto Phebe, and to Phebus,
The night in lengthe for to drawe,
So that he might do the lawe
In thilke poynt of loues helle,
Whiche cleped is the nightes celle,
With outen slepe of sluggardie,
Whiche Venus out of companie
Hath put awey, as thilke same,
Whiche luskes fer from game
In chambre doth full ofte wo
A bedde whan it falleth so,
That loue shulde ben awaited,
But slouthe, whiche is euill affaited
With slepe hath made his retenue,
That what thynge is to loue due,
Of all his dette he paieth none,
He wote not howe the nyght is gone,
Ne howe the daie is come aboute,
But onely for to slepe and route,
Till high middaie, that he arise.
But Cephalus did otherwise,
As thou my sonne hast herd aboue.
My fader who that hath his loue
A bedde naked by his side,
And wold than his eien hide
With slepe, I not what man is he.
But certes as touchend of me,
That selle me neuer yet er this.
But other while whan so is,
That I maie catche slepe on honde
Lyggend alone, than I fonde
To dreme a mery sweuen er daie.
And it so falle, that I maie
My thought with suche a sweuen please,
Me thynke I am somdele at ease.
For I none other comfort haue,
So nedeth nought that I shall craue
The Sonnes carte for to tarie
Ne yet the Moone that she carie
Hir cours a longe vpon the heuen.
For I am nought the more in euen
Towardes loue in no degree.
But in my slepe yet than I see
Somwhat in sweuen of that me liketh,
Whiche afterwarde myn herte entriketh,
Whan that I synde it other wise:
So wote I not of what seruice
That slepe to mans ease dooth.
My sonne certes thou sayst sooth:
But onely that it helpeth kynde,
Somtyme in Physike as I synde,
Whan it is take by measure
But he whiche can no slepe measure
Vpon the reule as it belongeth,
Full ofte of sodeine chaunce he fongeth
Suche infortune, that hym greueth.
But who these olde bokes leueth,
Of somnolence howe it is writte.
There maie a man the soth witte,
If that he wolde ensample take,
That otherwhile is good to wake,
Wherof a tale in Poesie
I thynke for to specifie.

☞ HIC loquitur in amoris causa contra istos, qui somnolentie dediti, ea que seruare tenentur, amittunt, Et narrat quod cum Io puella pulcherrima a Junone in Baccam

transformata, et in Argi custodiam sic depositam fuisse superueniens Mercurius Argum dormientem occidit, Et ipsam Vaccam a pastura rapiens, quo voluit, secum perduxit.

¶Ouide telleth in his saies
Howe Jupiter by olde daies
Laie by a maide, whiche Io
was cleped, wherof that Iuno
His wife was wroothe, and the goddesse
Of Io torned the likenesse
In to a Cowe to goe there oute
The large feldes all aboute,
And get hir mete vpon the grene.
And therupon this highe quene
Betoke hir Argus for to kepe.
For he was seldon wonte to slepe:
And yet he had an hondred eyen,
And all alithe well thei syen.
Now herken how he was begiled
Mercurie whiche was all affiled
This Cowe to stele he came desguised,
And had a pipe well deuised
Upon the notes of musike,
wherof he might his eres like.
And ouer that he had awaited
His lusty tales, and awaited
His time: and thus in to the felde
He came, where Argus he beheldе
With Io, whiche beside hym went:
with that his pype anon he hent,
And gan to pipe in his manere
Thynge, whiche was slepie for to here,
And in his pippynge euer amonge
He tolde hym suche a lusty songe,
That he the fool hath brought a slepe,
There was none eie that might kepe
His heade, whiche Mercurie of smote,
And forth with all anone fote hote
He stale the cowe, whiche Argus kepte,
And all this fell for that he slepte.
Ensample it was to many mo,
That mochell slepe doth ofte wo,
whan it is time for to wake.
For if a man this vice take,
In somnolence and hym delite,
Men shulde vpon his doze write
His Epitaphe, and on his graue.
For he to spille, and nought to saue
Is shaped, as though he were deade.
¶For thy my sonne holde vp thin heade,
And let no slepe thyn eie englue,
But whan it is to reason due.
¶My fader as touchend of this,
Right so as J you tolde, it is,
That ofte a bedde, whan J sholde,
J maie not slepe though J wolde.
For loue is euer fast byme,
whiche taketh none hede of due tyme.
For whan J shall myn eien close,
Anone my hert he woll oppose,
And hold his scyole in suche a wise
Tyll it be daie that J arise:
That selde it is whan that J slepe.
And thus fro somnolence J kepe
Myn eie, and for thy if there bee
Ought elles more in this degree
Nowe aske forth. My sonne pis.
For slouth, whiche as moder is,
The fourth drawer and the Norice
To man of many a dredfull vice,
Hath yet another last of all,
whiche many a man hath made to falle,
where that he might neuer arise:
wherof for thou the shalt auise,
Er thou so with thy selfe mistare,
what vice it is J woll declare.

Nil fortuna iuuat, vbi desperatio ledit.
Quo desiccat humor non virideſcit humꝰ.
Magnanimꝰ sed amor spē ponit, et inde salutē
Consequitur, ꝙ ei prospera fata fauent.

☞ Hic loquitur super vltima specie accidie, que Trifticia, sine desperacio dicitur, cuius obstinata condicio totius consolationis spem deponens alicuius remedii, quo liberari poterit, fortunam sibi euenire impossibile credit.

¶whan slouth doth all that he maie
To driue forth the longe daie
Till he become to the nede,
Than at last vpon the dede
He loketh howe his tyme is lore,
And is so wo begone therfore,
That he within his thought conceiueth
Trifteſſe, and so him selfe deceiueth,
That he wanhope bringeth inne,

Where is no comforte to beginne,
But euery ioye hym is delaied,
So that within his herte affraied
A thousande tyme with one breath
Weyende he wisshyeth after death,
Whan he fortune fynt aduerse.
For than he woll his hope reherse,
As though his worlde were all forlore,
And saith, alas that I was bore,
How shall I liue? how shall I do?
For nowe fortune is thus my fo.
I wote well god me woll not helpe:
What shulde I than of ioye yelpe?
Where there no bote is of my care.
So ouercaste is my welfare
That I am shapen all to strife:
Alas that I nere of this life,
Er I be fullyche ouertake.
And thus he will his sorowe make,
As god him might not auaile:
But yet ne woll he not trauaile,
To helpe hym selfe at suche a nede,
But slouthyeth vnder suche a drede,
Whyche is affermed in his herte:
Right as he might nough asterte
The worldes wo, whyche he is inne.
Also whan he is falle in synne,
Hym thynketh he is so fer culpable,
That god woll not be merciable
So great a sinne to forgeue.
And thus he leueth to be shriue.
And if a man in thilke throwe
Wold hym counsele, he wolde not knowe
The soth, though a man it fynde.
For *triſteſſe* is of suche a kynde,
That for to maintene his folie
He hath with hym *obſtinacie*,
Whyche is within of suche a slouth,
That he forsaketh all the trouth,
And wooll to no reason bowe.
And yet he can not alowe
His owne skille, but of hede
Thus dwineth he, till he be dede,
In hyndrynge of his owne estate.
For where a man is obstinate,
wanhope falleth at laste,
Whyche maie not longe after laste,
Till slouth make of hym an ende.

But god wote whether he shall wende.
My sonne and right in suche manere
There be louers of heule chere,
That sorowen more than is nede,
Whan they be taried of her spede,
And can not them selfe rede,
But lesen hope for to spede,
And fynten loue to pursewe.
And thus thei saden hyde and hewe,
And lustles in her hertes ware.
Herof it is, that I wolde are,
If thou my sonne art one of tho.
A good father it is so,
But take o point I am beknowe.
For els I am ouerthrowe
In all that euer ye haue seide,
My sorowe is euermore vnteide,
And secheth ouer all my veynes.
But for to counsaile of my peines
I can no bote do therto.
And thus withouten hope I go:
So that my wittes ben empeired,
And I am, as who saith dispeired
To winne loue of thilke swete,
Without whom, I you behete,
Myn herte, that is so becladde,
Right inly neuer maie be gladde.
For by my trouth I shall not lie.
Of pure sorowe, whyche I drie,
For that she saith she will me nought,
With dretchyng of myn owne thought,
In suche a wanhope I am falle,
That I ne can vnethes calle,
As for to speke of any grace,
My ladies mercy to purchace.
But yet I saie nought for this,
That all in my defaute it is,
That I am neuer yet in stede,
Whan time was, that I me bede
Ne sayde, and as I durst tolde.
But neuer fonde I, that she wolde
For ought she knewe of myn entent,
To speke a goodly worde assent.
And netheles this dare I saie,
That if a sinfull wolde praie
To god of his forgeuenes,
With halfe so great a besinesse,
As I haue do to my ladie,

In lacke of aſkynge of mercie,
He ſhulde neuer come in helle.
And thus I maie you ſoothly telle,
Sauſe onely that I crie and bidde,
I am in trickelle all amidde,
And fulfilled of deſperance:
And therof yeue me my penance
Myn holy father, as you liketh.
My ſonne of that thyn herte ſiketh,
With ſorowe might thou not amende,
Tyll loue his grace woll the ſende.
For thou thyn owne cauſe empeireſt,
What tyme as thou thy ſelfe deſpeireſt
I not what other thyng auaileth
Of hope, whan the herte failleth
For ſuche a ſore is incurable:
And eke the goddes ben vengeable,
And that a man maie right well krede,
Theſe olde bokes who ſo rede
Of thinge, whiche hath befalle er this.
Nowe here, of what enſample it is.

☞ HIC narrat qualiter Iphis, regis Theuceri filius, ob amorem cuiuſdam puelle nomine Araxaratben, quā neque donis aut precibus vincere potuit, deſperans ante patris ipſius puelle ianuas noctanter ſe ſuſpendit, Vnde dii commoti, dictam puellam in lapidem duriſſimam tranſmutarunt, quam rex Theucer vna cum filio ſuo apud Salaminam in Templo Veneris pro perpetua memoria ſepeliri et locari fecit.

Whilom by olde daies ler,
Of Meſe was the kynge Theucer,
Whiche had a knight to ſonne Iphis,
Of loue and he ſo maiſtred is,
That he hath ſet all his courage,
As to regarde of his lignage,
Upon a maide of lowe eſtate.
But though he were a poteſtate
Of worldes good, he was ſubiecte
To loue and put in ſuche a plite,
That he excedeth the meaſure
Of reaſon, that hym ſelfe aſſure
He can nought. For the more he praid,
The laſſe loue on hym the layde.
He was with loue vnwiſe conſtreigned,
And ſhe with reaſon was reſtreigned.
The luſtes of his herte he ſeweth,
And ſhe for drede, ſhame eſcheweth:
And as ſhe ſhulde, toke good hede,
To ſaue and kepe hir womanhede.
And thus the thynge ſtode in debate
Betwene his luſt, and hir eſtate.
He yaue, he ſende, he ſpake by mouth.
But yet for ought that euer he couth
Unto his ſpede he fonde no weie:
So that he caſt his hope aweie,
Within his herte he gan deſpeire
Fro daie to daie, and ſo empeire,
That he hath loſt all his delite
Of luſt, of ſlepe, of appetite,
That he through ſtrength of loue palleth
His witte, and reaſon ouerpalleth:
As he whiche of his life ne rought,
His death vpon hym ſelfe he ſought:
So that by night his weie he nam,
There wiſt none where he becam.
The night was derke, there ſhone no
Tofore the gates he cam ſoone, (moone,
Where that this yonge maide was,
And with this wofull worde, alas
His deadly plaintes he began
So ſtill, that there was no man
It herde: and than he ſaide thus:
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus,
Fortuned by whoſe ordinance
Of loue, is euery mans chance.
Ye knowen all myn hole herte,
That I ne maie your hondes aſterte.
On you is euer that I crie,
And you deigneth not to plie,
Ne towarde me your eare encline.
Thus for I ſee no medicine
To make an ende of my quarele,
My death ſhall be in ſtede of hele
Ha thou my wofull ladie dere,
Whiche dwelleſt with thy father here,
And ſlepeſt in thy bedde at eaſe,
Thou woteſt nothyng of my diſeaſe,
Nowe thou and I be nowe vnmete,
A lorde, what ſweuen ſhalt thou mete:
What dremes haſt thou nowe on honde:
Thou ſlepeſt there, and I herde ſtonde.
Though I no death to the deſerue,
Here ſhall I for thy loue ſterue,
Here ſhall I a kynges ſonne die
For loue, and for no felonie.

Whether thou therof haue ioy or sorow,
Here shalt thou se me dead to morowe.
O harde herte abouen alle,
This death, whiche shall to me falle,
For that thou wolde not do me grace,
It shall be tolde in many place,
That I am dead for loue and trouth,
In thy defaute, and in thy slouth.
Thy daunger shall to many mo
Enlample be for euermo,
Whan thei the wofull death recorde.
And with that worde he toke a corde,
With whiche vpon the gate tree
He henge him selfe, that was pitee.
The morow cam, the night is gone.
Men come out and see anone
Where that this yonge lorde was dede,
There was an hous without rede.
For no man knewe the cause whie,
There was wepyng, there was crie.
This maiden, whan she it herde,
And sigh this thynge howe it misferde:
Anone she wist what it ment,
And all the cause howe it went.
To all the worlde she tolde it out,
And preieth to hem, that were aboute
To take of hir the vengeance.
For she was cause of thilke chance,
Why that this kynges son is spilte:
She taketh vpon hir selfe the gilte,
And is all redie to the peine,
Whiche any man hir wolde ordeine.
But if any other wolde,
She saith, that hir selfe she sholde
Do wreche with hir owne honde,
Through out the worlde in euery londe,
That euery lyfe therof shall speke,
Howe she hir selfe it shulde wreke.
She wepeth, she crieth, she swouneth ofte,
She caste hir eien vp alofte,
And saide amonge full piteously:
O god, thou wost that it am I,
For whom Iphis is thus beseine,
Ordeine so, that men maie seine
A thousande winter after this,
Howe suche a maiden did amis.
And as I did, do to me.
For I ne did no pitee
To hym, whiche for my loue is lore.
Do no pitee to me therfore.
And with this worde she fell to grounde
A swoune, and there she lai a stounde.
The goddes, whiche hir plaintes herde,
And sith how wofully she ferde,
Hir life thei toke awey anone,
And shopen hir into a stone,
After the forme of hir image,
Of body both, and of vilage.
And for the merualle of this thynge
Vnto the place came the kynge,
And eke the queene, and many mo:
And whan thei wisten it was so,
As I haue tolde it here aboue,
Howe that Iphis was deade for loue,
Of that he had be refused:
Thei helden all men excused,
And wondren vpon the vengeance.
And for to kepe remembrance,
This fayre image maiden liche,
With companie noble and riche,
With torches, and great solemnitee,
To Salamine the citee
They leade and carie forth withall
This deade corps, and seine it shall,
Besyde thilke image haue
His sepulture, and be begraue.
This corps and this image thus
In to the citee to Venus,
Where that goddesse hir temple had,
To gether bothe two thei ladde.
This ilke image as for a miracle,
Was set vpon an high pinnacle,
That all men it might knowe:
And vnder that thei maden lowe
A tombe riche for the nones
Of marble and eke of Jaspre stones,
Wherin that Iphis was beloken,
That euermore it shall be spoken,
And for men shall the sothe witte
Thei haue her epitaphe writte,
As thynge, whiche shulde abide stable,
The letters grauen in a table
Of marble were, and saide this:
Here lieth, whiche slough hym selfe, Iphis
For loue of Araxarathen.
And in enlample of the women,

That

That ſuffren men dien ſo,
Yit ſome a man maie ſeen alſo,
Howe it is tourned fleſche and bone
In to the figure of a ſtone.
He was to neſche, and ſhe to harde.
Beware for thy here afterwarde
Ye men and women both two,
Enſampleth you of that was tho.
¶Lo thus my ſonne as I the ſaie
It greueth by diuers waie
In diſpeire a man to falle,
Whiche is the laſt branche of all
Of ſlepe, as thou haſt herde deuiſe,
Wherof that thou thy ſelfe auiſe,
Good is, er that thou be deceiued,
Wher that the grace of hope is weiued.
¶My father howe ſo that it ſtonde,
Nowe haue I pleynly vnderſtonde
Of ſlouthes courte the propertee,
Wherof touchende in my degree,
For euer I thynke to beware.
But ouer this ſo as I dare,
With all myn herte I you beſeche,
That ye me wolde enforme and teche,
What there is more of your appriſe
In loue, als well as otherwiſe,
So that I maie me cleane ſhriue.
¶My ſonne while thou arte aliue,
And haſt alſo thy full mynde,
Amonge the vices, whiche I fynde,
There is yet one ſuche of the ſeuen,
Whiche all this worlde hath ſet vneuen,
And cauſeth many a wronge,
Where he the cauſe hath vnderfonge,
Wherof hereafter thou ſhalte here
The forme bothe, and the matere.

¶Explicit liber quartus.

Obſtat auaritia naturæ legibus, et quæ
Largus amor poſcit, ſtrictius illa vetat.
Omne quod eſt nimiũ, vitioſum dicitur aurũ,
Vellera ſicut oues ſeruat auarus opes.
Non decet, vt ſoli ſeruabitur æs, ſed amori
Debet homo ſolam ſolus habere ſuam.

¶Hic in quinto libro intendit Confeſſor tractare de auaritia, que omnium malorum radix eſſe dicitur, necnon de eiusdem vicii ſpeciebus, et primum ipſius auaritie naturam deſcribit.

¶Incipit liber quintus.



Pitte whan the highe god
begaune
This worlde, and that the
kynde of man
Was fal into no gret encres,
For worldes good was tho no pres,
But all was ſet to the commune.
Thei ſpeken than of no fortune,
Or for to leſe or for to winne
Till Auarice brought it in,
And that was whan the worlde was wore
Of man, of hors, of ſhepe, of ore,
And that men knewen the money:
Tho went pees out of the wey,
And werre came on euery ſide,
Whiche all loue leide aſide,
And of common his propre made,
So that in ſtede of ſhouell and ſpade
The ſharpe ſworde was take on honde,
And in this wiſe it came to londe,
Wherof men made diches depe,
And high walles, for to kepe
The golde, whiche Auarice encloſeth.
But all to litell hym ſuppoſeth,
Though he might all the worlde purchace,
For what thing, that he maie embrace
Of golde, of catell, or of londe,
He let it neuer out of his honde,
But gette hym more, and halt it faſt,
As though the worlde ſhulde euer laſte.
So is he liche vnto the helle.
For as theſe olde bokes telle,
What cometh therin laſſe or more,
It ſhall departe neuermore.
Thus whan he hath his cofer loken,
It ſhall not after ben vnſtoken,
But whan he liſt to haue a ſight
Of golde, Nowe that it ſhineth bright,
That he theron maie loke and muſe
For otherwiſe he dare not vſe
To take his parte or leſſe or more,
So is he poore, and ouermore
Hym lacketh, that he hath enough.
An ore draweth in the plough
Of that hym ſelfe hath no profite:
A ſhepe right in the ſame plite

His woll beareth, but on a daie
An other taketh the flees awaie.
Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath.
For he therof his parte ne tath.
To seie howe suche a man hath good,
Who so that reasone vnderstoode
It is vnproperliche sayde:
That good hath hym, and halt him taide,
That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
But is vnto his good a thrall,
And a subiecte thus serueth he:
where that he shulde maister be.
Suche is the kynde of thauarous.
My sonne as thou art amorous,
Tell if thou fare of loue so.
My father as it semeth no,
That auarous yet neuer I was,
So as ye setten me the cas.
For as ye tolden here aboue,
In full possession of loue
Yet was I neuer here tofore:
So that me thynketh well therfore
I maie excuse well my dede.
But of my wyll withouten drede,
If I that treasour might gete,
It shulde neuer be forgete,
That I ne wolde it faste holde,
Tyll god of loue hym selue wolde,
That death vs shulde departe a two.
For leueth well, I loue hir so,
That euen with myn owne life,
If I that swete lustie wife
Might ones welden at my wille,
For euer I wolde holde hir stille:
And in this wise taketh kepe,
If I hir had, I wolde hir kepe:
And yet no fridaie wolde I fast,
Though I hir kepe and helde fast.
Fie on the bagges in the chist.
I had enough, if I hir kyst.
For certes if she were myne,
I had hir leuer than a myne
Of golde: for all this worldes ryche
He might me make so riche,
As she that is so inly good:
I set nought of other good.
For might I gette suche a thynge,
I had a treasour for a kynge.
And though I wolde it fast holde,
I were than well beholde.
But I might pipe nowe with lasse,
And suffre that it ouer passe,
Not with my will, for thus I wolde
Ben auarous, if that I sholde.
But father I herde you sey,
Howe the auarous hath yet some wey
Wherof he maie be glad. For hee
Maie, whan hym lift, his treasure see,
And grope, and fele it all aboute:
But I full ofte am shet theroute,
There as my worthie treasour is.
So is my life liche vnto this,
That ye me tolden here to fore,
Howe that an ore his yoke hath bore
For thynge that shulde hym not auaile:
And in this wise I me trauaile.
For who that euer hath the welfare,
I wote well that I haue the care.
For I am had, and nought ne haue,
And am, as who saith, loues knaue.
Nowe deme in your owne thought,
If this be auarice or nought.
My sonne I haue of the no wonder,
Though thou to serue be put vnder
With loue, whiche to kynde accordeth:
But so as euery boke recordeth,
It is to kynde no pleasance,
That men aboue his sustenance,
Vnto the golde shall serue, and bowe.
For that maie no reason auowe.
But auarice netheles,
If he maie getten his encrees
Of golde, that wolde he serue and kepe.
For he taketh of nought els kepe,
But for to fylle his bagges large:
And all is to hym but a charge.
For he ne parteth nought withall,
But kepeth it as seruaunt shall.
And thus though that he multiplie
His golde, without treasorie
He is, for man is nought amended
With golde, but if it be dispended
To mans vse, wherof I rede
A tale, and take therof good hede,
Of that befelle by olde tide,
As telleth vs the clerke Ouide.

His

☞ HIC loquitur contra istos auaros, et narrat qualiter Mida rex Frigie Silenum Bacchi sacerdotem, quem rustici Vinculis ferreis alligarunt dissoluit, et in hospicium suum benignissime recollegit: pro quo Bacchus quodcunq; munus rex exigere vellet, donari concessit. Vnde rex auaritia ductus, vt quicquid tangeret, in aurum conuerteretur, indiscrete petiit.

¶Bacchus, whiche is the god of wine
Accordant vnto his diuine
A preest, the whiche Silenus hight,
He had, and fell so, that by night
This preest was dronke, & goth a strayde,
Wherof the men were euill apayde
In Frigelonde, where as he went.
But at last a chorle hym hent
With strength of other felawship:
So that vpon his dronkelhip
They bounden hym with cheynes fastе,
And forth they lad hym also fastе
Vnto the kynge, whiche hight Mide.
But he that wolde his vice hide,
This curtois kynge toke of hym hede
And bad, that men shulde hym lede
In to a chambre for to kepe,
Till he of leyser had slepe.
And thus this preest was soone vnbound,
And vpon a couche fro the grounde
To slepe he was leyde soft enough.
And whan he woke, the kinge him drough
To his presence, and did hym chere.
So that this preest in suche manere,
While that him liketh, ther he dwelleth,
And al this he to Bacchus telleth,
Whan that he cam to hym ageyne.
And whan that Bacchus hard seyne,
How Mide hath done his curtesie,
Hym thinketh, it were a vilanie,
But he rewarde hym for his dede,
So as he might of his godhede.
Vnto this kynge this god appereth,
And clepeth, and that other hereth.
This god to Mide thonketh fayre,
Of that he was so debonayre
Towarde his preest, and bad hym seye,
What thynge it were, he wolde preye,
He shulde it haue of worldes good.
This kynge was glad, and stille stoode,
And was of his askynge in doute,
And all the worlde he casteth aboute,
What thynge was best for his astate,
And with hym selfe stode in debate
Vpon thre pointes, whiche I fynde,
Ben leuest vnto mans kynde.
The first of hem it is delite,
The two ben worship and profite,
And than he thought, if that I craue
Delite, though I delite maie haue,
Delite shall passen in my age,
That is no siker auantage.
For euery joye bodily
Shall ende in wo, delite for thy
Woll I not chese. And if I worship
Aske, and of the worlde lordship,
That is an occupacion
Of proude imaginacion,
Whiche maketh an herte vaine within,
There is no certaine for to winne.
For lorde and knaue is all one wey,
Whan thei be bore and wan thei dey.
And if I profite aske wolde,
I not in what maner I sholde
Of worldes good haue sikernes.
For euery thefe vpon richesse
Awaiteth, for to robbe and stele:
Suche good is cause of harmes fele.
And also though a man at ones
Of all the worlde within his wones
The treasour might haue euery dele:
Yet had he but one mans dele
Towarde hym selfe, so as I thynke,
Of clothynge, and of meate and drinke.
For more (out take vanitee)
There hath no lorde in his degree.
And thus vpon these poyntes diuerse
Diuersly he gan reherce,
What poynt hym thought for the best.
But playnly for to gette hym rest,
He can no siker waie caste.
And netheles yet at laste
He fell vpon the couetise
Of golde, and than in sundrie wise
He thought, as I haue said tofore,
How treasour male be soone lore,
And had an inly great desyre
Touchende of suche recouere,
Howe that he might his cause auayle,

To

To get hym golde withouten faile.
Within his herte and thus he preiseth
The golde, and saith, how that he peiseth
Abouen all other metall mosse.
The golde, he saith, maie lede an hosse
To make werre ayene the kynge,
The golde put vnder all thynge,
And set in what hym list aboue:
The golde can make of hate loue,
And werre of pees: and right of wronge,
And longe to shorte, and shorte to longe.
Without golde maie be no fest:
Golde is the lorde of man and best,
And maie hem both bie and selle
So that a man maie sothely telle,
That all the worlde to golde obeieth.
For thy this kynge to Baccus preith,
To graunte him golde, but he excedeth
Measure, more than hym nedeth.
Men tellen, that the maladie,
Whiche cleped is hydropsie,
Resembled is vnto this vice.
By wais of kynde of Auarice
The more hydropsie drinketh,
The more hym thirsteth: for him thynketh,
That he maie neuer drinke his fille,
So that there maie no thynge fulfille
The lustes of his appetite,
And right in suche a maner plite
Stant euer Auarice, and euer stoode,
The more he hath of worldes good,
The more he wolde it kepe streite,
And euer more and more coueite.
And right in suche condition,
Without good discretion,
This kynge with Auarice is smitte,
That all the worlde it might witte.
For he to Bacchus than preid,
That wherupon his honde he leyd,
It shulde through his touche anone
Besome golde: and therupon
This god hym graunteth, as he badde.
Tho was this kynge of Frige gladde,
And for to put it in assaie,
With all the hast that he maie,
He toucheth that, he toucheth this:
And in his hond all golde it is,
The stone, the tree, the leaf, the gras,
The floure, the fruite all golde it was.
Thus toucheth he, while he maie laste
To go: but honger at laste
Hym toke so, that he mote nede,
By wey of kynde his honger fede.
The cloth was leid, the borde was set,
And all was forth tofore hym set,
His dissche, his cup, his drink, his meate.
But whan he wolde or drinke or eate,
Anone as it his mouth cam nighe,
It was all golde: and than he sighe
Of Auarice the folie:
And he with that beganne to crie,
And preide Bacchus to forgeue
His gylt, and suffer hym for to lyue,
And be suche as he was tofore:
So that he were nought forlore,
This god, whiche herde of this greuance,
Toke routhe vpon his repentance,
And bad hym go forth redily
Vnto a flood was fast by,
Whiche Paceole than hight:
In whiche als fast as euer he might
He shuld hym wasshe ouerall:
And said hym than that he shall
Recouer his first astate ageine.
This kynge right as he herd seyn,
In to the flood goth fro the londe,
And wesshe hym both foote and honde,
And so forth all the remenante,
As hym was set in couenant.
And than he sigh meruailes strange,
The flood his colour gan to change,
The grauell with the small stones,
To gold thei torne both attones:
And he was quite of that he hadde:
And thus fortune his chance ladde.
And whan he sigh his touch awey,
He goth hym home the right wey,
And liueth forth as he did er,
And put all auarice a fer,
And the riches of golde despiseth,
And seith, that meate and cloth sufficeth.
Thus hath this kynge experience,
Howe fooles done the reuerence
To golde, whiche of his owne kynde
Is lasse worth than is the rynde,
To sustenance of mans foode:

And than he made lawes good,
And all his thynge set vpon skille:
He bede his people for to tille
Her londe, and liue vnder the lawe.
And that thei shuld also forthdrawe.
Bestail, and sethe none encrees
Of golde, whiche is the brecche of pees
For this a man maie synde writte,
To fore the time, er golde was smitte
In coygne, that men the flozen knewe,
There was wel nighe no man vntrewe.
Tho was there shelde ne speare,
Ne deadly wepen for to beare.
Tho was the towne withouten walle,
Whiche nowe is closed ouer alle.
Tho was there no brocage in londe,
Whiche nowe taketh euery cause on honde
So maie men knowe, how the floreyn
Was moder first of malengin,
And bringer in of all werre,
Wherof this world stant out of herre,
Through the counseill of Auarice,
Whiche of his owne propre vice
Is as the helle wonderfull.
For it maie neuermore be full:
That what as euer cometh therinne,
A wey ne maie it neuer winne.
But sonne myn do thou not so,
Let all suche Auarice go,
And take thy parte of that thou hast:
I bid not that thou do wast,
But holde largesse in his measure.
And if thou see a creature,
Whiche through pouert is falle in nede,
Peue hym some good: for this I rede
To hym that woll not peuen here,
What peyne he shall haue els where:
There is a peyn amonge all
Benethe in helle, whiche men calle
The wofull peyne of Tantalie,
Of whiche I shall the redily
Deuise howe men therin stonde.
In hell thou shalt vnderstonde,
There is a flood of thilke office,
Whiche serueth all for auarice:
What man that stond shall therin,
He stant vp euen to the chinne.
Aboue his hede also there hongeth
A fruite whiche to that peine longeth:
And that fruite toucheth euer in one
His ouerlippe, and therupon
Suche thirste and honger hym assayleth,
That neuer his appetite ne failleth.
But whan he wolde his honger fede,
The frute withdrawith hym at nede:
And though he heue his hede on high,
The fruite is euer aliche nigh,
So is the honger well the more.
And also though hym thurst sore,
And to the water bowe a doune,
The flood in suche condition
Aualeth, that his drinke areche
He maie not. lo nowe whiche a wreche,
That meate and drinke is hym so couth,
And yet ther cometh none in his mouth.
Liche to the peines of this flood
Stant Auarice in worldes good.
He hath enough, and yet hym nedeth,
For his scarcenes it hym forbedeth:
And euer his honger after more
Trauaileth hym aliche sore:
So is he peined ouerall,
For thy thy goodes forth withall
My sonne loke thou dispende,
Wherof thou might thy selfe amende
Both here, and eke in other place.
And also if thou wolte purchace
To be beloued, thou must vse
Largesse: for if thou refuse
To peue for thy loues sake,
It is no reason that thou take
Of loue, that thou woldest craue.
For thy if thou wolt grace haue,
Be gracious and do largesse:
Of Auarice and the sekenesse
Eschewe aboue all other thynge,
And take insample of Mide the kynge,
And of the flood of helle also,
Where is enough of all wo.
And though there were no matere,
But onely that we finden here,
Men ought Auarice eschewe.
For what man thilke vice sewe.
He gete hym selfe but litell rest.
For howe so that the body rest,
The herte vpon the golde trauaileth,

Whom

Whom many a nightes drede assaileth.
For though he ligge a bed naked,
His herte is euermore awaked,
And dreameth, as he lieth to slepe,
How besy that he is to kepe
His tresour, that no theefe it stele:
Thus hath he but a wofull wele.
And right so in the same wise,
If thou thy selfe wolt wele auise,
There be louers of suche enowe,
That wol vnto no reason bowe
If so be thei come aboue,
Whan thei ben maisters of her loue,
And that thei shulden be mosse gladde
With loue, thei ben mosse beshadde:
So sayn thei wolde it holden all,
That her herte, her eie is ouerall,
And wenen euery man be theefe,
To stele awey that hem is lefe.
Thus through her owne fantasie
Thei fallen in to Jelousie.
Than hath the ship to broke his table,
With euery wynde and is meuable.
¶My fader for that ye nowe telle,
I haue herde oft tyme telle
Of Jelousie, but what it is,
Yet vnderstod I neuer er this.
Wherfore I wolde you beseche,
That ye me wolde informe and teche,
What maner thyng it might bee.
¶My sonne that is harde to mee.
But netheles as I haue herde,
Now herken, and thou shalt be answerde.

¶Nota de Zelotipia, cuius fantastica suspitio amorem quamuis fidelissimum multotiēs sine causa corruptum imaginatur.

¶Among the men lacke of manhod
In mariage, vpon wifehode
Maketh that a man him selfe deceiueth:
Wherof it is, that he conceiueth,
That ilke vneasy maladie,
The whiche is cleped Jelousie:
Of whiche if I the propertee
Shall telle, after the niceteе,
So as it worcheth on a man:
A feuer it is cotidian,
Whiche euery daie wol come aboute,
Where so a man be in or oute.
At home if that a man woll wonne,
This feuer is than of comon wonne
Most greuous in a mans eie.
For than he maketh hym tote and prie,
Where so as euer his loue go,
She shall not with hir litell to
Misskeppe, but he seeth it all:
His eie is walkend ouerall.
Where that she synge, or that she daunce,
He seeth the lest countenance,
If she loke on a man a side,
Or with hym rowne at any tide,
Or that she laugh, or that she loure,
His eie is there at euery houre.
And whan it draweth to the night,
If she than be without light,
Anone is all the game shente.
For than he set his parliament
To speake it whan he cometh to bed,
And saith: if I were nowe to wed,
I wolde neuer haue wife.
And so he forneth in to strife
The lufke of loues dutee,
And all vpon diuersitee.
If she be freshe, and well araied,
He saith hir baner is displaied
To clepe in guestes by the weie.
And if she be not well beseie,
And that hir list not to be gladde,
He beareth on honde that she is madde,
And loueth not hir husbonde.
He saith, he maie well vnderstonde,
That if she wolde his companie,
She shuld than afore his eie
Shewe all the pleasure that she might.
So that by daie ne by night
She not what thyng is for the beste,
But liueth out of all rest.
For what as euer hym like to seyn,
She dare not speke o worde ageyn,
But wepeth, and holt hir lippes close.
She maie welle write, Sance repose
The wife, whiche is to suche one maried,
Of all women be he waried.
For with his feuer of selousie,
His eche daies fantasie
Of sorowe is euer aliche grene,
So that there is no loue sene,

Whyle that hym lyſt at home abyde.
And whan ſo is he woll out ryde,
Than hath he redie his aſpie
Abidyng in hir companie,
A tangler, an euill mouthed one,
That ſhe ne maie no whither gone,
Ne ſpeke one woꝛde, ne ones loke,
But he ne woll it wende, and croke,
And toꝛne after his owne entent,
Though ſhe no thyng but honour ment:
Whan that the loꝛde cometh home ageyne,
The tangler muſt ſomwhat ſeyn.

So what without, and what withinne,
This feuer is euer to begynne.
Foꝛ where he cometh he can not ende,
Till death of hym hath made an ende.
Foꝛ though ſo be, that he ne here,
Ne ſe, ne witte in no manere,
But all honoure and womanhede,
Therof the Jelous taketh none hede:
But as a man to loue vnkynde,
He call his ſtaffe and as the blinde,
And ſint defaulte, where is none.
As who ſo dꝛemeth on a ſtone
Howe he is leyde, and groneth ofte.
Whan he lieth on his pilowe ſofte.
So is there nought but ſtrife and theſt,
Whan loue ſhulde make his reſt.
It is great thynge if he hir kiſſe,
Thus hath ſhe loſt the nightes bliſſe.
Foꝛ at ſuche tyme he grutcheth euer,
And bereth on honde, there is a leuer,
That ſhe wolde another were
In ſtede of hym abedde there.
And with tho woꝛdes, and with mo
Of Jelouſie, he toꝛneth hir fro,
And lieth vpon that other ſide.
And ſhe with that dꝛaweth hir aſide,
And there ſhe wepeth all the night.

A to what peine ſhe is dight.
That in hir youth hath ſo be ſet
The bonde, whiche maie not ben vnknet:
I wote the tyme is ofte curſed,
That euer was the golde vnpurſed,
The whiche was layd vpon the boke,
Whan that all other ſhe foꝛſoke
Foꝛ loue of hym, but all to late
She pleineth: foꝛ as than algate
She mote foꝛbeare, and to hym bowe,
Though he ne woll it nought allowe.
Foꝛ man is loꝛde of thilke feyꝛe:
So maie the woman but empeyꝛe,
If ſhe ſpeke ought agein his wille
And thus ſhe bereth her peyne ſtille.

But if this feuer a woman take,
She ſhall be well moꝛe harde ſhake.
Foꝛ though ſhe both ſee and here,
And fynde, that there is no matere,
She dare but to hir ſelfe pleyne:
And thus ſhe ſuffreth double peyne,
Lo thus my ſonne, as I haue wꝛitte,
Thou might of Jelowſie witte
His feuer, and his condicion.
Whiche is full of ſuſpection.
But whꝛeof that this feuer groweth,
Who ſo theſe olde bokes troweth,
There maie he fynde howe it is.
Foꝛ thei vs teche, and telle this,
Howe that this feuer of Jelouſie
Somdele it groweth of ſotie
Of loue, and ſomdele of vntruſt.
Foꝛ as a ſicke man leſt his luſt,
And whan he maie no ſauoure geate,
He hateth than his owne meate.

Right ſo this feuerous maladie,
Whiche cauſed is of fantaſie,
Maketh the Jelous in feble plite,
To leſe of loue his appetite
Thꝛough feigned infoꝛmation
Of his imagination.
But finally to taken hede,
Men maie well make a likelyhede
Betwene hym whiche is auarous
Of golde, and hym that is Jelous
Of loue: in o degree
Thei ſtonde both, as ſemeth mee,
That one wold haue his bagges ſtill,
And nought departen with his will,
And dare not foꝛ the theues ſlepe,
So fayne he wolde his treaſour kepe:
That other maie not well be glad.
Foꝛ euermoꝛe he is adꝛad
Of theſe louers, that gone aboute,
In aunter, if thei put hym oute.
So haue thei both litell ioye,
As well of loue, as of monеie.

Nowe

¶ Now hast thou son of my techynge.
Of Jelousie a knowlechynge
That thou might vnderstonde this,
Fro whence he cometh, and what he is:
And eke to whom that be is like,
Beware for thy thou be not sike
Of thilke feuer, as I haue spoke.
For it woll in hym selfe be wroke.
For loue hateth no thyng more,
As men maie finde by the lore
Of hem, that whilom were wise,
Howe that thei speke in many wise.
¶ My fader sothe is that ye seyn,
But for to loke there ayen,
Before this time howe it is falle,
Wherof there might ensample falle
To suche men as ben Jelous,
In what maner it is greuous,
Right fayn I wolde ensample here.
¶ My good sonne at thy praiere,
Of suche ensamples as I finde,
So as thei comen nowe to mynde,
Upon this point of tyme agone,
I thinke for to tellen one.

¶ Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos maritos, quos Zelotipia maculauit. Et narrat qualiter Vulcanus, cuius vxor Venus extitit, suspitionem inter ipsam & Martem concipiés. eorū gestus diligētius explorabat, Vnde cōtigit, q̄ ei ipse quadā vice ambos inter se pariter amplexantes in lecto nudos inuenit, et exclamans, omnem cetum deorum et dearum ad tantum spectaculum conuocauit, super quo tamē derisum potius quam remedium q̄ tota cohorte consecutus est.

¶ Ouide wrote of many thynges,
Amonge the whiche, in his writynges
He told a tale in poesie,
Whiche toucheth vnto Jelousie,
Upon a certaine cas of loue.
Amonge the goddes al aboue.
It felle at thilke tyme thus:
The god of fire, whiche Vulcanus
Is hote, and hath a crafte forth with
Assigned for to be the smith
Of Iupiter, and his figure,
Both of visage and of stature,
Is lothly, and *malgracious*.
But yet he hath within his hous,
As for the likynge of his life,
The faire Venus to his wife.
But Mars, whiche of batailles is
The god, an eie had vnto this,
As he whiche was chiualrous.
It felle him to ben amorous,
And thought it was great pitee,
To see so lusty one as she,
Be coupled with so lourd a wight
So that his peine daie and night
He did, if he hir wynne might.
And she that had a good insight
Toward so noble a knightly lorde,
In loue fel of his accorde.
There lacketh nought but tyme and place,
That be nis sicker of hir grace.
But whan two hertes fallen in one,
So wise a waite was neuer none,
That at sometyme thei ne mete.
And thus this faire lusty swete
With Mars hath ofte companie,
But thilke vnkynde Jelousie,
Whiche euermore the herte opposeth,
Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth,
That it is not wel ouerall:
And to hym selfe he said, he shall
Aspie better, if that he maie.
And so it felle vpon a daie,
That he this thyng so slightly ledde,
He fonde hem both two a bedde
All warme, echone with other naked,
And he with crafte all redy maked
Of stronge cheines hath hem bounde,
As he together hem had founde,
And lefte hem both ligge so,
And gan to clepe and crie tho
Unto the goddes all aboute:
And thei assembled in a route
Come all at ones for to see.
But none amendes had hee,
But was rebuked here and there
Of hem, that loues frendes were,
And saiden, that he was to blame.
For if there felle hym any shame,
It was through his misgouernance.
And thus he lost contenance,
This god, and let his cause falle,
And thei to scorne hym laughen all.

And loſen Mars out of his bondes,
Wherof theſe erthly huſbondes
For euer might enſample take,
If ſuche a chaunce hem ouertake.
For Vulcanus his wife bewrayd,
The blame vpon hym ſelfe he laide,
Wherof his ſhame was the more,
Whiche ought for to ben a lore
For euery man, that liueth here,
To reulen hym in this matere.
Though ſuche an happe of loue aſterte,
Yet ſhuld he not apoynte his herte
With Jelouſie, of that is wrought:
But feigne, as though he wiſt it nought.
For if he let it ouer paſſe,
The ſclaunder ſhall be well the laſſe,
And he the more in eſe ſtonde.
For this thou might well vnderſtonde,
That where a man ſhall nedes leſe,
The laſſe harme is for to cheſe.
But Jelouſie of his vntrifle,
Maketh full many an harme ariſe,
Whiche elles ſhulde not ariſe.
And if a man wolde hym auiſe
Of that befelle to Vulcanus,
Hym ought of reaſon thinke thus:
That ſith a god was therof ſhamed,
Well ſhuld an erthily man be blamed,
To take vpon hym ſuche a vice.
For thy my ſonne in thyne office
Beware, that thou be nought ielous,
Whiche oft tyme hath ſhent the hous.
¶ My fader this enſample is harde,
Howe ſuche thynge to the heuenwarde
Amonge the goddes might falle.
For there is but o god of all,
Whiche is the lorde of heuen and helle.
But if it like you to telle,
Howe ſuche goddes come aplace,
Ye might mochell thanke purchace.
For I ſhall be well taught withall.
¶ My ſonne it is thus ouerall
With hem, that ſtanden miſbleued,
That ſuche goddes ben beleued,
In ſondry place, in ſondry wiſe
Amonges hem, whiche be vnwiſe,
There is betaken of credence,
Wherof that I the difference
In the maner, as it is writte,
Shall do the plainly for to witte.

Mentibus illuſis ſignantur templa deorum,
Vnde deos cæcos natio cæca colit.
Nulla creaturi ratio facit eſſe creatum,
Equiparans quod huic lura pagana fouent.

¶ Quia ſecundum poetarum fabulas in huiuſmodi miſeris locis quamplurimus nomina et geſtus deorum falſorum intitulantur, quorum infidelitas, Et Chriſtianis clarius innoteſcat, intendit de ipſorum origine ſecundum varias paganorum ſectas ſcribere conſequenter. Et primo defecta Cali deorum tractare proponit.

¶ Er Chriſte was bore among vs here
Of the byleues, that tho were,
In foure fourmes thus it was.
Thei of Chaldee, as in this cas
Had a beleue by hem ſelue,
Whiche ſtode vpon the ſignes twelue,
Forth eke with the planettes ſeuen,
Whiche as thei ſighen vpon the heuen
Of ſondrie conſtellacion,
In her imaginacion
With ſondrie kerfe and portrature
Thei made of goddes the figure.
In thelementes and eke alſo
Thei hadden a beleue tho,
And all that was vnreſonable.
For the elementes ben ſeruiſable
To man: And ofte of accidence,
As men maie ſee the experience,
Thei ben corrupt by ſondrie weye:
So maie no mans reaſon ſeye,
That thei ben god in any wiſe,
And eke if men hem wel auiſe,
The ſonne and moone eclipſen both,
That be hem leſ, or be hem loth,
Thei ſuffre, and what thyng is paſſible
To ben a god is impoſſible.
Theſe elementes ben creatures,
So ben theſe heuenly figures.
Wherof maie wel be iuſtified,
That thei maie not be deified.
And who that taketh awaie the honour,
Whiche due is to the creatour,
And yeueth it to the creature:
He dothe to great a forfaiture.

But

But of Caldee netheles,
Upon this feith though it be lesse,
Thei holde affermed the creance,
So that of helle the penance,
As folke, whiche stant out of beleue,
Thei shall receiue as we beleue.
Of the Caldens so in this wise
Stant the beleue out of assise:
But in Egypte worste of alle
The faith is fals, howe so it falle.
For thei diuers beastes there
Honour, as though thei goddes were.
And netheleste yet forthe withall
Thre goddes moste in speciall
Thei haue forth with a goddesse,
In whome is all her siherneste.
Tho goddes be yet cleped thus
Orus, Typhon, and Isirus.
They were brethren all three,
And the goddesse in hir degree,
Her sister was, and Isis hight:
Whom Isirus forlaie by night,
And helde hir after as his wife.
So it befelle, that upon strife
Typhon hath Isire his brother slayne,
Whiche had a childe, to sonne Orayne:
And he his fathers dethe to herte
So toke, that it maie nought asserte,
That he Typhon after ne slough,
Whan he was ripe of age enough.
But yet the Egypteins trowe,
For all this errour, whiche thei knowe,
That these bretherne ben of might,
To sette and kepe Egypt upright,
And ouerthrowe, if that hem like.
But Isis, as seith the cronike,
Fro Grece in to Egypte cam,
And she than upon honde nam
To teache hem for to sowe and ere,
Whiche no man knewe tofore there.
And whan the Egypteins sie
The feldes full afore her eie,
And that the londe began to greyne,
Whiche whilom had be bareyne:
For the erthe bare after the kynde
His due charge, this I synde,
That she of birth the goddesse
Is cleped, so that in distresse
The women therupon childynge
To hir clepe, and her offrynge
Thei bearen, whan that thei ben light.
So howe Egypt all out of sight
Fro reason stant in misbeleue
For lacke of lore as I beleue.

De secta Grecorum.

Amonge the grekes out of the weie,
As thei that reson put aweie,
There was, as the cronike saith,
Of misbeleue an other faith,
That thei her goddes, and goddesses
As who saith token all to gesses,
Of suche as weren full of vice,
To whom thei made sacrifice.

NOTA qualiter Saturnus deorum summus appellatur.

The high god, so as thei sayde,
To whom thei worship layde,
Saturnus hight and kynge of Crete
He had be: But of his sete
He was put downe, as he whiche stoode
In frensie, and was so woode,
That fro his wyfe, whiche Rea hight,
His owne children he to plight,
And ete hem of his commune wonne.
But Iupiter, whiche was his sonne,
And of full age, his father bonde,
And kyt of with his owne honde
His genitalles, whiche also sasse
In to the depe sea he casse:
Wherof the grekes affirme and sey
Thus, whan thei were casse awey,
Came Venus forth by weie of kynde.
And of Saturne also I synde,
Howe afterwarde in to an ile
This Iupiter hym dyd exile,
Where that he stode in gret mischiefe.
So whiche a god thei maden chiefe.
And sithen that suche one was hee,
Whiche stode moste high in his degree
Amonge the goddes, thou might know
These other, that ben more lowe,
Ben litell worth, as it is founde.

Iupiter deus deliciarum.

For Iupiter was the seconde,
Whiche Iuno, had vnto his wife,

And yet a lechour all his life
He was, and in auoutrie
He wrought many a trecherie.
And for he was so full of vices,
Thei cleped hym god of delices.
Of whom if thou wolte more witte,
Ouide the poete hath writte.
But yet her sterres bothe two,
Saturne and Iupiter also,
Thei haue, although thei ben to blame,
Attitled to her owne name.
¶Mars was an other in that lawe,
The whiche in Dace was forthe drawe:
Of whom the clerke Vegetius
Wrote in his boke, and tolde thus,
Howe he into Italie came,
And suche fortune there he nam,
That he a maiden hath oppressed,
Whiche in hir ordre was professed,
As she whiche was the prioresse
In Vestes temple the goddesse:
So was she well the more to blame.
Dame Ilia this ladis name
Men clepe, and eke she was also
The kynges doughter that was tho,
Whiche Minitor by name hight:
So that apene the lawes right,
Mars thilke time vpon hir that
Remus and Romulus begat.
Whiche after, whan thei come in age,
Of knighthode, and of vassellage
Italy all holle thei ouercome,
And founden the great Rome,
In armes and of suche empryse
Thei weren, that in thilke wise,
Her father Mars for the merualle
The god is cleped of bataile.
Thei weren his thildren both two,
Through hem he toke his name so:
There was none other cause why,
And yet a sterre vpon the skie
He hath vnto his name applied,
In whiche that he is signified.
¶An other god thei hadden eke,
To whom for counsayle thei beseke,
The whiche was brother to Venus,
Apollo men hym clepe thus.
He was an hunt vpon the hilles,
There was with hym no vertue elles,
Wherof that any bokes carpe,
But onely that he couth harpe:
Whiche whan he walked ouer londe,
Full ofte time he toke on honde,
To get hym with his sustenance,
For lacke of other purueance.
And otherwhile of his falsehede
He feigneth hym to comme a rede
Of thyng, whiche afterwarde shuld fall,
Wherof amonge his sleightes all,
He hath the lewde folke deceiued,
So that the better he was receiued.
Lo nowe through what creation
He hath deification,
And cleped is the god of wit
To suche as be the fooles yit.
¶An other god, to whom thei sought,
Mercurie hight, and hym ne rought,
What thyng he stale, ne whom ne slough.
Of sorcerie he couth enough,
That whā he wold hym selfe transforme,
Full ofte tyme he toke the forme
Of woman, and his owne lefte:
So did he well the more theefte.
A great speker in all thynges
He was also, and of lesynges
An autour, that men wilden none
An other suche as he was one.
And yet thei maden of this theefe
A god, whiche was vnto hem lefe,
And cleped hym in tho beleues,
The god of marchantes, and of theues.
But yet a sterre vpon the heuen
He hath of planettes seuen.
¶But Vulcanus, of whom I spake,
He had a courbe vpon the backe,
And therto he was hippe halte,
Of whom thou vnderstonde shalte:
He was a shrewe in all his youth,
And he none other vertue couth
Of crafte to helpe hym selfe with,
But onely that he was smith
With Iupiter, whiche in his forge
Diuers thynge made hym forge.
So wote I not for what desyre
Thei cleped hym the god of fyre.
¶Kynge of Cicile Hipolitus

A sonne had, and Eolus
He hight, and of his fathers graunt,
He helde by wey of couenant,
The gouernaunce of euery ile,
Whiche was longende vnto Sicile.
Of hem that fro the londe foreyn,
Laie vpon the wynde all pleine,
And fro thilke iles in to the londe
Full ofte cam the wynde to honde.
And after the name of hym for thy
The wyndes cleped Eoli
Thei were, and he the god of wynde.
Lo nowe howe this beleue is blynde.
¶ The kynge of Crete Iupiter,
The same, whiche I spake of er,
Unto his brother, whiche Neptune
Was hote, it lift hym to commune
Parte of his good, so that by ship
He made hym stronge of the lordship
Of all the sea in tho parties,
Where that he wrought his tyrannies.
And the strange yles aboute
He wan, that euery man hath doute
Upon his marche for to sayle.
For he anone hem wolde assayle
And robbe, what thyng that thei ladden,
His sauf conduit but if thei hadden:
Wherof the commen voice aroos
In euery londe, that suche a loos
He caught, all nere it worth a strea,
That he was cleped of the sea
The god by name, and yet he is
With hem, that so beleue amis.
This Neptune eke, was thilke also,
Whiche was the first founder tho
Of noble Troie, and he for thy
Was well the more sette by.
¶ The lorde of the shepeherdes,
And eke of hem that netherdes,
Was of Arcade, and hyght Pan:
Of whom hath spoke many a man
For in the wodde of Monarigne,
Enclosed with the trees of pigne,
And on the mount of Parille,
He had of beastes the baillie,
And eke beneth the valeie,
Where thylke riuer, as men maie seie
(Whiche Ladon hight) made his cours
He was the chiefe of gouernours
Of hem, that kepten tame beastes,
Wherof thei maken yet the feastes
In the citie of Stimphalides.
And forth with all yet netheles,
He taught men the forth drawynge
Of beftaile, and eke the makynge
Of oren, and of hors the same,
Howe men hem shulde ride and tame.
Of foules eke, so as we fynde,
Full many a subtile crafte of kynde
He fonde, whiche no man knewe tofore.
Men did hym worshyp eke therfore
That he the fyrst in thilke londe
Was, whiche the melodie fonde
Of reedes, whan thei weren ripe,
With double pipes, for to pipe:
Therof he yafe the fyrst lore,
Till afterwarde men couth more.
To euery crafte of mans helpe
He had a redy witte to helpe
Through naturall experience.
And thus the nice reuerence
Of fooles, whan that he was deade,
The foote was tourned to the heade,
And clepen hym god of nature.
For so thei maden his figure.
¶ An other god, so as thei fele,
Whiche Iupiter vpon Semele
Begatte in his auoutrie,
Whom for to hide his lecherie,
That none therof shall take kepe,
In a mountayne for to kepe,
Whiche Dion hight, and was in Inde,
He sent, in bokes as I fynde,
And he by name Bacchus hight,
Whiche afterwarde, whan that he might,
A wastor was, and all his rent
In wyne and bordell he dispent.
But yet all were he wounder bad,
Amonge the grekes a name he had,
Thei cleped hym the god of wine.
And thus a glotton was diuine.
¶ There was yet Esculapius
A god in thilke tyme as thus,
His crafte stode vpon surgerie,
But for the lufte of lecherie
That he to Daires doughter drough,

He

It fell, that Iupiter hym slough.
And yet thei made hym nought for thy
A god, and wist no cause why.
In Rome, he was longe tyme so
A god amonge the Romaines tho.
For as he saide of his presence,
There was distroied a pestilence,
Whan thei to the ile Delphos went,
And that Apollo with him sent
This Esculapius his sonne,
Amonge the Romaynes for to wonne:
And there he dwelte for a while,
Till afterwarde in to that yle,
Fro when he cam, ayene he tourneth,
Where all his life that he soiourneth
Amonge the grekes, till that he deyde.
And thei vpon hym than leyde
His name, and god of medicine
He hatte, after that ilke tyne
¶An other god of Hercules
Thei made, whiche was netheles
A man, but that he was so stronge,
In all this worlde that brode and longe
So mighty was no man, as hee:
Meruailes twelue in his degree
As it was couth in sondry londes,
He did with his owne hondes,
Ageine geantes and monstres both,
The whiche horrible were and loth:
But he with strength hem ouercam,
Wherof so great a price he nam,
That thei hym clepe amonges all
The god of strengthe, and to hym calle.
And yet there is no reason inne
For he a man was full of synne,
Whiche proued was vpon his ende.
For in a rage hym selfe he brende.
And suche a cruell mans dede
Accordeth nothynge with godhede.
¶Thei had of goddes yet an other,
Whiche Pluto hight, and was the brother
Of Iupiter, and he for youth
With euery worde, whiche cam to mouth
Of any thynge, whan he was wroth,
He wolde swere his common othe,
By Lethen, and Phlegeton,
By Cocytus, and Acheron,
The whiche after the bokes tell
Ben the chiefe floodes of helle:
By Segne, and Stygehe swore also,
That ben the depe pittes two
Of hell the most principall.
Pluto these othes ouer all
Swore of his common customance,
Till it befell vpon a chance,
That he for Iupiters sake
Vnto the goddes lette do make
A sacrifice, and for that dede,
One of the pittes for his mede
In hell, of whiche I spake of er,
Was graunted hym, and thus he ther
Vpon the fortune of this thynge
The name toke of helle kynge.
¶Lo these goddes and well mo
Amonge the grekes thei had tho,
And of goddesses many one,
Whose names thou shalt here anone:
And in what wise they deceiuen
The soles, whiche her feith receiuen.

Mater dearum.

¶So as Saturne is soueraine
Of false goddes, as thei saine:
So is Cybéle of goddesses
The mother, whom without gesses
The folke preyn, honour, and serue,
As they, the whiche her lawe obserue.
But for to knowen vpon this,
Fro when she cam and what she is,
Berecinthia the countrei hight.
Where she cam first to mans sight,
And after was Saturnus wife,
By whom thre children in hir life
She bare, and thei were cleped tho
Iuno, Neptunus, and Pluto,
The whiche of nice fantasie
The people wolde deifie.
And for hir children were so
Cybéle than was also
Made a goddesse, and thei hir call
The mother of the goddes all.
So was that name bore forth,
And yetthe cause is littell worth.
¶A voice vnto Saturne tolde
How that his owne sonne hym sholde
Out of his reigne put awey:
And he because of thilke wey,

That

That hym was shape suche an hate,
Cybéle his wife began to hate,
And eke hir progenie bothe.
And thus while that thei were wroth,
By Philyra upon a daie
In his auoutrie he laie,
On whom he Iupiter begat:
And thilke childe was after that,
whiche wrought all that was prophetied,
As it tofore is specified.
So whan that Iupiter of Crete
was kynge, a wife unto hym mete,
The doughter of Cybéle he toke,
And that was Iuno, saith the boke,
Of his deification,
After the false opinion,
That haue I tolde, so as thei mene.
And for this Iuno was the quene
Of Iupiter, and syster eke,
The fooles unto hir seke,
And seyn, that she is the goddesse
Of reignes bothe, and of richesse:
And eke she as thei understonde,
The water Nymphes hath in honde
To leaden at hir owne besse:
And whan hir list the skie tempest.
The reynbowe is hir messagere.
Lo whiche a misbeleue is here,
That she goddesse is of the skie,
I wote none other cause why.
¶An other goddesse is Minerue,
To whom the grekes obey and serue,
And she was nigh the great lay
Of Triton founde, where she lay
A childe for sak, but what she was,
There knewe no man the soth cas:
But in Affrike she was leyde,
In the maner as I haue seyde,
And caried from that ilke place
In to an yle farre in Thrace,
The whiche Pallene than highte,
where a norice hir kepte and dight.
And after for she was so wise,
That she fonde fyrst in hir auise
The cloth makynge of woll and line,
Men saiden that she was deuine,
And the goddesse of sapience
Thei clepen hir in that credence.

¶Of the goddesse, whiche Pallas
Is cleped, sondry speche was.
One saith hir father was Pallant,
whiche in his time was a geant,
A cruell man, a bataylous.
An other saith, how in his hous
She was the cause why he deyde.
And of this Pallas some eke sayde,
That she Martes wife was, and so
Amonge the men that were tho
Of mysbeleue in the ryote,
The goddesse of bataile she hote
was, and yet she bereth the name.
Nowe loke how thei be for to blame.
¶Saturnus after his exile
Fro Crete, cam in great perile
Into the londes of Itaile:
And there he did great meruaile:
wherof his name dwelleth yit.
For he fonde of his owne wit
The fyrst crafte of plough tillynge,
Of earynge, and of corne sowynge,
And howe men shulde set vines,
And of the grapes make wines.
All this he taught, and it fell so,
His wyfe, the whiche cam with him tho,
was cleped Ceres by name.
And for she taught also the same,
And was his wife that ilke throwe,
As it was to the people knowe,
Thei made of Ceres a goddesse,
In whome her tythes yet they blesse,
And sayen that Triptolemus,
Hir sonne goth amonges vs,
And maketh the corne good chepe or dere,
Ryght as hir list from yere to yere.
So that this wife, because of this,
Goddesse of corne cleped is.
¶Kynge Iupiter, whiche his likynge
whilom fulfilled in all thynge,
So priuelich about he lad
His lust, that he his will had
Of Latona, and on hir that
Diane his doughter he begat,
Unknowen of his wife Iuno.
But afterwarde she knewe it so,
That Latona for drede fled
Into an yle, where she bed

His

Hir wombe, whiche of childe aros,
Thilke ile was cleped Delos,
In whiche Diana was forth brought,
And kepte so, that hir lacked nought.
And after whan she was of age,
She toke none hede of mariage,
But out of mans companie
She toke hir all to venerie.
In forestes and in wildernesse
For there was all hir besinesse
By daie, and eke by nightes tide,
With arowes brode vnder the side,
And bow in honde, of whiche she slough,
And toke, all that hir lyst enough
Of beastes, whiche ben chaceable,
Wherof the cronike of this fable
Saith, that the gentils most of all
Worschip hir, and to hir calle:
And the goddesse of high hilles,
Of greene trees, of freshe welles,
Thei clepen hir in that beleue,
Whiche that no reason maie acheue.
¶ Proserpina, whiche doughter was
Of Ceres, befell this cas,
While she was dwellyng in Cecile,
Hir mother in that ilke while
Upon hir blessynge, and hir hest
Bad, that she shulde ben honest,
And lere for to weaue and spinne
And dwelle at home, and kepe hir inne.
But she cast all that lore aweie.
And as she went hir out to pleie,
To gather floures in a plaine,
And that was vnder the mountaine
Of Ethna, felle the same tide
That Pluto cam the way ride,
And sodeinly, er she was ware,
He toke hir vp into his chare.
And as thei riden in the felde,
Hir great beautee he beheld,
Whiche was so plesant in his eie,
That for to holde in companie,
He wedded hir, and helde hir so
To ben his wife for euermo.
And as thou hast tofore herde telle,
Howe he was cleped god of helle,
So is she cleped the goddesse,
Because of hym ne more ne lesse.

¶ Lo thus my sonne, as I the tolde,
The grekes whilom by daie oldes
Her goddes had in sondrie wise:
And through the lore of her apprise,
The Romaines helde eke the same,
And in worship of her name,
To euery god inspeciall
Thei made a temple forth withall:
And eke of her yeres daie
Attitled had, and of arraie
The temples weren than ordeined,
And eke the people was constreigned,
To come and done her sacrifice.
The preestes eke in her office
Solempne made thilke feastes.
And thus the grekes like to beastes
That men in stede of god honoure,
Whiche might nought hem selfe socour,
While that thei were alive here.
And ouer this as thou shalte here,
¶ The grekes (fulfilled of fantasie)
Sayne eke, that of the hilles hye
The goddes ben inspeciall,
But of her name in generall
Thei hoten all Satyri.
¶ There ben of nymphes properly
In the beleue of hem also:
Oreades thei saiden tho
Attitled ben to the mountaines.
And for the woodes in demeines
To kepe, tho ben Driades,
Of freshe welles Naiades.
And of the nymphes of the see
I fynde a tale in propertee,
Howe Dorus whilom kyng of Greee,
Whiche had of infortune a pece:
His wife, forth with his doughter alle,
So as the happes shulde falle,
With many a gentil woman there,
Dreint in the salte sea they were:
Wherof the grekes that tyme sayden,
And suche a name vpon hem layden,
Nereides that thei ben hote
The nymphes, whiche that thei note
To reigne vpon the stremes salte,
Lo nowe if this beleue halt.
But of the nymphes as thei telle,
In euery place where thei dwelle,

They

Thei ben all redy obeisant,
As damoyselles attendant
To tho goddes, whose seruice
Thei mote obey in all wise:
Wherof the grekes to hem beseke,
With them that ben goddesses eke,
And haue in hem a great credence,
And yet without experience
Sauf onely of illusion,
Whiche was to hem damnacion.
For men also that were dede
Thei hadden goddes as I rede,
And tho by name Manes highten,
To whom full great honour thei dighten,
So as the grekes lawe sayth:
Whiche was ayene the right feith.
¶ Thus haue I tolde a great partie,
But all the holle progenie
Of goddes in that ilke tyme
To longe it were for to ryme.
But yet of that whiche thou hast herde,
Of mysbeleue, how it hath ferde,
There is a great diuersitee.
¶ My father right so thinketh mee.
But yet one thynge I you beseche,
Whiche stant in all mens speche,
The god, and the goddesse of loue,
Of whom ye nothynge here aboue
Haue tolde, ne spoken of her fare,
That ye me wolde nowe declare,
Howe thei fyrst come to that name.
¶ My sonne I haue lefte it for shame,
Because I am hir owne preest,
But for thelfonde nigh thy brest
Upon the shrifte of thy matere,
Thou shalt of them the sooth here.
And vnderstonde now well the cas.
Venus Saturnus doughter was,
Whiche all daunger put aweie,
Of loue, and fonde to lust a weie,
So that of hir in sondrie place
Diuers men fell in to grace,
And suche a lusty life she ladde,
That she diuers children had.
Nowe one by this, nowe one by that,
Of hir it was that Mars begat
A childe, whiche cleped was Armene,
Of hir also cam Androgene:
To whom Mercurie father was.
Anchises begatte Eneas
Of hir also, and Hericon
Biten begatte, and therupon,
Whan that she sigh ther was none other,
By Iupiter, hir owne brother
She lay, and he begat Cupide.
And thilke sonne upon a tide,
Whan he was come vnto his age,
He had a wonder fayre visage,
And fond his mother amorous,
And he was also lecherous:
So whan thei were bothe alone:
As he whiche eien had none
To see reason, his mother kist,
And she also that nothyng wist,
But that, whiche vnto his lust belonketh.
To bene hir louer hym vnderfongeth.
Thus was he blynde, and she vnwis.
But neuertheles this cause it is,
Whiche Cupide is the god of loue.
For he his mother durst loue,
And she, whiche thought hir lustes fonde,
Diuers loues toke on honde
Well more than I the tell here.
And for she wolde her selfe there,
She made common that disporte,
And set a lawe of suche a porte,
That euery woman might take,
What man hir list, and nought forsake
To ben as common as she wolde.
She was the fyrst also, whiche tolde,
That women shuld her body selle.
Semiramis, so as men telle,
Of Venus kepte thilke apprise.
And so did in the same wise
Of Rome faire Neabolie,
Whiche solde her body to Regolie.
She was to euery man selawe,
And helde the lustе of thilke lawe,
Whiche Venus of hir selfe beganne,
Wherof that she the name wanne,
Why men hir clepen the goddesse
Of loue, and eke of gentilnesse,
Of worldes lust, and of plesance
¶ See nowe the foule mysereance.
Of grekes in thilke tyme tho,
Whan Venus toke hir name so.

There was no cause vnder the moone,
Of whiche thei hadden tho to doone.
Of well or wo where so it was,
That thei no token in that cas
A god to helpe or a goddesse,
Wherof to take my witnesse.

¶ Nota de epistola Dindimi regis Bragmannorum Alexandro magno directa, vbi dicit, q̄ Greci hūc ad cozporis cōseruacionē p̄ singulis mēbris singulos deos specialiter appropriari credunt.

¶ The kynge of Bragmans Dindimus
Wrote vnto Alisander thus,
In blamynge of the grekes faith:
And of the misbeleue he saith,
Howe thei for euery membre hadden
A sondry god, to whom thei spradden
Her armes, and of helpe besoughten.
¶ Minerue for the head thei soughten,
For she was wise, and of a man
The witte and reason whiche he can
Is in the celles of the brayn,
Wherof thei made hir souerayn.
¶ Mercurie, whiche was in his dawes
A great speaker of fals lawes:
On hym the keppynge of the tonge
Thei laid, whan thei speke or songe.
¶ For Bacchus was a glotton eke,
Hym for the throte thei beseke,
That he it wolde wasshen ofte
With soote drinkes and with softe.
¶ The god of shulders and of armes
Was Hercules, for he in armes
The mightiest was to fight,
To hym the lymmes thei behight.
¶ The god, whom thei clepen Mart,
The brest to kepe hath for his part.
For with the herte in his image,
That he addresse to his courage.
¶ And of the galle the goddesse,
For she was full of hastinesse
Of wrath, and light to greue also,
Thei made, and sayd, it was Iuno.
¶ Cupide, which the brond of fire,
Bare in his honde, he was the sire
Of the stomacke, whiche boileth euer,
Wherof the lustes ben the leuer.
¶ To the goddesse Ceres,
Whiche of the corne yafe hir encrees,
Upon the feith that tho was take,
The wombes cure was betake.
¶ And Venus thrōughe the lecherie,
For whiche thei hir deifie
She kept all doune the remenant
To thilke office apperteinant.

¶ Nota de prima Idolorum cultura, que ex eris bus precipue statuis exorta est, quarum prima fuit illa, quam in filii sui memoriam quidā Princeps nomine Cirophanes a sculptore promotheo fabricari constituit.

¶ Thus was dispers in sondrie wise
The misbeleue, as I deuise,
With many an ymage of entaile
Of suche as might hem not auaile.
For thy without liues there
Unmighty be to see, or here
Or speke, or do, or elles sele,
And yet the foules to hem knele,
Whiche is her owne handē werke.
A lorde howe this beleue is derke,
And fer fro reasonable witte:
And netheles they don it yit.
That was this daie a ragged tree,
To morowe vpon his maiestee
Stant in the temple well beseyne.
Howe might a mans reason seyn,
That suche a stocke maie helpe or greue?
But thei, that ben of suche beleue,
And vnto suche goddes calle:
It shall to hem right so befalle,
And failen at moste neede.
But if the lyst to take heede,
And of the first ymage witte,
Petronius therof hath writte,
And eke Nigargarous also,
And thei afferme, and write so,
That Promotheus was tofore.
And fonde the fyrst crafte therfore.
And Cirophanes, as thei telle,
Thrōugh counsell, which was take in hell,
In remembrance of his lignage,
Let setten vp the fyrst ymage.
Of Cirophanes, seith the booke,
That he for sorow, whiche he toke
Of that he sigh his sonne dede,
Of comfort knewe none other rede,

But

But lete do make in remembrance
A faire image of his semblance,
And set it in the market place:
Whiche openly to soze his face
Stood euery day, to done hym ease:
And thei that than wolden please
The sader, shuld it obeye,
Whan that thei comen thilke weye.

¶ Secunda statua fuit ista, quam ad sui patris Beli culturam, rex Ninus fieri et adozari decreuit. Et sic de nomine Beli postea Bel et Belzebub Idolum accreuit.

¶And of Nilus kynge of Assire
I rede, how that in his Empire
He was next after the seconde
Of hem, that first images founde.
Foz he right in semblable caas
Of Belus, whiche his sader was,
From Membzoth in the right line,
Lete make of gold and stones fine
A pzecious image riche,
After his sader euenliche:
And therupon a lawe he sette,
That euery man of pure dette,
With sacrifice, and with truage,
Honour shuld thilke image.
So that within tyme it felle,
Of Belus cam the name of Belle,
Of Bel cam Belsabub and so
The misbeleue went tho.

¶ Tertia statua fuit ista, que ad honozem Apis Regis Grecozū sculpta fuit, cui postea nomē Serapis imponētes ipsum quasi deū pagani coluerūt

¶The third image next to this,
Whan the kynge of Grece Apis
Was deed, thei made a figure
In resemblance of his stature.
Of this kynge Apis seith the booke,
That Serapis his nome tooke,
In whom thzough longe continuance
Of misbeleue a great creance
Thei hadden, and the reuerence
Of sacrifice and of encence
To hym thei made, and as thei telle
Amonge the wonders, that befelle,
Whan Alexander fro Candace
Cam ridend in a wilde place
Under an hille a caue he fonde,
And Candalus, whiche in that londe
Was boze, and was Candaces sonne,
Him told, how that of common wonne
The goddes were in thilke caue.
And he that wolde assaye and haue
A knowlageyng, if it be soth,
Light of his hoze, and in he gothe,
And fond therin, that he sought.
Foz thzough the fendes sleight him thought,
Amonge other goddes mo,
That Serapis spake to him tho,
Whom he sigh there in great araie.
And thus the fende from daie to daie
The wozship of idolatrie
Dzough forth upon the fantasie
Of hem, that were than blynde,
And couthen nought the trouth finde.
Thus hast thou herd in what degree
Of Grece, Egypte, and Chaldee
The misbeleue whilom stood,
And howe so thei be not good
Ne trewe, yet thei spzongen oute,
Wherof the wyde wozlde aboute
His part of misbeleue toke:
Til so befelle, as seith the boke,
That god a people foz him selue
Hath chose, of the linages twelue,
Wherof the sothe redily,
As it is wziten in Genesie
I thinke telle in suche a wise,
That it shall be to thyn a pzise.

¶ De Hebzeozum seu Judæozum secta, quozum Synagoga, ecclesia Chzisti superuenīte, defecit.

¶After the flood, fro whiche Noe
Was sauke, the wozlde in his degree
Was made as who seith newe ageyn
Of floure, of fruit, of gras, of greyn,
Of beast, of byzd, and of mankind,
Whiche euer hath be to god unkind.
Foz not withstondinge all the fare,
Of that this wozlde was made so bare,
And afterward it was restozed,
Amonge the men was nothyng mozed
Toward god of good liuynge:
But all was tozned to likynge
After the flesshe, so that fozyete

Was he, whiche yaf hem life and mete,
Of heuen and erth creatour.
And thus cam forth the great errour,
That thei the high god ne knewe,
But maden other goddes newe,
As thou hast herde me saide tofore.
There was no man that tyme bore,
That he ne had after his choyce
A god, to wom ye yaf his voyce.
Wherof the misbeleue cam
In to the tyme of Abraham:
But he fonde out the right weie,
Howe onely men shulde obeie
The high god, whiche weldeth all,
And euer hath done, and euer shall,
In heuen, in erth, and eke in helle,
There is no tonge his might mate telle.
This Patriarche to his linage
Forbad, that thei to none ymage
Encline shulde in no wise:
But her offrende and sacrifice,
With all the hole hertes loue,
Unto the mighty god aboue
Thei shulden yeue, and to no mo.
And thus in thilke tyme tho
Began that sect upon this erthe,
whiche of beleues was the ferthe,
Of rightousnes it was conceiued:
So must it nedes be receiued
Of hym that all ryght is in,
The high god, whiche wolde wynne
A people unto his owne feyth,
On Abraham the grounde he leyth,
And made hym for to multiplie
In to so great a progenie,
That they Egypte all ouer spradd.
But Pharao with wronge hem lad
In seruitude ayene the pees,
Till god let sende Moises,
To make the deliuerance.
And for his people great vengeance
He toke, whiche is to here a wonder,
The kyng was slayn, the londe put under,
God bad the read see deuide,
whiche stode upright on euery side,
And yafe unto his people a weie,
That thei on fote it passed dreye,
And gone so forth in to deserte,
Where for to kepe hem in couert.
The daies whan the sonne brent,
A large cloude hem ouerwent.
And for to willen hem by nyght,
A firie piller hem alight.
And whan that they for honger plaine,
The mighty god began to rayne,
Manna fro heuen downe to grounde,
Wherof that eche of hem hath founde
His foode, suche right as hym list.
And for thei shuld upon hym trist,
Right as who set a tonne a broche,
He perced the harde roche,
And sprong out water all at wille,
That man and beste hath dronke his fille.
And afterwarde he yafe the lawe
To Moyses, that hem withdrawe
Thei shuld not fro that he bad.
And in this wise thei be lad,
Till thei toke in possession
The londes of promission,
Where that Caleph and Iosue
The marches upon suche degree
Departen after the linage,
That eche of hem as heritage
His pourpartie hath underfonge.
And thus stode this beleue longe,
whiche of prophetes was gouerned,
And thei had eke the people lerned
Of great honour, that shuld hem falle:
But at moste nede of all
They failden, whan Christ was bore.
But howe that thei her feith haue lore,
It nedeth nought to tellen all,
The mater is so generall
¶ Whan Lucifer was hefft in heuen,
And ought moste haue stonde in euen,
Towardes god he toke debate.
And for that he was obstinate,
And wold nought to trouth encline,
He fell euer into ruine.
¶ And Adam eke in paradise,
Whan he stode moste in all his prise,
After the state of Innocence,
Ayen the god brake his defence,
And fell out of his place aweie.
And right by suche maner weye
The Iewes in her best plite,

Whan

Whan that thei shulde most perfite
Haue stonde vpon the prophecie,
Tho fellen thei to mosse folie,
And hym, which was fro heuen come,
And of a maide his flesshe hath nome,
And was amonge hem boze and fed,
As men that wolden nought be sped,
Of goddes sonne, with o voice
Thei henge and slough vpon the croice:
Wherof the perfite of her lawe
Fro then forth hem was withdrawe,
So that thei stonde of no merite,
But in truage as folke subiecte,
Without prozetee of place
Thei liuen out of gods grace,
Dispers in all londes out.
And thus the feith is come aboute,
That wilome in the Jewes stood,
Whiche is nought perfitelich good.
To speke as it is nowe befalle,
There is a feyth abouen all,
In whiche the trouth is compzehended,
Wherof that we ben all amended.

De fide Christiana, in qua perfecte legis complementū, summi misserii sacramentū, nostreq; salnacionis fūdamētū i falsibiliter cōsistere creditur.

The high almighty maiestee,
Of rightoulnes, and of pitee,
The synne, whiche that Adam wzought,
Whan he sigh tyme ayene he bought,
And send his sonne fro the heuen,
Whiche mans sowle hath set in euen,
And hath his grace reconciled,
Fro whiche the man was first exiled,
And in hym selfe so soze fall,
Upon the poynt whiche is befall,
That he ne might him selfe arise.
Gregorie saith in his apzise,
It helpeth nought a man be boze,
If gods sonne were vnboze.
Foz than thzough the first synne,
Whiche Adam whylom bzought vs inne,
There shulden all men be lost:
But Christ restozeth thilke lost,
And bought it with his flesshe and blood.
And if we thynken, howe it stood
Of thilke raunson, whiche he paide,
As sayne Gregorie it wzote and saide,
All was behouely to the man.
Foz that, wherof his wo began,
Was after cause of all his welth,
Whan he, whiche is the well of helthe,
The high creatour of life,
Upon the nede of suche a strife,
So wold he foz his creature
Take on hym selfe the fozfeiture,
And suffer foz the mans sake.
Thus maie no reason well fozsake,
That thilke sinne oziginall
Ne was the cause in speciall
Of mans wozship at last
Whiche shall withouten end last.
Foz by that cause the godhede
Assembled was with the manhede,
In the virgine, where he nome
Our flesshe, and very man become
Of bodely fraternitee,
Wherof the man in his degree
Stant moze wozth, as I haue tolde
Than he stode erst by many folde,
Thzough baptisme of the newe lawe,
Of whiche Christe lozde is and felawe,
Thzough vertue of his might,
Whiche in Mary was alight
To binde mans soule agayne,
And this beleue is so certayne,
So full of grace and of vertue,
That what man clepeth to Iesu,
In clene life, forth with good dede,
He maie not fallen of heuen mede,
So that it stont vpon beleue,
That euery man maie well acheue,
Whiche taken hath the right feith.
Foz elles, as the gospell seith,
Saluacion there maie be none.
And foz to preche therbpon
Christ bad to his apostles all,
The whole power as nowe is falle
On vs, that ben of holy churche,
If we the good dedes wurche.
Foz seyth, but if there be good dede,
Thapostle seyth, is wozth no mede.
Nowe were it good, that thou foz thy,
Whiche thzough baptisme prozely

Art vnto Chriſtes feyth profeſſed,
Beware that thou be not oppreſſed
With antichriſtes lollardie.
For as the Jewes prophecie
Was ſet of god for auantage:
Right ſo this newe tapinage
Of lollardie goth aboute,
To ſette Chriſtes feithe in doute.
The ſaintes, that were vs tofore,
By whome the feithe was firſt vp bore,
That holy churche ſtode releued:
Thei oughte better be beleued,
Than theſe, whiche that men knowe,
Not holy, though thei feigne and blowe
Her lollardie in mennes eare.
But if thou wylt lyue out of feare,
Suche newe lore I rede eſchewe,
And holde forth right the weie, and ſewe
As thyn auncelfres did er this:
So ſhalt thou nought beleue amis.
Chriſte wrought fyrſt, and after taught,
So that his dede the worde araught:
He yafe enſample in his perſone,
And we the wordes haue alone
Like to the tre with leues greene,
Vpon the whiche no fruite is ſeene.

Nota quòd cum Anthenor palladium Troie e templo Minerue abſtulit, Thoas ibidem ſummus ſacerdos auro corruptus, oculos auertit, et ſic malum quaſi non videns ſcienter fieri permiſit.

The prieſt Thoas, whiche of Minerue
The temple had for to ſerue,
And the Palladion of Troie
Kepte vnder keie: for monele
Of Anthenor whiche he hath nome,
Hath ſuffred Anthenor to come,
And the Palladion to ſtele,
Wherof the worſhip and the wele
Of the Troians was overthrowe.
But Thoas at ſame throwe,
Whan Anthenor this Jewell toke,
Wynkend caſt awey his loke,
For a dereite, and for a wile,
As he that ſhuld hym ſelfe begile,
He hid his eyen fro the light,
And wende well, that he ſo might
Excuſe his fals conſcience.
I wote not if thilke euidence
Now at this time in her aſtates,
Excuſe might the prelates,
Knowend how that the feith diſtreſeth
And all morall vertue ceſſeth:
Wherof that thei the keyes bere,
But yet hem liketh not to ſtere
Her goſſly eie for to ſee
The worlde in his aduerſitee.
Thei woll no labour vndertake
To kepe that hem is betake.
Chriſte died hym ſelfe for the feyth,
But nowe our ſerfull prelate ſeyth,
The life is ſwete, and that he kepeth,
So that the feith vnholpe ſlepeth,
And thei vnto her eaſe entenden,
And in her luſt her life diſpenden,
And euery man do what hym liſt.
Thus ſtant this worlde fulfilled of miſſe,
That no man ſeeth the right weie.
The wardes of the churche keie,
Through miſhandlynge ben miſwreint,
The worldes wawe hath welnigh dreint
The ſhip whiche Peter hath to ſtere.
The forme is kept, but the matere
Tranſformed is in other wiſe,
But if thei weren goſſly wiſe,
And that the prieſtes were good,
As thei by olde daies ſtoode,
It were than litell nede,
Among the men to taken hede,
Of that thei heren Pſeudo tell,
Whiche nowe is come for to dwelle
To ſowe Cockil with the corne,
So that the tilthe is nigh forlorne,
Whiche Chriſt ſewe firſt his owne honde,
Nowe ſtant the Cockill in the londe,
Where ſtode whilom the good greyne.
For the prelates nowe, as men ſeyne,
Forſlouthen that thei ſhuld tille:
And that I trowe be the ſkille,
Whan there is lacke in hem aboue,
The people is ſtranged to the loue
Of trouth, in cauſe of ignorance.
For where there is no purueiance
Of light, men erren in the darke.
But if the prelates wolden warke

Vpon

Upon the feith whiche thei vs teache,
Men shulden nought her waie seche
Without light as nowe is vsed.
Men see the charge all daie refused,
Whiche holy churche hath vndertake.

¶ Gregorius. Quando Petrus cum Judea, Andreas cum Achaia, Thomas cum India, et Paulus cū gente venient, quid dicemus nos moderni, quorū fossū talentū p nihilo cōputabitur.

¶But who that wolde ensample take.
Gregorie vpon his Omelie
Ayene the slouth of Prelacie
Complaineth hym, and thus he saith:
Whan Peter, father of the faith
At domes daie shall with hym bringe
Iudea, whiche thrugh his prechynge
He wan, and Andrewe with Achate
Shall come his dette for to paie,
And Thomas eke with his beyete
Of Indie, and Poule the routes great
Of sondry londes to present:
And we fulfilled of londe and rent,
Whiche of this worlde we holden here,
With voide hondes shall appere,
Touchende our cure spirituall,
Whiche is our charge in speciall.
I not what thynge it maie amount,
Upon thilke ende of our accompte,
Whiche Christ hym selfe is auditour,
Whiche taketh none hede of vein honour,
The office of the Chancellerie,
Or of the kynges treasorie,
Ne for to write, ne for to taile,
To warrant may not than auaile.
The worlde, whiche nowe so well we trow,
Shall make vs than but a mowe.
So passe we without mede,
That we none otherwise spede,
But as we rede, that he spedde,
The whiche his lordes besaunt hedde,
And therupon gat none encrees.
But at his tyme netheles,
What other man his thanke deserue,
The worlde so luckie is to serue
That we with him ben all accorded,
And that is wist and well recorded
Thrugh out this erthe in all londes.
Let knightes wynne with her hondes.
For our tonges shall be still,
And stande vpon the fleshes will.
It were a trauaile for to preche,
The faith of Christ as for to teche
The folke painim, it woll not bee.
But euery prelate holde his see,
With all suche as he maie geate
Of lusty drinke, of lusty meate,
Wherof the body satte and full,
Is vnto gostely labour dulle,
And slough to handle thilke plough.
But els we ben swifte enough
Towarde the worldes Auarice,
And that is as a sacrifice,
Whiche after that thapostle saith,
Is openly ayene the faith,
Unto the idols poue and graunted.
But netheles as it is nowe haunted,
And vertue changed into vice,
So that largesse is Auarice,
In whose chaptre nowe we treate.
¶My father this matter is beate
So far, that euer while I liue,
I shall the better hede yeue
Unto my selfe by many weye.
But ouer this nowe wolde I preye,
To witte what the branches are
Of Auarice, and howe thei fare,
Als well in loue as otherwise.
¶My sonne and I the shall deuise,
In suche a maner as thei stonde,
So that thou shalt vnderstonde.

Agros iūgit agris Cupid⁹ domib⁹ domos q;
Possidiat totam sic quasi solus humum.
Solus & innumeros mulierū spirat amores,
Vt sacrā millenis sit sibi culta Venus.

☞ Hic tractat Confessor super illa specie auaritie, quæ cupiditas dicitur, quā in amoris causa pertractans amanti super hoc opponit.

¶Dame Auarice is nought solayne,
Whiche is of golde the capitayne:
But of hir courte in sondrie wise,
After the schole of hir apprise,
She hath of seruantes many one,
Wherof that Couetise is one:
Whiche with the large worlde about

To

To seche thauauntages out,
Where that he maie the profite winne,
To Auarice and bryngeth it inne:
That one halt, and that other draweth,
There is no daie whiche hem bedaweth,
No more the sonne than the moone,
Whan there is any thynge to doone,
And namely with Couetise.
For he stant out of all assise
Of reasonable mans fare,
Where he purposeth hym to fare
Upon his lucre, and his beyete,
The small pathe, the large strete,
The furlonge, and the longe mile,
All is but one for thilke while.
And for that he is suche one holde
Dame Auarice hym hath with holde,
As he whiche is the principall,
Outwarde for he is ouer all
A purueour, and an espie.
For right as of an hungrie pie
The storue beastes ben awaited:
Right so is Couetise assaited,
To loke where he maie purchace.
For by his will he wolde enbrace
All that this wide worlde beclippeth.
But euer he somwhat ouerhippeth,
That he maie not all fulfille
The luckes of his gredie wille.
But where it falleth in a londe,
That Couetise in mightie honde
Is sette, it is full harde to fede.
For than he taketh none other hede,
But that he maie purchace and gete,
His conscience hath all forgete,
And not what thynge it maie amounte,
That he shall afterwarde accompte.
But as the Luce in his degree
Of tho, that lesse ben than hee,
The fisshes gredily deuoureth,
So that no water hem socoureth:
Right so no lawe maie restowe
Fro hym that woll not righte allowe.
For where that suche one is of mighte,
His will shall stonde in stede of righte,
Thus ben the men distroied full ofte,
Till that the great god aloste,
Ayene so great a couetise,
Redresse it in his owne wise.
And in example of all tho
I fynde a tale writtен so,
The whiche for it is good to lere,
Hereafterwarde thou shalt here.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra magnates cupidos, Et narrat de Crasso Romanorum Imperatore, qui furrim, in qua speculum Virgilii Rome fixum extiterat, dolosa circumuentus cupiditate euertit, vnde non solum sui ipsius perditionem, sed totius ciuitatis intolerabile damnum contingere causauit.

Whan Rome stoode in noble plite,
Virgile, whiche was tho parfite,
A mirrour made of his clergie,
And sette it in the townes eie
Of marbre on a piller without,
That thei by thirtie mile about,
By daie and eke also by night,
In that mirrour beholde might
Her ennemies, if any were,
With all her ordinance there,
Whiche thei ayene the citee cast.
So that while thilke mirrour last,
There was no londe, whiche might achene
With werre Rome for to greue.
Wherof was great enuie tho
And it fell that ilke tyme so,
That Rome had werres stronge
Ageyne Carthage, and stoode longe
The two citees upon debate.
Carthage sigh the stronge astate
Of Rome in thilke mirrour stonde,
And thought all priuely to fonde
To ouerthrowe it by some wile.
And Hannibal was thilke while.
The prince and leader of Carthage,
Whiche had set all his courage
Upon knighthode in suche a wise,
That he by worthie and by wise,
And by none other was counsailed:
Wherof the worlde is yet merualled
Of the maistries that he wrought
Upon the marches, whiche he soughte.
And fell in thilke tyme also,
The kynge of Puile, whiche was tho,
Thought ayene Rome to rebelle,
And thus was take the quarelle,

Howe

Howe to distroie the mirrour.
Of Rome tho was emperour
Crassus, whiche was so couetous,
That he was euer desyrous
Of golde to gette the pillage,
Wherof that Puile, and eke Carthage,
With philosophers wise and great
Begynne of this matter to treat.
And at last in this degree
There was philosophers three,
To do this thyng whiche vndertoke,
And therupon thei with hem toke
A great treasure of golde in cofres
To Rome, and thus these philosophers
To gether in companie went:
But no man wist what thei ment.
Whan thei to Rome come were,
So priuely thei dwelte there,
As thei that thoughten to deceiue,
Was none, that might of hem perceiue,
Till thei in sondry stedes haue
Her golde vnder the erthe begraue
In two treasours, that to beholde
Thei shulde seme as thei were olde.
And so forth than vpon a daie,
All openly in good araie,
To themperour thei hem present,
And tolden, it was her entent
To dwell vnder his seruise.
And he hem asketh in what wise.
And thei hym told in suche a plite,
That eche of hem had a spirite,
The whiche slepende a nyght appereth,
And hem by sondry dreames lereth,
After the worlde that hath betid,
Under the grounde if ought be hid
Of olde treasour at any throwe,
Thei shall it in her swenen knowe.
And vpon this condicion
Thei sein, what golde vnder the towne
Of Rome is hid, thei woll it synde,
There shall nought be lefte behinde:
Be so that he the halue dele
Hem graunt: and he assenteth wele.
And thus cam sleight for to dwelle
With Couetise, as I the telle.
This emperour bad redily,
That thei be lodged fast by,
Where he his owne body laie.
And whan it was at morowe daie,
That one of hem saythe, that he mette,
Where he a golde hoorde shall sette.
Wherof this emperour was glad,
And therupon anone he bad
His minours for to go, and myne:
And he hym selfe of that couyne
Goth forthe with hall, and at his honde
The treasour redy there he fonde,
Where as thei saide it shulde be.
And who was than glad but he?
Upon that other daie seconde
Thei haue an other golde hoorde fonde,
Whiche the seconde maister toke
Upon his swenen and vndertoke.
And thus the sothe experience
To themperour yafe suche credence,
That all his trust, and all his feith
So sikerliche on hem he leith,
Of that he fonde hym so releued,
That thei be perfitly beleued,
As though thei were goddes three,
Nowe herken the subtilitee.
The thirde maister shulde mete,
Whiche as they saiden was vnmete
Aboue hem all, and couth moste:
And he without noyse or boste,
All priuiliche, so as he wolde
Upon the morowe his swenen tolde
To the emperour right in his eare,
And saide hym, that he wist where
A treasour was, so plentious
Of golde, and eke so precious
Of iewelles, and of riche stones,
That it to all his hors at ones
Were a charge sufficant.
This lorde of vpon this couenant
Was glad, and asketh where it was.
The maister saide vnder the glas.
He tolde hym eke as for the myne
He wolde ordeine suche engyne,
That thei the werke shuld vnderfette
With tymbre, and without lette
Men maie the treasour sauely delue,
So that the myrrour by hym selue
Without empeirement shall stonde.
All this the maister vpon honde

Hath

Hath vndertake in all weye.
This lorde, whiche had his wit awey,
And was with couetise blent,
Anone therto yaf his assent.
And thus to mine forth withall
The tymbre sette vp ouer all,
Wherof the pyller stode vpright,
Till it befelle vpon a night,
These clerkes, when thei were ware,
Howe that the tymber only bare
The pyller, where the mirrour stode,
Ner sleight no man vnderstode
Thei go by night vnto the myne
With pitche, with sulphur, & with rosyne:
And whan the citee was a slepe,
A wilde fyre in to the depe
Thei caste amonge the tymber werke,
And so forth while the night was derke
Desguised in a poore araie
Thei passeden the towne er daie.
And whan thei comen vpon an hille,
They sighen how the mirrour fylle:
Wherof thei made ioye enough,
And eche of hem with other lough,
And sayde: Lo what couetise
Maie doe, with hem that be not wise:
And that was proued afterwarde.
For euery londe to Rome warde,
Whiche had be subiecte to fore,
Whan this mirrour was so forlore,
And thei the wonder herde seie,
Anone begonne to disobeie
With werres vpon euery side.
And thus hath Rome lost his pride,
And was defouled ouer all.
For this I fynde of Haniball,
That he of Romaynes on a daie,
Whan he hem fonde out of araie,
So great a multitude slough,
That of golde rynges, whiche he drough
Of gentill handes, that ben deade,
Bussheles full three, I rede
He fylled, and made a bridge also,
That he might ouer Tyber go
Upon the corps that dede were
Of the Romaynes, which he slough there.
But nowe to speke of the iuyse,
The whiche after the couetise
Was take vpon this emperour,
For he destroied the mirrour,
It is a wonder for to here.
The Romaines maden a chayere,
And sette her emperour therin.
And sayden, for he wolde wynne
Of golde the superfluitee,
Of golde he shulde suche plentee
Receyue, till he saide ho,
And with golde, whiche thei had tho
Boylende hote within a panne,
Into his mouthe thei pouren than.
And thus the thirst of golde was queint
With golde, whiche had ben atteint.
Wherof my sonne thou might lere
Whan couetise hath lost the stere
Of reasonable gouernance,
There falleth ofte great greuance.
For there maie be no werse thynge,
Than couetise aboute a kynge
If it in his persone bee,
It doth the more aduersitee.
And if it in his counsaile stonde,
It bringeth all daie mischiefe to honde
Of common harme: and if it growe
Within his court, it woll be knowe.
For than shall the kynge be pilled.
The man whiche hath his londe tilled,
Awaiteth nought more redily
The herueste, than thei gredily
Se make than warde and watche,
Where thei the profite mighten catche.
And yet full ofte it falleth so,
As men maie sene amonge hem tho,
That he, whiche most coueiteth fast,
Hath leaste auantage at last.
For whan fortune is there agayne,
Though he coueite, it is in vayne:
The happes ben nought alliche,
One is made poore an other riche:
The courte to some it doth profite,
And some ben euer in one plite,
And yet thei both aliche fore
Coueite, but fortune is more
Unto that one parte fauourable.
And though it be nought reasonable,
This thynge maie a man sene all daie,
Wherof that I the telle maie

After

After ensample in remembrance,
Howe euery man maie take his chance
Of rychesse, or of pouerte,
Now so it stande of the deserte,
Here is nought euery thynge acquite.
For ofte a man maie see this yit,
That who best doth, lest thonke shall haue.
It helpeth nought the worlde to crase,
Whiche out of reule and of measure
Hath euer stande in auenture,
As well in courte as els where
And howe in olde daies there
It stode so as the thynges felle,
I thynke a tale for to telle.

¶ Hic ponit exemplum contra illos, qui in domibus regum seruientes, pro eo q̄ ipsi secundum eorum cupiditatem promoti non existunt, de regio seruitio quasi de defectu indiscrete murmurāt.

¶In a cronike this I rede,
About a kynge, as must nede,
There was knightes and squiers
Great route, and eke officers:
Some of longe tyme hym had serued,
And thoughten, that thei haue deserued
Auancement, and gone without:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agone,
And thei auanced were anone.
These olde men vpon this thyng,
(So as thei durst) ageyne the kynge
Amonge hem selfe compleinen ofte:
But there is nothyng sayde so softe,
That it ne cometh out at last.
The kynge it wyst, anone als fast
As he whiche was of high prudence,
He shope therfore an euidence
Of hem that plainen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defaute it was,
And all within his owne entent,
That no man wist what it ment.
Anone he lette two cofres make,
Of one semblance, of one make,
So lyche, that no life thilke throwe,
That one maie fro that other knowe:
Thei were in to his chambre brought:
But no man wote why thei be brought.
And netheles the kynge hath bede,
That thei be sette in priuie stede,
As he that was of wisdome sligh.
Whan he therto his tyme sigh,
All priueliche, that none it wist,
His owne hondes that one chist
Of fine golde, and of fyne perle,
The whiche out of his tresorie
Was take, anone he filde full:
That other cofre of strawe and mull,
With stones mened he filde also.
Thus be thei full both two.
So that ereliche vpon a daie
He bad within there he laie,
There shulde to fore his bedde
A bourde vp sette, and fayre spredde,
And than he let the cofres sette.
Upon the bourde and did hem sette,
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche ayene hym grutcheth so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anone and sent for hem all,
And saide to hem in this wyse:
¶There shall no man his hap despise,
I wotte well ye haue longe serued,
And god wote what ye haue deserued,
But if it is a longe on me,
Of that ye vnauanced be,
Or els if it be longe on you,
The soth shall be preued nowe,
To stoppe with your euyll worde.
Lo here two cofers on the borde,
These whiche you list of both two.
And witteth well, that one of tho
Is with treasour so full begone,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye shall be riche men for euer.
Nowe chese and take whiche you is leuer.
But be well ware, er that ye take.
For of that one I vndertake,
There is no maner good therin,
Wherof ye might profite winne.
Nowe goth to getherof one assent,
And maketh your aduisement.
For but I you this daie auance,
It stant vpon your owne chance
All onely in default of grace,
So shall ye shewe in this place
Upon you all well asme

That

That no defaute shall be myn.
Thei knelen all, and with one voice
The kynge thei thanken of this choice.
And after that thei vp arise,
And gon a side, and hem auise,
And at last thei acorde,
Wherof her tale to recorde,
To what issue thei ben falle,
A knight shall speake for hem alle.
He kneleth downe to the kynge,
And saith that thei vpon this thynge
Or for to wynne, or for to lese,
Ben all auised for to chese.
Tho toke this knight a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofers stonde,
And with thassent of euerichone,
He leid his yarde vpon one,
And seith the kynge, howe thilke same
Thei chese in reguerdon by name,
And preith him that thei might it haue.
The kynge whiche wolde his honour saue,
Whan he hath herde the common voice,
Hath graunted hem her owne choice,
And toke hem therupon the keye.
But for he wolde it were seye
What good thei haue, as thei suppose,
He bad anone the cofer vnclose,
Whiche was fulfilled with straw & stones.
Thus be thei serued all at ones.
This kynge than in the same stede,
Anone that other Cofer vndede,
Where as thei sawen great richesse,
Well more than thei couthen gesse,
Lo, sayth the kynge, nowe maie ye see,
That there is no defaute in mee.
For thy my selfe I woll acquite,
And beareth your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise kynge excused,
And thei left of her euyll speche,
And mercy of her kynge beseche.

¶ Nota de diuitiarum accidencia, vbi narrat qualiter Fredericus Romanorū imperator duos pauperes audiuit litigantes, quorum vnus dixit, Bene potest ditari, quem rex vult ditare. Et alius dixit, quem deus vult ditare diues erit. que rex cum ad experimētū postea probata fuisset, ille qui deum inuocabat pastillum auro plenum fortius est, alius vero caponis pastillum forte preelegit.

¶ Somdele to this mater like
I fynde a tale, howe Frederike
Of Rome that tyme Emperour
Herde, as he wente, a great clamour
Of two beggers vpon the weye:
That one of hem began to seye,
Ha lord well may the name be riche,
Whome that a kynge list to riche.
That other said no thynge so,
But he is ryche and well bego,
To whome that god wol sende wele.
And thus thei maden wordes fele.
Wherof this lorde hath herde nome,
And did hem both for to come
To the paleis, where he shall ete,
And bad ordeine for her meate
Two pasteys, whiche he lete do make.
A capon in that one was bake,
And in that other for to wynne
Of floreyns all that maie within
He let do put a great riches:
And euen as liche as man maie gesse,
Outwarde thei were both two.
This begger was commanded tho,
He the whiche held hym to the kynge,
That he fyrste chese vpon this thynge.
He sawe hem, but he felt hem nought:
So that vpon his owne thought
He chese the capon, and forsoke
That other, whiche his felawe toke.
But whan he wist howe that it ferde,
He seyth alowde, that men it herde,
Nowe haue I certaynely conceiued,
That he maie lightly be deceiued,
That trusteth vnto mans helpe.
But well is hym, that god woll helpe.
For he stant on the siker side,
Whiche elles shulde go beside,
I see my felawe well recouer,
And I mote dwell still pouer.
Thus spake the begger his entent,
And poore he cam, and poore he went,
Of that he hath richesse sought,
His infortune it wolde nought.
So maie it shewe in sondrie wise,
Betwene fortune and couetise,

The

The chance is cast vpon a dee
But yet a man maie full ofte see
Enowe of suche netheles,
Whiche euer put hem selfe in pres
To get hem good, and yet thei faile.
¶ And for to speke of this entaile
Touchende of loue in thy mattere,
My good sonne as thou might here,
That right as it with tho men stood
Of infortune of worldes good,
As thou hast herde me tell aboue:
Right so full ofte it stant by loue,
Though thou coueyte it euermore,
Thou shalte haue no dele the more,
But only that, whiche is the shape,
The remenant is but a iape.
And netheles enowe of tho
There ben, that nowe coueite so.
That where as thei a woman see,
Pe ten or twelue though there bee,
The loue is nowe so vnauised,
That where the beautee stant assised,
The mans herte anone is there,
And rouneth tales in hir ere,
And seith, howe that he loueth streite.
And thus he sette hym to coueite
An hondred though he sawe a daie,
So wolde he more than he maie.
So for the great couetise
Of sotie and fool empryse,
In eche of hem he stint somwhat,
That pleaseth hym, or this or that:
Some one, for she is white of skynne,
Some one, for she is noble of kynne,
Some one, for she hath a rodie cheke,
Some one, for that she semeth meke,
Some one, for she hath eyen greye,
Some one, for she can laugh and pleye,
Some one, for she is longe and smalle,
Some one, for she is lite and talle,
Some one, for she is pale and bleche,
Some one, for she is softe of speche,
Some one, for that she is camused,
Some one, for she hath not be vsed,
Some one, for she can daunce and sing,
So that some thyng of his likyng
Pe stint: and though no more he sele,
But that she hath a litell hele,
It is enough, that he therfore
Hir loue, and thus an hundred score,
While thei be newe, he wolde he had,
Whom he forsaketh, she is bad,
The blinde man no colour demeth,
But all is one right as him semeth:
So hath his lust no iudgement,
Whom couetise of loue blent.
Hym thinketh, that to his couetise,
Howe all the worlde ne maie suffise.
For by his wille he wolde haue all,
If that it might so befall.
Thus is he comon as the strete,
I set nought of his beyete.
My sonne hatte thou suche couetise?
¶ Naye fader suche loue I despise,
And while I liue shal don euer.
For in good feith yet had I leuer,
Than to coueite in suche aweye,
To ben for euer till I deye
As poore as Iob, and loueles,
Out taken one, for haueles
His thonkes is no man a line.
For than a man shulde all vnthriue.
There ought no wise man coueite,
The lawe was not set so streite.
For thy my selfe with all to saue,
Suche one there is I wold haue,
And none of all this other mo.
¶ My sonne of that thou woldest so,
I am not wroth, but ouer this,
I woll the telle, howe it is.
For there be men, whiche other wise
Right onely for the couetise,
Of that thei seen a woman riche,
There wol thei all her loue affiche
Nought for the beautee of hir face,
Ne yet for vertu ne for grace,
Whiche she hath elles right enough,
But for the parke and for the plough,
And other thinges, whiche therto longeth,
For in none other wise hem longeth
To loue, but if thei profite finde.
And if the profite be behynde,
Her loue is euer lesse and lesse.
For after that she hath richesse,
Her loue is of proporcion.
If thou hast suche condicion,

My ſonne telle right as it is.
¶ Myn holy fader naye ywis,
Condicion ſuche haue I none
For truly fader I loue one
So well, with all myn hertes thought,
That certes though ſhe had nought,
And were as poore as Medea,
Whiche was exiled for Creuſa,
I wolde hir nought the leſſe loue:
Ne though ſhe were at hir aboue,
As was the riche quene Candace,
Whiche to deſerue loue and grace
To Aliſander, that was kynge,
Pake many a worthye riche thynge:
Or elles as Panthaſilee,
Whiche was the quene of Feminee,
And great richeſſe with hir nam,
Whan ſhe for loue of Hector cam
To Troie, in reſcous of the towne.
I am of ſuche condicion,
That though my ladie of hir ſelue
Were alſo riche, as ſuche twelue,
I couth not, though it were ſo,
No better loue hir, than I do.
For I loue in ſo plaine a wiſe,
That for to ſpeke of couetiſe,
As for pouerte, or for richeſſe,
My loue is nother more ne leſſe.
For in good feith I trowe this,
So couetous no man there is.
For why, and he my ladie ſie,
That he through lokynge of his eie
Ne ſhuld haue ſuche a ſtroke within,
That for no gold he might wyn,
He ſhuld nought hir loue aſterte,
But if he lefte there his herte,
Be ſo it were ſuche a man,
That couthe ſkille of a woman.
For there be men ſo rude ſome,
Whan thei amonge the women come,
Thei gon vnder protection,
That loue and his affection
Ne ſhal not take hem by the ſleue.
For thei ben out of that beleue,
Hem lufteth of no ladie there,
But euer thinkend there and here,
Where as the golde is in the cofre,
And wol none other loue profre.
But who ſo wote, what loue amounteth,
And by reaſon truliche acompteth:
Than maie he knowe, and taken hede,
That all the luſt of womanhede,
Whiche maie ben in a ladis face,
My lady hath, and eke of grace.
If men ſhuld yeuen hir a priſe,
Thei maie wel ſeye, howe ſhe is wiſe,
And ſobre, and ſimple of countenance,
And all that to good gouernaunce
Belongeth of a worthie wight,
She hath plainly: for thilke night,
That ſhe was bore, as for the nones,
Nature ſet in hir at ones
Beautee with bountee ſo beſeyn,
That I maie well afferme and ſeyn,
I ſawe yet neuer creature,
Of comly hede, and of feture,
In any kynges region,
Be liche hir in compariſon.
And therto, as I haue you tolde,
Yet hath ſhe more a thouſande folde
Of bountee, and ſhortly to telle,
She is pure heade and welle,
And myrroure, and enſample of good,
Who ſo hir vertues vnderſtood.
Me thinketh it ought enought ſuffiſe
Withouten other couetiſe,
To loue ſuche one, and to ſerue,
Whiche with hir chere can deſerue
To be beloued better ywis,
Than ſhe par cas that richeſt is,
And hath of golde a milion:
Suche hath be myn opinion,
And euer ſhall, But netheles
I ſaie nought ſhe is haueles,
That ſhe nis riche, and well at eaſe,
And hath enough, wherwith to pleaſe
(Of worldes good) whome that hir liſt.
But one thyng I wolde wel ye wiſt,
That neuer for no worldes good
Myn hert vnto hir warde ſtood,
But onely right for pure loue,
That wote the high god aboue:
Nowe fader what ſaie ye therto?
¶ My ſonne I ſaie it is wel do.
For take of this right good beleue,
What man that wol hym ſelfe releue

To

To loue in any other wise,
He shall well fynde his couetise
Shall sore greue hym at laste.
For suche a loue maie not laste.
But nowe men seyn in our daies,
Men makeu but a fewe assaies,
But if the cause be richesse.
For thy the loue is well the lesse.
And who that wold ensamples telle,
By olde daies as thei fell,
Than might a man well vnderstonde,
Suche loue maie not longe stonde.
Now herken sonne, and thou shalt here
A great ensample of this mattere

¶Hic ponit exemplum contra istos, qui non propter amorem, sed propter diuitias sponsalia sumunt. Et narrat de quodam regis Apulie Senescalco, qui non solum propter pecuniam vxorē duxit, sed etiam pecunie commercio Vxorem sibi desponsat am vendidit.

¶To treat vpon the cas of loue,
So as we tolde here aboue,
I fynde write a wonder thynge.
Of Puile whilom was a kynge,
A man of high complexion,
And yonge, but his affection,
After the nature of his age,
Was yet not falle in his courage,
The lust of woman for to knowe.
So it betid vpon a throwe,
This lorde felle into great sikenes,
Whilke hath done the bestnes
Of sondry cures many one
To make hym holle, and therupon
A worthie maister, whiche there was,
Pake hym counseill vpon this cas,
That if he wolde haue parfite hele,
He shuld with a woman dele,
A freshe, a yonge, a lustie wight,
To don hym compaute a night.
For than he sayde hym redily,
That he shall be all hole therby,
And other wise he knewe no cure.
The kynge, whiche stode in a venture
Of life and deth for medicine,
Assented was and of couyne.
His stewarde, whom he trusteth well,
He toke and tolde hym euery dele,
How that this maister had sayde,
And therupon he hath hym prayde,
And charged vpon his ligeance,
That he do make purueiance,
Of suche one as be conenable
For his plesance, and delitable,
And bad hym, howe that euer it stood,
That he shall spare for no good.
For his will is right well to paie.
The stewarde saide, he wold assaie.
¶But now here after thou shalt witte,
As I fynde in the bokes writte,
What couetise in loue doth.
This stewarde, for to tell soth,
Amonges all the men onliue
A lustie ladie hath to wiue,
Whiche netheles for golde he toke,
And nought for loue, as saith the boke.
A riche marchant of the londe
Hir fader was, and he hir fonde
So worthely and suche richesse
Of worldes good and suche largesse,
With hir he gate in mariage,
That onely for thilke auantage
Of good, the stewarde hath hir take
For lucre, and nought for loues sake:
And that was afterwarde well sene,
Nowe herken, what it woll mene.
The stewarde in his owne herte
Sigh, that his lorde maie not asserte
His maladie, but he haue
A lustie woman hym to saue,
And thought he wolde yeue enough
Of treasour, wherof he drough
Great couetise into his mynde,
And set his honour ferre behynde.
Thus he, whom golde hath oversette,
Was trapped in his owne nette.
The golde hath made his wittes lame,
So that sechende his owne shame,
He rouneth in the kynges eare,
And said hym, that he wist where
A gentill and a lustie one
Tho was, and thither wolde he gone,
But he mote yeue yeftes great.
For but it be throwgh great beyete
Of golde, he said he shulde not spede.
The kynge hym bad vpon the nede,

That take an hundrede pounde he sholde,
And yeue it, where that he wolde,
Be so it were in worthie place.
And thus to sonde in loues grace,
This kynge his golde hath habandoned.
And whan this tale was full rouned,
The stewarde toke the golde, and went,
Within his herte and many a went
Of couetise than he caste,
Wherof a purpose at laste
(Ayene loue and ayene his right)
He toke, and saide howe thilke night
His wife shall ligge by the kynge,
And goth thynkende apon this thynge,
Towarde his inne till he cam home
In to the chambre, and than he nome
His wife, and tolde hir all the cas.
And she whiche red for shame was,
With both hir handes to hym prayde
Knelende, and in this wise sayde:
That she to reason and to skille,
In what thynge that he bid wyll,
Is redy for to done his hestе:
But this thynge that were not honestе,
That he for golde hir shulde selle.
And he tho with his wordes felle,
Forth with his gastly countenance,
Sayth, that she shall done obeisance,
And folowe his wille in euery place,
And thus through strength of his manace,
Hir innocence is ouerladde,
Wherof she was so sore adradde,
That she his wille mote nede obeie.
And therupon was shape aweie,
That he his owne wife by night
Hath out of all mennes sight,
(So priuely that none it wist)
Brought to the kynge, whiche as hym list
Maie do with hir what he wolde.
For whan she was there as she sholde
With hym a bedde under the cloth,
The stewarde toke his leue, and goth
In to the chambre faste by:
But howe he slepte, that wote not I.
For he sigh cause of ielousie.
¶But he whiche hath the companie
Of suche a lusty one as shee,
Hym thought that of his degree,
There was no man so well at ease.
She doth all that she maie to please,
So that his herte all holle she had.
And thus this kynge his toie lad
Till it was nigh upon the daie.
The stewarde than where she laie
Cam to the bedde, and in this wise
Hath bid she shulde arise.
The kynge saith naie, she shall not go.
The stewarde saide nothynge so.
For she mote gone er it be knowe,
And so I swore, at thilke throwe,
Whan I hir sette to you here.
The kynge his tale wolde not here,
And seith, how that he hath hir bought.
For thy she shall departe nought,
Till he the bright daie beholde,
And caught hir in his armes folde,
As he whiche lik for to plese,
And bad his stewarde gone aweie,
And so he did ayene his wille.
And thus his wife a bedde stille
Laie with the kynge the longe night,
Till that it was high sonne light,
But who she was he knew nothynge.
Tho cam the stewarde to the kynge,
And prayde hym without shame
In sauyng of hir good name,
He might leaden home ayene
This ladie, and tolde hym pleyne,
Howe that it was his owne wife.
The kynge his eare vnto this strife
Hath leyde: and whan that he it herde,
Well nigh out of his wit he ferde
And sayde: A caytife most of all,
Where was it euer or this befall,
That any Lobarde in this wise
Betoke his wife for couetise?
Thou hast bothe hir and me begiled,
And eke thyn owne estate reuiled,
Wherof that burome vnto the
Here after shall she neuer be.
For this auowe to god I make,
After this daie, if I the take,
Thou shalte be honged and to drawe.
Nowe loke anone thou be withdrawe:
So that I see the neuer more.
This stewarde that drad hym sore,

With

With all the hast that he maie
Is fled awey the same daie,
And was exiled out of londe.
¶Lo there a nice husbonde,
Whiche thus his wife hath losse for euer.
But netheles she had a leuer.
The kynge hir weddeth and honoureth,
Wher of hir name she socoureth,
Whiche erst was lost through couetise
Of him, that lad hir other wise.
And hath hym selfe also forlore.
¶My sonne be thou ware therfore,
Where thou shalt loue in any place,
That thou no couetise embrace,
The whiche is not of loues kinde.
But for all that a man maie finde
Nowe in this tyme of thilke rage
Full great disease in mariage,
Whan venim medleth with the sugre,
And mariage is made for lucre,
Or for the lust, or for the hele,
What man that shall with other dele,
He maie not faile to repent.
¶My fader suche is myn entent:
But netheles good is to haue.
For good maie oft tyme saue
The loue, whiche shuld elles spille.
But god, whiche wote my hertes wille
I dar wel take to witnesse,
Yet was I neuer for richesse
Be set with mariage none.
For all myn herte is vpon one
So frely, that in the persone
Stant all my worldes hope alone.
I aske nother parke ne plough,
If I hir had, it were enough.
Hir loue shulde me suffise,
Withouten other couetise.
Lo nowe my fader, as of this,
Touchend of me, right as it is,
My shrifte I am be knowe pleyn:
And if ye wol ought elles seyn
Of couetise if there be more
In loue, agropeth out the sore.

Fallere cũ nequeat, ppria vir fraude subornat
Testes sit ꝙ eis vera retorta fides.
Sicut agros cupidus dũ querit amãs mulieres
Vult testes falsos falsus habere suos.

Non sine vindicta periurus abibit in eis,
Visu qui cordis intima cuncta videt.
Fallere periuro non est laudanda puellam
Gloria, sed falso conditionis opus.

¶Hic tractat super illis auaricie speciebus, quæ falsum testimonium et periurium nuncupantur, quorum fraudulenta circumuentio tam in cupiditatis quam in amoris causa sui desiderii proposituum, quam sepe fallaciter attingit.

¶My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
Howe couetise hath yet on honde
In speciall two counsailours,
That ben also his procurours.
The first of hem is fals witnesse,
Whiche euer is redy to witnesse
What thyng his maister woll hym hote:
Periurie is the second hote,
Which spareth nought to swere an othe,
Though it be fals, and god be wrothe.
That one shall fals witnes beare,
That other shall the thyng forsweare,
Whan he his charged on the boke.
So what with hepe, and what with croke,
Thei make her maister ofte winne,
And woll not knowe, what is sinne
For couetise: and thus men seyn,
Thei make many a fals bargeyn.
There maie no trewe quarel arise
In thilke queste of thilke assise,
Where as thei two the people enforme.
For thei kepe euer o maner forme,
That vpon golde her conscience
Thei founde, and take her euidence.
And thus with fals witnes and othes
Thei winne hem meate, drinke, & clothes.
Right so there be, who that hem knew,
Of these louers ful many vntrewe.
Nowe maie a woman finde enowe,
That eche of hem, whan he shall wowe,
Anone he will his hande downe leyne
Vpon a boke, and sweare and seyne,
That he wol feith and trouth beare.
And thus he profereth hym to sweare
To seruen euer till he die,
And all is bery tretherie.
For whan the soth hym selfe trieth,
The more he sweareth, the more he lieth.

Whan he his feith maketh all thermell,
Than maie a woman trust hym lest.
For till he maie his will atheue,
He is no lenger for to leue.
Thus is the trouthe of loue eysled,
And many a good woman beguiled.
And eke to speke of fals witnesse,
There ben now suche many I gesse,
That liche vnto the prouisours
Thei make hem hir preuie proctours,
To tell howe there is suche a man,
Whiche is worthy to loue, and can
All that a good man shulde conne.
So that with lesing is begonne
The cause, in whiche thei woll procede.
And also siker as the crede
Thei make of that thei knowen fals.
And thus full ofte about the halse,
Loue is of fals men embraced.
But loue, whiche is so purchased
Come afterwarde to litell prise.
For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Howe thou hast herde this euidence,
Thou might thyn owne conscience
Oppose, if thou hast be suche one.
Naye god wote father I am none,
Ne neuer was, for as men saith,
Whan that a man shall make his faith,
His hert and tonge must accorde.
For if so be that thei discorde,
Than is he fals, and els nought.
And I dare saie, as of my thought
In loue, it is not discordable
Vnto my worde, but accordable.
And in this wise father I
Maie right well swere, and sauely,
That I my lady loue well.
For that accordeth euery dele,
It nedeth nought to my soth sawe,
That I witnesse shulde drawe
Into this date, for euer yit
Ne might it sinke in to my wit,
That I my counsaile shulde seye
To any wight, or me bewreye,
To sechen helpe in suche manere,
But onely for my lady dere.
And though a thousande men it wiste,
That I hir loue, and than hem liste
With me to swere, and to witnesse:
Yet were that no fals witnesse.
For I dare vnto this trouth dwelle,
I loue hir more than I can telle.
Thus am I father giltelesse,
As ye haue herde: and netheles
In your dome I put it all.
My sonne witte in speciall,
It shall not commonliche saile,
All though it for a tyme faile,
That fals witnesse his cause spede
Vpon the point of his falshede:
It shall well afterwarde be kid,
Wherof so as it is betid,
Ensample of such thynges blynde
In a cronike writte I synde.

HIC PONIT EXEMPLVM de illis, qui falsum testificantes, amoris innocentiam circumueniunt, Et narrat qualiter Thetis Achillem filium suum adolescentem muliebri vestitum apparatu afferens esse puellam inter regis Lichomedis filias ad educandum prodvxit, Et sic Achilles decepto rege filie sue Deidamie socia et cubicularia effectus super ipsam Pirrhum genuit, qui postea mire probitatis militiam assecutus, mortem patris sui apud Troiam Polixene Tyrannice vindicauit.

The goddesse of the sea Thetis
She had a sonne, and his name is
Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
While he was yonge, and in to warde
She thought hym sauely to betake,
As she, whiche drad for his sake
Of that was saide of prophetie,
That he at Troie sholde die,
Whan that the citee was beleyne.
For thy so as the bokes seyne,
She cast hir wit in sondrie wise,
Howe she hym might so desguise,
That no man shuld his body knowe.
And so befelle that like throwe,
While that she thought vpon this dede,
There was a kyng, whiche Lichomede
Was hote, and he was well begone,
With faire doughters many one,
And dwelte ferre out in an yle.
Nowe shalt thou here a wonder wile.
This quene, whiche the mother was

Of

Of Achilles, vpon this cas
Hir sonne, as he a maiden were
Let clothen in the same gere,
Whiche longeth vnto womanhede.
And he was yonge, and toke none hede,
But suffreth all that she hym dede,
Wherof she hath hir women bede,
And chargeth by her othes alle,
Howe so it afterward befall,
That thei discouer nought this thynge,
But feigne and make a knowlageynge
Vpon the counseile, whiche was nome,
In euery place where thei come,
To telle and to witnesse this,
Howe he hir ladis doughter is.
And right in suche a maner wise
She bad thei shuld hir don seruise:
So that Achilles vnderfongeth,
As to a yong lady belongeth,
Honoure, seruice, and reuerence.
For Thetis with great diligence
Hym hath so taught, and so affaited,
That howe so that he were awaited
With sobre, and goodly contenance
He shulde his womanhede auance,
That none the soth knowe might,
But that in euery mans sight
He shuld seme a pure maide.
And in suche wise, as she hym saide,
Achilles, whiche that ilke while
Was yonge, vpon hym selfe to smile
Began, whan he was so beseyn.
And thus after the bokes seyn,
With frette of perle vpon his hede
All fresshe betwene the white and rede,
As he whiche tho was tender of age,
Stode the colour in his visage;
That for to loke vpon his cheke,
And seen his childy maner eke,
He was a woman to beholde.
And than his moder to hym tolde,
That she hym had so begone,
Because that she thought gone
To Lichomede at thilke tide,
Where that she saide, he shulde abide
Amonge his doughters for to dwelle.
Achilles herd his moder telle,
And wist nought the cause why.
And netheles full buxomly
He was redy to that she bad,
Wherof his moder was right glad.
To Lichomede and forth thei went.
And whan the kyng knewe hir entent,
And sawe this yonge doughter there,
And that it came vnto his ere,
Of suche record, of suche witnesse,
He had right a great gladnesse,
Of that he both sigh and herde,
As he that wote not howe it ferde
Vpon the counseil of the nede.
But for all that kynge Lichomede
Hath toward him hir doughter take:
And for Thetis his moder sake,
He put hir in to companie
To dwelle with Deidamie
His owne doughter the eldest,
The fairest, and the comliest
Of all his doughters, whiche he had.
Lo thus Thetis the cause lad,
And lefte there Achilles feigned,
As he, whiche hath hym selfe restreigned
In all that euer he maie and can
Out of the maner of a man,
And toke his womanisshe chere,
Wherof vnto his bedfere
Deidamie he hath by night,
Where kynde wolde hym selue right,
After the Philosophers seyn,
There maie no wight be there ageyn,
And that was thilke tyme sene.
The longe nightes hem betwene
Nature, whiche maie not forbere,
Hath made hem bothe for to fere,
Thei killen first, and ouermore
The highe wey of loues lore
Thei gone, and all was done in dede,
Wherof lost is the maieden hede,
And that was afterward well knowe.
For it befell that ilke throwe
At Troie, where the siege laie,
Vpon the cause of Menelaie,
And of his quene dame Heleine,
The gregois hadden mochel peine
All daie to fight, and to assaile.
But for thei might nought auaile
So noble a citee for to wynne,

A preuye counsaile thei begynne,
In sondrie wise where thei treat,
And at laste amonge the great
Thei fellen vnto his accorde,
That Phorceus, of his recorde,
Whiche was an Astronomien,
And eke a great magicien,
Shulde of his calculacion
Serche of constellacion,
How thei the citee mighten gette.
And he the whiche had nought forgete
Of that belongeth to a clerke,
His studie sette vpon this werke,
So longe his wit about he cast,
Till that he fonde out at last,
But if thei hadden Achilles,
Her werre shall ben endeles.
And ouer that he tolde hem pleine,
In what maner he was beseine,
And in what place he shall be founde.
So that within a litell stounde
Vlysses forth with Diomede,
Vpon this point to Lichomede
Agamemnon to gether sente.
But Vlysses, er he forth went,
Whiche was one of the most wise,
Ordeined hath in suche a wise,
That he the most riche araye,
Wherof a woman maie be gaye,
With hym he toke manifolde.
And ouermore, as it is tolde,
An harnois as for a lustie knight,
Whiche burned was as siluer bright,
Of swerde, of plate, and eke of maile,
As though he shulde do bataile,
He toke also with hym by ship.
And thus to gether in felawship
Forth gone this Diomede and hee,
In hope till thei mighten see
The place, where Achilles is.
The wynde stode than nought amis,
But euery topsaile coole it blewe,
Till Vlysses the marches knewe,
Where Lichomede his reigne had.
The stresman so well him ladde,
That thei be comen saufe to londe,
Where thei gone out vpon the stronde
In to the burgh, where that thei fonde
The kynge: and he, whiche hath facounde,
Vlysses did the message.
But the counsaile of his courage,
Why that he came, he tolde nought,
But vnderneth he was bethought,
In what maner he might aspie
Achilles from Deidamie,
And fro these other, that there were,
Full many a lustie ladie there.
Thei plaide hem there a daie or two,
And as it was fortuned so,
It fell that tyme in suche a wise,
To Bacchus that a sacrifice
These yonge ladies shulden make:
And for the straunge mens sake,
That comen fro the siege of Troie,
Thei maden well the more ioie.
There was reuell, there was daunsinge,
And euery life, whiche couth singe
Of lusty women in the route,
A fresshe caroll hath songe about.
But for all this yet netheles,
The grekes vnknowe of Achilles
So weren, that in no degree
Thei couthen witte, whiche was he,
Ne by his voice, ne by his paas.
Vlysses than vpon the caas
A thyng of high prudence hath wrought.
For thilke araye, whiche he hath brought
To yeue amonge the women there,
He lette do fetten all the gere,
Forth with a knightes harnoys eke,
In all the countrey for to seke,
Men shulden nought a fairer see,
And euery thyng in his degree
Endelonge vpon a bourde he laide.
So Lichomede and than he praide,
That euery lady these sholde
What thynge of all that the wolde,
And take it as by waye of yefte.
For thei hem selfe it shulde theft,
He saide, after her owne wille.
Achilles than stode nought stille,
Whan he the bright helme beheld,
The swerde, the hauberke, and the shelde,
His herte felle therto anone,
Of all that other wolde he none.
The knightes gere he vnderfongeth,

And

And thilke arraie, whiche that belongeth
Unto the women, he forsoke.
And in this wyse, as sayth the boke,
Thei knowen than whiche he was.
For he goth forth the great paas
In to the chambre, where he laie
Anone, and made no delaie:
He armeth hym in knightly wise,
That better can no man deuise.
And as fortune shulde falle,
He came so forth tofore hem alle,
As he, whiche tho was glad enough.
But Lichomede nothyng lough,
Whan that he sigh, howe that it ferde
For than he wist well and herde
His doughter had be forleyn.
But that he was so ouerseyn
The wonder ouergoth his wit.
For in Cronike is writtен yit
Thing, whiche shall neuer be foryete,
Howe that Achilles hath begette
Pirrhus vpon Deidamie,
Wherof came out the trecherie
Of fals witnes, when he sayde,
Howe that Achilles was a mayde:
But that was nothyng sene tho.
Forth he is to the siege go
For with Vlysses and Diomede
¶So thus was proued in the dede
And fully spoke at thilke while,
If o woman an other begile,
Where is there any sekyrnesse?
Whā Thetis, which was thā the goddesse,
Deidamie hath so beiaped,
I not howe it shall bene escaped
With tho women, whose innocence
Is nowe all daie through suche credence
Deceiued ofte, as it is sene
With men, that suche vntrouth mene.
For thei ben sligh in suche a wise,
That thei by slyght, and by queintise
Of fals witnes bringen inne,
That doth hem ofte for to wynne,
That thei be not worthy therto.
For thy my sonne dooe not so.
¶My father as of fals witnesse
The trouth, and the maner expresse,
Touchende of loue, howe it hath ferde.
As ye haue tolde, I haue well herde.
But for ye sayden other wise,
Howe thilke vice of couetise
Hath yet periur of his accorde:
If that you list of some recorde
To tell an other tale also,
In loues cause of tyme ago,
What thynge it is to be forswore,
I wolde preie you therfore,
Wherof I might ensample take.
¶My good soonne and for thy sake,
Touchende of this I shall fulfill
Thyn askynge, at thyne owne will:
And the matere I shall declare,
Howe the women deceiued are,
Whan thei so tender hertes beare,
Of that thei here men so sweare.
But whan it cometh vnto thassaie,
Thei fynde it fals an other daie:
As Iason did vnto Medee
Whiche stante yet of auctoritee,
In token, and in memoriall,
Wherof the tale in speciall
Is in the boke of Troie writte,
Whiche I shall do the for to witte.

Hic in amoris causa ponit exemplum contra periuros, Et narrat qualiter Iason prius ad Insulam Colchos pro aureo vellere ibidem conquestando transmearet, in amorem et coniugium Medee regis Oetes filie iuramento fidelius se astrinxit, sed suo postea completo negotio cū ipsa secum nauigio in Greciam perduxit, vbi illam senectutem patris sui Esonis in floridam iuuentutē mirabili scientia reformauit, Ipse Iason fidei sue ligamento, aliisq; beneficiis postpositis, dictam Medeam pro quadam Creusa regis Creontis filia periurus dereliquit.

¶In grece whilom was a kynge,
Of whom the fame and knowlageyng
Beleueth yet, and Peleus
He highte: but it felle hym thus,
That his fortune hir whele so lad,
That he no childe his owne had
To reignen after his decesse,
He had a brother netheles,
Whose right name was Eson,
And he the worthie knight Iason
Begatte, the whiche in euery londe
All other passed of his honde

An armes, so that he the best
Was named, and the worthiest.
He sought worshippe ouer all:
Nowe herken, and I the tell shall
An aduenture, that he sought,
Whiche afterwarde full dere he bought.
¶There was an yle, whiche Cholchos
Was cleped, and therof arose
Great speche in euery londe aboute,
That suche meruaile was none oute
In all the wide worlde no where,
As tho was in that yle there.
There was a shepe, as it was tolde,
The whiche his flees bare all of golde,
And so the goddes had it sette,
That it ne might awaie be fette.
By power of no worldes wight:
And yet full many a worthy knight
It had assaied, as they dorst,
And euer it fell hem to the worst.
But he that wolde it nought forsake,
But of his knighthode vndertake
To do, what thynge therto belongeth,
This worthy Iason fore alongeth
To see the strange regions,
And knowe the conditions
Of other marches, where he went,
And for that cause his hole entent
He set Colchos for to sechе:
And therupon he made a speche
To Peleus his eme the kynge.
And he well paide was of that thynge,
And shope anone for his passage,
Suche as were of his lignage,
With other knightes, whiche he ches,
With hym he toke: and Hercules,
Whiche full was of chiualrie,
With Iason wente in companie:
And that was in the moneth of maie,
Whan colde stormes were awaie.
The winde was good, the ship was yare,
Thei toke her leue, and forth thei fare
Towarde Colchos: but on the weie
What hem befelle, is longe to seie:
Nowe Laomedon the kynge of Troie,
Whiche ought well haue made hem ioie,
Whan thei to rest a while hym preyde,
Out of his londe he them conueyde.
And so befelle the dissencion,
Whiche after was destruction
Of that citee, as men maie here:
But that is nought to my matere.
But thus the worthy folke gregois
Fro that kynge, whiche was not curtois,
And fro his londe with sayle vpforawe
Thei went hem forth, and many a sawe
They made, and many a great manace,
Tyll at last in to that place,
Whiche as thei sought, thei arriue,
And striken sayle, and forth as blyue
Thei sente vnto the kynge, and tolde,
Who weren there, and what thei wolde.
¶Oetes, whiche was then kynge,
Whan that he herde this tidynge
Of Iason, whiche was comen there,
And of these other, what thei were:
He thought done hem great worship.
For thei anone come out of ship,
And streight vnto the kynge thei wente,
And by the honde Iason he hente,
And that was at the paleys gate,
So far the kynge came on his gate,
Towarde Iason to done hym chere.
And he, whom lacketh no manere,
Whan he the kynge sigh in presence,
Vaile hym ageyne suche reuerence,
As to a kynges state belongeth.
And thus the kynge hym vnderfongeth,
And Iason in his arme he raught,
And forth into the halle he straught,
And there thei sat and speake of thynges.
And Iason tolde hym tho tidynges,
Why he was come, and faire hym praide
To hast his tyme: and the kynge thus saide.
Iason thou art a worthy knight,
But it lieth in no mans might
To done, that thou arte come fore,
There hath bene many a knight forlore,
Of that thei wolden it assaie.
But Iason wolde not hym esmaie,
And saide: of euery worldes cure
Fortune stant in auenture,
Paranter wele, paranter wo:
But howe as euer that it go,
It shall be with myn honde assayed.
The kynge tho helde hym not wel paied.

For

For he the grekes sore dredde,
In aunter if Iason ne spedde,
He might therof beare a blame.
For tho was all the worldes fame
In grece, as for to speke of armes.
For thy he drad hym of his harmes,
And gan to preache, and to preye.
But Iason wolde not obeye,
But saide, he wolde his purpos holde,
For ought that any man hym tolde.
The kynge whan he these wordes herde,
And sigh how that this knight answerde:
Yet for he wolde make hym glad,
After Medea gone he bad,
Whiche was his doughter: and she cam.
And Iason whiche good hede nam
Whan he hir sigh, ageyn hir goth.
And she, whiche was hym nothyng loth,
Welcomed hym in to that londe,
And softe toke hym by the honde,
And downe thei setten both same.
She had herde spoken of his name,
And of his great worthines.
For thy she gan hir eie impresse
Upon his face, and his stature,
And thought how neuer creature
Was so welfarende, as was hee.
And Iason right in suche degree
Ne might not withholde his loke,
But so good hede on hir he toke,
That hym ne thought vnder the heuen,
Of beautee sighe he neuer hir euen,
With all that felle to womanhede.
Thus eche of other token hede,
Though there no worde was of recorde,
Her hertes both of one accorde
Ben sette to loue, but as tho
There mighten be no wordes mo.
The kynge made hym great ioye & fest,
To all his men he yafe an hest,
So as thei wolde his thonke deserue,
That thei shulde all Iason serue,
While that he wolde there dwelle.
And thus the daie, shortely to telle,
With many myrthes thei dispent,
Till night was come, and tho thei went.
Echone of other toke his leue,
Whan thei no lenger mighten leue.

I not howe Iason that night slepe,
But well I wote, that of the shepe,
For whiche he cam in to that ile,
He thought but a littell while:
All was Medea that he thought
So that in many wise he sought
His wit wakende, er it was daie:
Some tyme ye, some tyme nay,
Some tyme thus, some tyme so,
As he was stered to and fro
Of loue, and eke of his conquest,
As he was holde of his beheste.
And thus he rose vp by the morowe,
And toke hym selfe seint Iohn to borow,
And saide he wolde first begynne
At loue, and after for to wynne
The flees of golde, for whiche he come,
And thus to hym good herte he nome.
¶ Medea right in the same wise,
Till daie cam, that she must arise,
Laye and bethought hir all the night,
Howe she that noble worthy knight,
By any waye might wedde.
And wel she wist, if he ne spedde
Of thyng, whiche he had vndertake,
She might hir selfe no purpose take.
For if he deyde of his batalle,
She must than algate faile
To getten hym, whan he were dede.
Thus she began to sette rede,
And tourne about hir wittes all
To loke howe that it might fall,
That she with hym had a leisire
To speake and telle of hir desire.
And so it felle the same daie,
That Iason, with that swete maie
To gether sette, and hadden space
To speke, and he besought hir grace.
And she his tale goodly herde:
And afterwarde she hym answerde
And said: Iason as thou wilt,
Thou mighte be sauf, thou might be spilt.
For witte well, that neuer man,
But if he couth, that I can,
Ne mighte that fortune acheue,
For whiche thou comest: but as I leue,
If thou wolt holde couenaunt
To loue of all the remenaunt,

I shall thy life and honour saue,
That thou the flees of gold shalt haue.
He said: All at your owne wille
Madame I shall truly fulfille
Your hest, while my life may laste.
Thus longe he prayed, and at laste
She graunteth, and behight hym this,
That whan night cometh, and it time is
She wolde hym sende certeinly
Suche one, that shulde him priuely
Alone in to hir chambre bringe.
He thanketh hir of that tidynge.
For of that grace is hym begonne,
Hym thinketh al other thinges wonne.
The daie made ende, and lokte his sight,
And comen was the derke night,
The whiche all the daies eie blent.
Iason toke leue, and forth he went:
And whan he cam out of the pres,
He toke to counsaile Hercules
And tolde hym, howe it was betid,
And prayde it shulde well ben hid,
And that he wolde loke about
The whiles that he shulde be out.
Thus as he stode, and bede name,
A mayden fro Medea came,
And to her chambre Iason ledde,
Where that he fonde redy to bedde
The fairest, and the wiseste eke,
And she with simple chere and meke,
Whan she him sigh, wax all asshamed,
Tho was hir tale newe entamed
For sikernesse of mariage.
She sette forth a riche image,
Whiche was the figure of Iupiter:
And Iason swore, and said ther,
That also wis god hym helpe,
That if Medea did hym helpe,
That he his purpose might wynne,
Thei shulde neuer part a twynne,
But euer while hym last life,
He wolde hir holde for his wife:
And with that word thei kyssend both.
And for thei shulde hem uncloth,
There come a maiden in hir wise
She did hem both full seruise,
Till that thei were in bed naked.
I wote that night was well bewaked.
Thei hadden both what thei wolde:
And than at leyser the hym tolde,
And gan fro point to point enforme
Of this batalle, and all the forme,
The whiche that he shulde finde there,
Whan he to that yle come were:
She saide, at entre of the pas,
Howe Mars, whiche god of armes was,
Hath set two oxen sterne and stoute,
That casten fire and flam aboute,
Both at mouth and at nase,
So that thei setten all on blase.
What thyng that passeth hem betweene.
And forthermore vpon the greene
There goth the flees of golde to kepe,
A serpent, whiche may neuer slepe.
Thus who that euer it shulde wynne,
The fire to stoppe he mote begynne,
The whiche that tho fierse beastes cast:
And daunt he mot hem at last,
So that he maie hem yoke and driue:
And there vpon he als blithe
The serpent, with suche strength assaile,
That he maie slein hym by batasle,
Of whiche he muste the teeth outdrawe,
As it belongeth to that lawe:
And than he muste the oxen yoke,
Til thei haue with a plough to broke
A forow of lond, in whiche a rowe
The teeth of thadder he muste sow,
And therof shull arise knightes
Well armed at all rightes:
Of hem is nought to taken hede.
For eche of hem in hastihede
Shall other slea with dethes wounde.
And thus whan thei be brought to grounde
And go so forth, and take his praie,
Than muste he to the goddes praie.
But if he faile in any wise
Of that ye here me deuise,
There maie be set non other weie,
That he ne mote algates deie.
Nowe haue I tolde the peril all,
I will yow telle forth withall
(Quod Medea to Iason tho)
That ye shall knowen er ye go
Ageyne the denym and the fire
What shall be the recouere.

But

But sir, for it is nigh date,
Ariseth vp, so that I maie
Deliuer you, what thyng I haue,
That maie your life and honoure saue.
Thei were both loth to rise:
But for thei were both wise,
Vp thei risen at last.
Iason his clothes on hym cast,
And made hym redy right anone.
And she hir shirte did vpon,
And cast on hir a mantell close
Withouten moze, and than aros.
Tho toke she forth a riche tie
Made all of golde and of perie:
Out of the whiche she toke a ryngе,
The stone was worth all other thyngе:
She said, whiles he wold it were,
There might no perill hym dere:
In water maie it not be drevnte,
Where as it cometh the fire is queint,
It daunteth eke the cruel beste:
There maie none quad that man aresk:
Where so he be on sea or londe,
That hath this ryngе vpon his honde.
And ouer that she gan to seyne,
That if a man wil ben vnseyne,
Within his honde holde close the stone,
And he maie inuisible gone.
The ryngе to Iason she betaught,
And so forth after she hym taught,
What sacrifice he shuld make.
And gan out of hir cofer take
Hym thought an heuenly figure,
Whiche all by charme and by coniure
Was wrought, & eke it was through writ
With names, whiche he shuld witte,
As she hym taught tho to rede,
And bad hym as he wold spede,
Without resk of any while,
Whan he were londed in that ile,
He shuld make his sacrifice,
And rede his carecte in the wise,
As she hym taught, on knes doun bent
Thre sithes towerd orient.
For so shuld he the goddes please,
And wyn hym selfe mochel ease.
And whan he had it thrise radde,
To open a bore she hym badde,
That she there toke hym in present,
And was full of suche oignement,
That there was fire ne venym none,
That shulde kasten hym vpon,
Whan that he were anoynt withall.
For thy she taught hym howe he shall
Anoynt his armes all aboute:
And for he shulde nothyng doute,
She toke hym than a maner glue,
The whiche was of so great vertue,
That where a man it shulde cast,
It shulde bynde anone so fast,
That no man might it done awaye,
And that she bad by all waye,
He shulde into the mouthes throwe
Of tho two oren, that fire blowe,
Therof to stoppe the malice
The glue shall serue of that office.
And ouer that hir oignement,
Hir ryngе, and hir enchauntement,
Ayene the serpent shulde hym were,
Till he hym slea with swerde or speare:
And than he maie saufely enough
His oren yoke in to the plough,
And the teeth sowe in suche wise,
Till he the knightes se arise,
And eche of other downe be laide,
In suche maner as I haue saide.
¶ Lo thus Medea for Iason
Ordeineth, and prayeth therupon,
That he nothyng forgete shulde.
And eke she prayeth hym that he wolde,
Whan he hath all his armes done,
To grounde knele, and thonke anone
The goddes, and so forth by ease
The flees of golde he shulde lease:
And whan he had it leased so,
That than he were sone ago,
Without any tarienge.
Whan this was saide into weppynge
She fel, as she that was through nome
With loue, and so forth ouercome,
That all hir worlde on hym she sette.
But whan she sigh there was no lette,
That he mote nedes parte hir fro,
She toke hym in hir armes two,
An honderde tymes and gan hym kisse,
And saide: O all my worldes blisse,

My truſt, my laſſe, my life, myn hele,
To ben thyn helpe in this quarele
I pray vnto the goddes all.
And with that word ſhe gan downe fall
Of ſwoune: and he hir vp nam,
And forthe with that the maiden cam,
And thei to bedde anone hir brought:
And than Iaſon hir beſought,
And to hir ſeyde, in this manere.
My worthye luſtye ladie dere
Comforteth you, for by my trouth,
It ſhall not fallen in my ſlouth,
That I ne woll throughout fulfille
Your heſtes, at your owne wille.
And yet I hope to you bringe
Within a while ſuche tidynge,
The whiche ſhall make vs bothe game.
But for he wolde kepe hir name
Whan that he wiſt it was nigh daie,
He ſaide, adewe my ſwete maie.
And forth with hym he nam his gere,
Whiche as ſhe had take hym there,
And ſtraught vnto his chambre went,
And goth to bedde, and ſlepe hym hent,
And late, that no man hym a woke.
For Hercules hede of hym toke,
Till it was vnderne high and more,
And than he gan to ſigh ſore,
And ſodeinly he brayde of ſlepe,
And thei than toke of hym kepe.
His chamberleins ben ſoone there,
And maden redy all his gere,
And he aroſe, and to the kynge
He went, and ſaide, howe to that thing,
For whiche he cam, he wolde go.
The kynge therof was full wo,
And for he wolde hym fayne withdraw,
He tolde hym many a dredefull ſawe.
But Iaſon wolde it nought recorde,
And at laſte thei accorde,
Whan that he wolde nought abide,
A bote was redy at tide,
In whiche this worthy knight of Greece,
Full armed vp at euery pece,
To his bataile whiche belongeth,
Toke ſpere in honde, and ſore hym longeth,
Till he the water paſſed were.
Whan he cam to that ile there
He ſet hym on his knees doun ſtraught,
And his carecte, as he was taught,
He rad, and made his ſacrifice,
And ſithe anoynte hym in that wiſe
As Medea hym hath bede:
And than aroſe vp fro that ſtede,
And with the glewe the fire he queynt,
And anone after he attеynt
The great ſerpent, and hym ſlough,
But erſt he had ſorowe enough.
For that ſerpent made hym trauaile
So hard and ſore of his bataile,
That nowe he ſtood, and nowe he felle.
For longe tyme it ſo befelle,
That with his ſwerd, and with his ſpere,
He might not the ſerpent dere:
He was ſo therded all aboute,
It held all edge toole withoute.
He was ſo rude and hard of ſkyn,
There might no thyng go there in,
Venym and fire to geder he caſt,
That he Iaſon ſore a blaſt.
And if it ne were his oyntement,
His rynge, and his enchauntement,
Whiche Medea toke hym before,
He had with that worme be lore.
But of verte, whiche therof cam
Iaſon the dragon ouercam:
And he anone the tethe out drough,
And ſet his oxen in his plough,
With whiche he brake a pece of londe,
And ſewe it with his owne honde.
Tho might he great merueile ſee
Of euery toth in his degree,
Sprong vp a knight with ſpere and ſhelde,
Of whiche anone right in the felde,
Echone ſlough other, and with that
Iaſon Medea not forgat,
On both his knees he gan downe falle,
And gafe thonke to the goddes all.
The ſlees he toke, and gothe to bote:
The ſonne ſhineth bright and hote,
The ſlees of gold ſhone forth with all
The water glitterd ouerall.
Medea wept, and ſighed ofte,
And ſtode vpon a towre alofte,
All priuely within hir ſelfe,
There herd it not ten ne twelfe,

The

She prayd, and said: O god hym spede,
The knight, which hath my maiden hede.
And aie she loketh toward the se.
But whan she sigh within a while,
The sees glisteryng ageyn the sonne,
She said: O lord all is ywonne,
My knight the feld hath ouercomen,
Nowe wolde god, he were comen.
O lorde god, I wolde he were in londe.
But I dare take this on honde,
If that she had wynges two,
She wolde haue flowen to hym tho
Streight there he was vnto the bote.
The daie was clere, the sonne hote,
The grekes were in great doute,
The while that her lorde was oute,
Thei wist not what shuld betide,
But wayted euer vpon the tide,
To see what ende shulde falle.
There stoden eke the nobles all,
Forth with the comun of the towne:
And as thei loken vp and doune,
Thei were waren within a throw,
Where cam the bote, which thei wel know,
And sigh how Iason brought his preye.
And tho thei ganen all seye,
And criden al with o steuen,
O where was euer vnder the heuen
So noble a knight, as Iason is?
And wel nighe all saiden this,
That Iason was a faire knight.
For it was neuer of mans might
The fees of golde so for to wynne:
And thus tellen thei begynne.
With that the kynge cam forth anone,
And sigh the fees, howe that it shone.
And whan Iason cam to the londe,
The kynge hym selfe toke his honde,
And kissed hym, and great ioye made.
The Grekes weren wonder glade,
And of that thing right mery hem thought,
And forth with hem the fees thei brought,
And eche on other gan to ligh.
But wel was hym that might nigh
To se there of the propertee.
And thus thei passen the citee,
And gone vnto the paleis straught.
Medea, whiche forgat hir naught,
Was redy there, and saide anon:
Welcome, O worthy knight Iason.
She wolde haue kist hym wonder fayn:
But shame tourned hir agayne.
It was nought the maner as tho.
For thy she dorste nought do so.
She toke hir leue, and Iason went
Into his chambre, and she hym sente
Hir maiden, to sene howe he ferde:
The whiche whan that she sigh and herde,
Howe that he had faren out,
And that it stode well all about,
She tolde hir ladie what she wist.
And she for ioye, hir maiden kist.
The bathes weren than araied
With herbes tempred and assaied,
And Iason was vnarmed soone,
And did, as it befelle to doone.
Into his bathe he went anone,
And wisshe hym cleane as any bone
He toke a soppe, and out he cam,
And on his best araye he nam,
And kempt his head, whan he was clad,
And goth hym forth all mery and glad
Right straught in to the kinges halle.
The kynge cam with his knightes alle,
And made hym glad welcomynge.
And he hem tolde tho tidynge
Of this and that, howe it befelle,
Whan that he wan the shepes felle.
Medea whan she was after sent
Come soone to that parlement:
And whan she might Iason see,
Was none so glad of all as she.
There was no ioye for to seche,
Of hym, made euery man a speche.
Som man said one, som said other.
But though he were goddes brother,
And might make fire and thonder,
There might be no more wonder,
Than was of hym in that citee.
Echone taught other, this is he,
Whiche hath in his power within,
That all the worlde ne might wynne.
Lo here the beste of all good.
Thus thei saiden, that there stoode,
And eke that walkende vp and downe,
Both of the court, and of the towne.

The tyme of louper cam anone:
Thei wischen, and therto thei gon.
Medea was with Iason sette.
Tho was there many a deintee fette
And set tofore hem on the boorde,
But none so likyng as the woorde,
Whiche was there spoke among hem two,
So as thei dorst speke tho.
But though thei had litel space,
Yet thei acorden in that place,
Howe Iason shuld come at night,
Whan euery torche and euery light
Were out, and than other thynges,
Thei speke alowde for suppolinges
Of hem that stoden there aboute.
For loue is euermore in doute.
For if it be wisly gouerned
Of hem, that ben of loue lerned.
Whan al was doone, that dissh and cup,
And cloth, and boord, and all was vp,
Thei wake, while hem list to wake,
And after that thei leue take,
And gon to bed for to reste
And whan hym thought for the beste,
That euery man was fast on slepe,
Iason, that wolde his tyme kepe,
Goth forth stalkyng all priuely
Vnto the chambre, and redily
There was a maide, whiche hym kepte.
Medea woke, and no thyng slepte.
But netheles she was a bedde,
And he with all hast hym spedde,
And made hym naked, and all warme
Anone he toke hir in his arme.
What nede is for to speke of ease,
Hem list eche other for to please,
So that thei had ioye enowe,
And tho thei setten, whan and how,
That she with hym awey shal stele,
With wordes suche and other sele.
Whan all was treted to an ende,
Iason toke leue, and gan forth wende
Vnto his owne chamber in pes,
There wist it non but Hercules.
He slept, and ros whan it was tyme,
And whan it fel towardes prime,
He toke to hym suche as he trist
In secre, that none other wist,
And tolde hem of his counsell there,
And saide, that his will were,
That thei to ship had all thyng
So priuely in the euenyng,
That no man might her dede aspie,
But tho that weren of companie.
For he woll go without leue,
And lenger woll he nought beleue,
But he ne wolde at thilke throwe
The kynge or quene shulde it knowe.
Thei saide all, this shall well be do:
And Iason trust well therto.
Medea in the meane while,
Whiche thought hir father to begile,
The treasour, whiche hir father had,
With hir all priuely she lad.
And with Iason at tyme sette,
Away she stale, and fonde no lette,
And straught she goth hir vnto ship
Of Grece with that felauship.
And thei anone drough vp the saile,
And all that night this was counsaile.
But erly whan the sonne shone,
Men sigh, that thei were agone,
And come vnto the kynge, and tolde.
And he the soth knowe wolde,
And asketh where his doughter was.
There was no woorde, but out alas,
She was a go, the mother wepte,
The father as a wood man lepte,
And gan the tyme for to warie,
And swore his othe, he wold not tarie
That with Caliphe, and with galeye,
The same cours, the same weye,
Whiche Iason toke, he wolde take,
If that he might hym ouertake.
To this thei saiden all yea
Anone as thei weren at the sea,
And all, as who saith, at one woorde,
Thei gone within shippes boorde.
The saile goth vp, and forth thei straught,
But none exploit therof thei raught:
And so forth thei tourne home ayene.
For all that labour was in vayne.
Iason to Grece with his praie
Goth through the sea the right waie.
Whan he there come, and men it tolde,
Thei maden ioye ponge and olde.

Eson

Eſon whan that he wiſt of this,
Howe that his ſonne comen is,
And hath acheued that he ſought,
And whom with hym Medea brought,
In all the wide worlde was none
So glad a man as he was one.
Together bene theſe louers tho,
Till that thei had ſonnes two,
Wherof thei weren bothe glade.
And olde Eſon great ioye made,
To ſeen the encreas of his lignage.
For he was of ſo great an age,
That men awayten euery daie,
Whan that he ſhulde gone awaie.
Iaſon, whiche ſigh his fader olde,
Upon Medea made hym bolde
Of art magike, whiche ſhe couth,
And praieth hir, that his fathers youth
She wolde make ayenewarde newe.
And ſhe that was towarde hym trewe,
Behighte hym, that ſhe wolde it do,
Whan that the tyme ſigh therto.
But what ſhe did in that matere,
It is a wonder thynge to here.
But yet for the nouelrie,
I thinke tellen a great partie.

¶ Nota quibus medicamentis Eſſonem ſenectute decrepitum, ad ſue inuentutis adoleſcentiam prudens Medea reduxit.

¶ Thus it befell vpon a night,
Whan there was nought but ſterre light,
She was vaniſſhed right as hir liſt,
That no wight, but hir ſelfe wiſt:
And that was at midnight tide,
The worlde was ſtille on euery ſide,
With open head, and foote all bare,
Hir heare to ſpread, ſhe gan to fare,
Upon hir clothes gyrte ſhe was,
All ſpecheles vpon the gras
She glode forth, as an adder doth,
None other wiſe ſhe ne goth,
Till ſhe came to the freſſhe floode
And there a while ſhe withſtoode
Thries ſhe turned hir aboute,
And thries eke ſhe gan downe loute,
And in the floode ſhe weat hir heare
And thries on the water there
She gaſpeth, with a drecchynge onde,
And tho ſhe toke hir ſpeche on honde.
Firſt ſhe began to clepe and call
Upwarde vnto the ſterres all.
To wynde, to ayre, to ſea, to londe
She preide, and eke helde vp her honde
To Echates, and gan to crie,
Whiche is the goddeſſe of Sorcerie,
She ſaide, helpeth at this nede,
And as ye maden me to ſpede,
Whan Iaſon came the flees to ſeche:
So helpe me nowe, I you beſeche.
With that ſhe loketh, and was ware
Downe fro the ſkie there came a chare,
The whiche dragons aboute drowe:
And tho ſhe gan hir head downe bowe,
And vp ſhe ſtighe, and faire and welle
She droſe forth by chare and whelle
Aboue in the ayre amonge the ſkies
The londe of Crete, in tho parties
She ſought, and faſt gan hir highe,
And therupon the hylles highe
Of Othryn, and Olympe alſo,
And eke of other hylles mo
She fonde, and gethereth herbes foote,
She pulleth vp ſome by the roote,
And many with a knife ſhe ſhereth
And all in to hir chaare ſhe beareth.
Thus whan ſhe hath the hylles ſought,
The floodes there forpate ſhe nought,
Eridian, and Amphriſos,
Penelee, and eke Sperceidos,
To hem ſhe went, and there ſhe nome
Bothe of the water, and of the ſome,
The ſonde, and eke the ſmall ſtones,
Whiche as ſhe cheſe out for the nones,
And of the redde ſea a parte,
That was behoueliche to hir art
She toke, and afterwarde than about
She ſought ſondry ſedes out.
In feldes, and in many greues,
And eke a parte ſhe toke of leues.
But thing, whiche might hir moſt auaile
She fonde in Crete, and in Theſſaile.
In daies, and nightes nyne,
To make with this medicine,
She was purueyed of euery pece,
And torneth homward in to Grece,

Before the gates of Eson
Hir chare she lette awaie to gone,
And toke out first that was therin.
For tho she thought to begyn
Suche thyng, as semeth impossible,
And made hir selfen inuisible,
As she that with the aire enclosed,
And might of no man be disclosed:
She toke vp turues of the londe,
Without helpe of mans honde,
And heled with the greene gras,
Of whiche an Aulter made there was
Unto Echates, the goddesse,
Of arte magike and maistresse,
And efte an other to inuent,
As she whiche did hir holle intent.
Tho toke she feldwodde, and verueyne,
Of herbes ben not better tweyne,
Of whiche anone without let,
These aulters ben about set:
Two sondry pittes fast by
She made, and with that hastily
A wether, whiche was black, she slough,
And out therof the bloud she drough,
And did in to the pittes two:
Warme milke, she put also therto,
With hony meynt, and in suche wise
She gan to make hir sacrifice,
And cried and praide forth withall
To Pluto the god infernal,
And to the quene Proserpine:
And so she sought out all the lyne
Of hem, that longen to that crafte,
Behynde was no name laft:
And praid hem all, as she well couth,
To graunt Eson his first youth.
This olde Eson brought forth was tho:
Awaie she bad all other go
Upon perill, that might fall:
And with that worde thei wenten all,
And lefte there them two alone.
And tho she began to galpe, and gone,
And made signes many one,
And said hir wordes therupon:
And with spellyng, and hir charmes
She toke Eson in both hir armes,
And made hym for to slepe fast,
And hym vpon hir herbes cast.
The blacke wether tho she tooke,
And hewe the flesshe, as doth the cooke,
On either aulter part she laide,
And with the charmes, that she saide,
A fire downe from the skye alight,
And made it for to brenne light.
And whan Medea sawe it brenne,
Anone she gan to sterte and renne
The firye aulters all about.
There was no best, whiche goth out
More wilde, than she semeth there.
Aboute hir shalders henge her here,
As though she were out of hir mynde,
And torneth in to another kynde.
Tho laye there certaine woodde cleste,
Of whiche the peces nowe and efte
She made hem in the pittes wete,
And put hem in the firye hete,
And toke the bronde, with all the blase,
And thries she began to rase
About Eson, there as he slepte,
And efte with water, whiche she kepte,
She made a cercle about hym thries,
And efte with fire of sulphur twies.
Full many a other thyng she dede,
Whiche is not written in the stede.
But she ran vp so and doune,
She made many a wonder soune,
Somtyme liche vnto the cocke,
Somtyme vnto the lauerocke,
Somtyme cacleth as an henne,
Somtyme speketh as don the men,
And right so as hir iargon strangeth,
In sondry wise her forme chaungeth:
She semeth faire, and no woman,
Forth with the craftes that she can.
She was as who saith, a goddesse,
And what hir list more or lesse
She did, in bokes as we finde,
That palleth ouer mans kinde.
But who that woll of wonders here,
What thyng she wrought in this matere,
To make an ende of that she gan,
Suche meruaile herd neuer man.
Apointed in the newe moone,
Whan it was tyme for to doone,
She set a cauldron on the fire,
In whiche was all the hole a tyre,

Where

Where on the medicine stoode
Of Ieuse, of water, and of bloode,
And lette it boyle in suche a plite,
Till that she sigh the spume white.
And tho she cast in rynde and roote,
And sede, and floure, that was for boote,
With many an herbe, and many a stone,
Wherof she hath there many one.
And eke Cimpheius, the serpent,
To hir hath all hir scales lent.
Chelidre hir yafe hir adders skyn,
And she to boyle cast hem in,
And parte eke of the horned oule,
The whiche men here on nightes houle:
And of a rauen, whiche was tolde
Of nyne hondred wynter olde,
She toke the head, with all the bille,
And as the medicine it wille,
She toke hereafter the bowele
Of the see foule, and for the hele
Of Eson, with a thousand mo
Of thynges, that she had tho
In that caldron to gyder as blyue
She put, and toke than of olyue
A dyze braunche hem with to stere,
The whiche anone gan floure and bere,
And ware all fresshe, and grene ageyne,
Whan she this vertue had seyne,
She lette the leafe dzoppe of all
Upon the bare floure downe fall,
Anone there spzong vp floure and gras,
Where as the dzoppe fall was,
And ware anone all medowe greene,
So that it might well be seene.
Medea than knewe and wist
Hir medicine is for to trist,
And gothe to Eson there he laye,
And toke a swerde was of assaye,
With whiche a wounde vpon his side
She made, that there out maie slide
The bloud within, whiche was olde,
And sicke and trouble, feble, and colde.
And tho she toke vnto his vse
Of herbes of all the best Iuse,
And poured it in to his wounde,
That made his veines full and sounde.
And tho she made his woundes close,
And toke his honde, and vp he rose,
And tho she yafe hym drinke a draught,
Of whiche his youth agayne he caught,
His head, his herte, and his visage
Liche vnto twenty wynter age.
His hoze heres were awaie,
And liche vnto the fresshe maie,
Whan passed bene the colde shoures:
Right so recouereth he his floures.
¶ Lo what might any man deuise
A woman shewe in any wise,
Moze hertely loue in any stede,
Than Medea to Iason dede?
Firste she made hym the fees to wynne:
And after that from kith and kynne,
With great treasoze with hym she stale:
And to his fader forth with all
His elde hath tozned in to youthe,
Whiche thyng none other woman couth.
But howe it was to hir aquit
The remembzaunce dwelleth yit.
¶ Kynge Peleus his eme was dead,
Iason bare croune on his head,
Medea hath fulfilled his will
But whan he shuld of right fulfill
The trouth, whiche to hir afoze
He had in the ile of Colchos swoze,
Tho was Medea most deceiued.
For he an other hath receiued,
Whiche doughter was to kynge Creon,
Creusa she hight, and thus Iason,
As he that was to loue vntrewe
Medea lefte, and toke a newe.
But that was afterwarde so bought,
Medea with hir art hath wzought
Of cloth of golde a mantell riche,
Whiche semeth wozthe a kynges riche,
And that was vnto Creusa sent,
In name of yefte, and of present,
For sikerhode hem was betwene.
And whan that yonge fresshe quene
That mantil lapped hir aboute,
Anon therof the fire spzange oute,
And bzent hir both flesshe and bone.
Tho cam Medea to Iason,
With both hir sonnes on her honde,
And saide: O thou of euery londe
The moste vntrewe creature,
Lo this shall be thy forfaiture.

With

With that she both his sonnes slough
Before his ee, and he out drough
His swerde, and wold have slaine hir tho
But farewell she was ago
Unto Pallas the court aboue,
Where as she pleineth vpon loue,
As she that was with that goddesse,
And he was lefte in great distresse.
¶Thus might ȳ see, what sorow it dooth,
To swere an othe, whiche is not sooth
In loues cause namely.
My son be well ware for thy
And kepe, that thou be not forswore.
For this, whiche I haue tolde tofore,
Ouide telleth euery dele.
¶My father I may leue it wele.
For I haue herde it ofte saye,
Howe Iason toke the fees awaye
Fro Colchos, But yet herde I nought,
By whom it was first thider brought.
And for it were good to here,
If that you list at my praiere,
To telle I wolde you beseche.
¶My sonne, who that woll it seche,
In bokes he may finde it writte.
And netheles, if thou wolt witte
In the maner as thou hast preyde,
I shall the tell, howe it is seyde.

NOTA QVALITER AVreum Vellus in partes insule Colchos primo deuenit. Athamas rex Neiophyley habuit cõiugem, ex qua Phrixum et Hellen genuit, Mortua autem Neiphyley Athamas Inonem regis Cadmi filiam postea in vxorem duxit, quæ more nouerce dictos infantes in tantum recollegit odium, q̃ ambos in mare proici penes regem procurauit, Vnde Iuno compatiens quendam Arietem grandem aureo Vestitum Vellere ad littus natantem destinauit, super cuius dorsum pueros apponi iussit, quo facto Aries super Vndas regressus cum soko Phrixo sibi adherente, in Colchos applicuit, Vbi Iuno dictum Arietem cum soko Vellere, prout in aliis camitur cronicis, sub arcta custodia collocauit.

¶The fame of thilke shepes felle,
Whiche in Colchos, as it befelle,
Was all of gold, shal neuer deye:
Wherof I thynke for to seye,
Howe it cam first in to that ile.

There was a kynge in thilke while
Towardes Grece, and Athamas
The cronicke of his name was,
And had a wife, whiche Neiphyle hight,
By whom, so as fortune it dight,
He had of children ponge two.
¶Frixus the first was of tho,
A knaue childe, right faire with all,
A doughter eke, the whiche men call
Helle, he had by his wife.
But for there maie no mans life
Endure vpon this erth here,
This worthy quene, as thou might here,
Er that the children were of age,
Toke of hir ende the passage
With great worship and was begraue,
What thing it liketh god to haue,
It is great reason to ben his.
For thy this kynge, so as it is,
With great suffrance it vnderfongeth,
And afterwarde, as hym belongeth,
Whan it was tyme for to wedde,
A newe wife he toke to bedde,
Whiche Ino hight, and was a maide,
And eke the doughter, as men saide,
Of Cadme, whiche a kyng also
Was holde in thilke daies tho.
¶Whan Ino was the kynges make,
She cast how that she might make
These childre to her father loth,
And shope a wile ayene hem both,
Whiche to the kynge was all vnknowe.
A yere or two she let do sowe
The lond with sodden wheate aboute,
Wherofno corne maie springen oute,
And thus by sleight, and by couyne
Aros the derth, and the famine
Through out the londe in suche a wise,
So that the kynge a sacrifice,
Upon the pointe of this distresse,
To Ceres, whiche is the goddesse
Of corne, hath shape hym for to yeue,
To loke, if it maie be forgeue
The misthiefe, whiche was in his londe.
But she, whiche knewe tofore the honde
The circumstance of all this thynge,
Ageyn the comyng of the kynge
In to the temple, hath shape so,

Of

Of her accorde that all tho,
Whiche of the temple prestes were,
Haue saide, and full declared there
Unto the kynge: But if so bee,
That he delyuer the countre
Of Phrixus, and of Helle bothe,
With whom the goddes ben so wrothe,
That while tho childre be within,
Suche tilthe shall no man begyn,
Wherof to gette hym any corne.
Thus was it saide, thus was it sworne
Of all the prestes, that there are.
And she, whiche causeth all this fare,
Seyde eke therto, what that she wolde,
And euery man than after tolde,
So as the quene had hem preyde.
The kynge, whiche hath his ere leyde,
And leueth all, that euer he herde,
Unto her tales thus answerde,
And seith, that leuer is hym to chese
His children bothe for to lese,
Than hym, and all the remenant
Of hem, whiche are appertenant
Unto the londe, whiche he shall kepe:
And bade his wife to take kepe,
In what manere is best to doone,
That thei deliuerde were soone
Out of this worlde, and she anone
Two men ordeineth for to gone.
But first she made hem for to sweare,
That thei the children shulde beare
Unto the sea, that none it knowe,
And hem therin both throwe.
The children to the sea ben lad,
Where in the wise, as Ino bad,
These men be redy for to do.
But the goddesse, whiche Iuno
Is hote, appereth in the stede,
And hath unto the men forbede,
That thei the children nought ne slea,
But bad hem loke in to the sea,
And taken hede of that thei sighen.
There swam a shepe tofore her eyen,
Whose flees of burned golde was all.
And this goddesse forth with all
Commandeth, that without let,
Thei shulde anone the children set
Aboue vpon the shepes backe.
And all was do, right as she spake,
Wherof the men gone home ageyne.
And fell so, as the bokes seyne,
Helle the ponge maiden tho,
Whiche of the sea was wo bego,
For pure drede hir hert hath lore,
That fro the sheepe, whiche hath hir bore,
As she that was swounende feint,
She fell, and hath hir selfe adreint.
With Phrixus this sheepe forth swam,
Till he to the ile of Colchos cam,
Where Iuno the goddesse he fonde,
Whiche toke the sheepe vnto the londe,
And set it there in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde deuise:
Wherof cam after all the wo,
Why Iason was forswore so
Unto Medee, as it is spoke.
¶ My father who that hath to broke
His trouth, as ye haue tolde aboue,
He is not worthy for to loue,
Ne be beloued, as me semeth.
But euery newe loue quemeth
To hym, that newefangle is.
And netheles nowe after this,
If that you list to taken hede,
Upon my shrifte to procede
In loues cause ayene the vice,
Of couetise and auarice,
What there is more, I wolde witte.
¶ My sonne this I finde writte,
There is yet one of thilke brood,
Whiche only for the worldes good,
To make a treasoure of money,
Put all conscience aweye:
Wherof in thy confession,
The name and the condicion
I shall here afterwarde declare,
Whiche maketh one riche, an other bare.

Plus capit vsura sibi, quàm debetur, & illud
Fraude collocata sæpe latenter agit.
Sic amor excessus quam sæpe suos vt auarus
Spirat & vnius tres capit ipse loco.

¶ Hic tractat de illa specie Auaricie, quæ Vsura dicitur, cuius creditor in pecunia tantum numerata plus quam sibi de iure debetur incrementum lucri adquirit.

Upon

¶Upon the benche sittende on high
With Auarice Vsure I sighe,
Ful clothed of his owne sute,
Whiche after golde maketh chase and sute
With his broceurs, that renne aboute
Liche vnto ratches in a route
Suche lucre is none aboue grounde,
Whiche is not of tho ratches founde.
For where thei see beyete sterte,
That shall hem in no wise asterte,
But thei it driue in to the net
Of lucre, whiche Vsure hath set.
Vsure with the riche dwelleth,
To all that euer he byeth and selleth
He hath ordeined of his sleight
Mesure double, and double weight.
Outwarde he selleth by the lasse,
And with the more he maketh his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full within:
He recheth nought be so he wyn,
Though that there lese ten or twelue,
His loue is all toward hym selue,
And to none other: but he see,
That he maie wynne suche thre
For where he shall ought yeue or lene,
He woll ayenward take a bene,
There he hath lent the smal pese.
And right so there ben many of these
Louers, that though thei loue alite,
That skarsly wolde it weye a mite:
Yet wolde thei haue a pound ageyn,
As doth Vsure in his bargayne.
But certes suche Vsure vnliche,
It falleth more vnto the riche,
Als well of loue, as of beyete,
Than vnto hem, that ben nought great
And as who saith ben simple and pouere.
For selden is, whan thei recouere,
But if it be through great deserte,
And netheles men see pouerte
With pursuite of countenance,
Full ofte make a great chevesance,
And take of loue his auauntage.
For with the helpe of his borage,
That maken seme where is nought.
And thus full ofte is loue bought.
For litel what, and mochell take,
With false weightes that thei make.

¶Nowe sonne of that I saide aboue,
Thou wotest what Vsure is of loue,
Tell me for thy what so thou wilt,
If thou therof hast any gilte?
¶My father naye, for ought I here.
For of tho pointes ye tolden here,
I will you by my trouth assure,
My weight of loue, and my mesure
Hath be more large, and more certeyne,
Than euer I toke of loue ageyne.
For so yet couthe I neuer of sleighte,
To take ageyne by double weighte
Of loue, more than I haue yeue.
For also wis mote I be shriue,
And haue remission of sinne,
As so yet couth I neuer wynne,
Ne yet so muchel, soth to seyne,
That euer I might haue halfe ageyne
Of so full loue, as I haue lent.
And if myne hap were so well went,
That for the hole I might haue halfe,
My thinketh I were a goddesse halfe.
For where Vsure wolde haue double,
My conscience is not so trouble,
I bid neuer as to my dele,
But of the hole an haluen dele,
That is none exceese, as me thinketh.
But netheles it me forthinketh.
For well I wote, that wol not bee.
For euery daie the better I see,
That howe so euer I yeue or lene,
My loue in place that I mene,
For ought that euer I axe or craue,
I can nothynge ayenewarde haue.
But yet for that I wol not lete,
What so befalle of my beyete
That I ne shall yeue and lene
My thought, and all my loue so clene,
That towarde me shall nought beleue.
And if she of hir good leue
Rewarde wolde me nought ageyne,
I wote the lasse of my bargeyne
Shall stonde vpon so great a losse,
That I maie neuer more the cosse
Recouer in this worlde till I die.
So that touchende of this partie
I maie me well excuse, and shall.
And for to speke forth withall,

If

If ony bzocour foz me went,
That point come neuer in myn entent:
So that the moze me meruaileth
What thyng it is, my lady elleth,
That all myn herte, and all my tyme
She hath, and do no better byme.
I haue herde laide, that thought is free.
And netheles in pziuitee
To you my fader, that bene here,
Myn hole thzifte foz to here,
I dare myn herte well disclose
Touchende blurie, as I suppose,
Whiche, as ye tellen, in loue is bied,
My ladie maie not bene excused,
That foz o lokynge of hir eie,
Myn hole herte till I deie,
With all that euer I maie and can,
She hath me wonne to hir man:
Wherof me thinketh, good reson wolde,
That she somdele rewarde sholde,
And yeue a parte, there she hath all:
I not what falle herafter shall.
But in to nowe yet dare I seyne,
Hir list neuer yeue ageyne
A goodly wozde in suche a wise
Wherof myn hope might arise,
My great loue to recompense,
I not howe she hir conscience
Excuse wol of this measure,
By large weight, and great measure
She hath my loue, and I haue nought
Of that, whiche I haue dere abought:
And with myn herte I haue it payde,
But all this is aside layde,
And I go loueles aboute.
Hir ought stonde in full great doute,
Till she redzesse suche a sinne,
That she wol al my loue wynne,
And yeueth me not to liue by,
Nought al so muche, as grant mercy
Hir list to seye, of whiche I might
Some of my great peine alight.
But of this point, lo thus I fare,
As he that payeth foz his chaffare,
And bieth it dere, and yet hath none:
So mote he nedes poure gone.
Thus bie I dere, and haue no loue,
That I ne maie nought come aboue
To wynne of loue none encrece.
But I me wil ne the lese
Touchende blure of loue acquite,
And if my lady be to wite,
I pzay to god suche grace hir sende,
That she by tyme it mote amende.
My sonne of that thou hast answerde,
Touchende blure, I haue al herde,
Howe thou of loue hast wonnen smale,
But that thou tellest in thy tale,
And thy lady therof accusest,
Me thinketh these wozdes thou misusest.
Foz by thyn owne knowlechyng,
Thou sayst, howe she foz one lokyng,
Thy hole herte fro the she toke.
She maie he suche, that hir o loke
Is wozthe thyne herte many folde.
So hast thou well thyn herte solde,
Whan thou hast that is moze wozthe.
And eke of that thou tellest fozthe,
Howe that hir weight of loue vneuen
Is vnto thyne, vnder the heuen
Stonde neuer in euen that balance,
Whiche stont in loues gouernance.
Suche is the statute of his lawe,
That though thy loue moze drawe,
And peyse in the balance moze,
Thou might not aske ageyn therfoze
Of duetie, but all of grace.
Foz loue is lozde in euery place.
There maie no lawe hym iustifie
By reddour, ne by companie,
That he ne wol after his wille,
Whome that hym liketh saue oz spille.
To loue a man maie welle begynne,
But whether he shall lese oz wynne,
That wote no man, til at last.
Foz thy couept not to fast
My sonne, but abide thyn ende
Perase all maie to good wende.
But that thou hast me tolde and saide
Of a thynge I am right well paide,
That thou by sleight, ne by gile
Of no bzocour, hast otherwhile
Engyned, loue of suche dede
Is soze benged as I rede.

¶ Hic ponit exemplum contra istos maritos, qui plus ad quod pzopzias habent vxozes, ad none voluptas

Volaptatis incrementum, alias mulieres superfluę lucrari non verentur. Et narrat qualiter Iuno vindictam suam in Eccho, in huiusmodi mulierum lucris adquirēdis de consilio mariti sui Iouis mediatrix exstiterat.

¶Brokers of loue, that deceiuen,
No wonder is though thei receiuen,
After the wronge, that thei deseruen.
For whom as euer that thei seruen,
And do pleasance for a while,
Yet at the last her owne gile
Upon her owne head descendeth,
The whiche god of his vengeance sendeth.
As by ensample of tyme ago
A man may finde, it hath be so.
It felle some tyme, as it was seene,
The high goddesse and the quene
Iuno tho had in companie
A maiden full of trecherie.
For she was euer in accorde
With Iupiter, that was hir lorde,
To get hym other loues newe
Through suche borage, and was untrewe,
All other wise than hym nedeth.
But she, the whiche no shame dredeth,
With queint wordes, and with slie
Blent in suche wise hir ladys eie,
As she, to whom that Iuno trist,
So that therof she nothyng wist.
But so priuie maie be nothyng,
That it ne commeth to knowlechyng.
Thynge done upon the derke night
Is after knowen on dates light.
So it befelle, that at last,
All that this high maiden cast,
Was ouer cast, and ouerthrowe.
For as the soothe mote be knowe,
To Iuno it was done understonde,
In what manere hir husbonde
With fals borage hath taken usure
Of loue, more than his mesure,
When he toke other than his wife,
Wherof this maide was giltife,
Whiche had bene of his assent
And thus was all the game shent.
She suffred hym, as she mote nede,
But the borrour of his misdede
She, whiche hir counseille yaf therto,
On hir is the vengeance do.
For Iuno with hir wordes hote,
This maiden, whiche Ecchó was hote
Reproueth, and saith in this wise:
O traitresse, of whiche seruise
Hast thou thyn owne ladie serued,
Thou hast great peine well deserued:
Thy high wordes for to peynt
With flaterie, that is so queint
Towardes me, that am thy queene,
Wherof thou madest me to wene,
That my husbonde trewe were,
When that he loueth els where,
All be it so, hym nedeth nought:
But upon the it shall be bought,
The whiche art priuie to the doynges,
And me full ofte of thy lesinges
Deceyued hast: nowe is the daie,
That I thy while quite maie.
And for thou hast to me counceled,
That my lorde hath with other dealed,
I shall the sette in suche a kynde,
That euer unto the worldes ende,
All that thou herest, thou shalte tell,
And clappe it out, as doth a belle.
And with that worde she was forshape,
There may no vice hir mouthe escape,
What man that in the worlde crieth,
Withouten faile Eccho replieth,
And what worde that hym lust to sayn,
The same worde she saith agayn.
Thus she, whiche whilom had leue
To dwelle in chamber, mot beleue
In woodes, and on hilles both.
For suche borage as wiues loth,
Whiche doth her lordes hertes chaunge,
And loue in other places straunge.
For thy if euer it so befalle,
That thou my sonne amonges all
Be wedded man, hold that thou hast.
For than all other loue is waste:
O wife shal wel to the suffise,
And than if thou for couetise
Of loue, woldest aske more,
Thou shuldest don ayen the lore
Of all hem that trewe be.
¶My fader as in this degre
My conscience is nought accused.

For

For I no suche borage haue bled,
Wherof that lust of loue is wonne.
For thy speketh forthe, as ye begonne,
Of Auarice vpon my shrifte.
¶ My son I shall the branches shifte
By order as thei ben set,
On whom no good is wel beset.

Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi
Conuenit, vt pondus æqua statera gerat.
Propterea cupido non dat sua dona cupido.
Nam qui nulla serit, gramina nulla metet.

¶ Hic tractat auctor super illa specie Auaricie, que parcimonia dicitur, cuius natura tenax alicui quasi substantie portionem, aut deo aut hominibus participare nullatenus consentit.

¶ Blind Auarice of his lignage,
For counseille, and for coſinage,
To be withholde ayen largesse
Hath one, whose name is said Scarsnesse,
The whiche is keper of his bows,
And is so thrroughout auarous,
That he no good lete out of honde,
Though god hym selfe it wolde fonde,
Of yefte shuld he no thyng haue:
And if a man it wold craue,
He muste than faste nede,
Where god hym selfe maie not spede.
And thus Scarsnes in euery place
By reson maie no thonke purchace.
And netheles in his degree
Aboue all other moste prriue
With Auarice stant he this.
For he gouerneth that there is
In eche astate of his office,
After the reule of thilke vice,
He taketh, he kepeth, he halt, he hynt,
That lighter is to fle the flynt,
Than gete of hym in hard or neysthe
Only the value of a reysthe.
Of good in helpyng of an other
Nought, though it were his owne brother.
For in the cas of yefte and lone
Stant euery man for hym alone
Hym thinketh of his vnkyndshippe,
That hym nedeth no felawship
Be so the bagge and he accorden,
Hym recheth nought, what men recorden
Of hym, be it euill or good.
For all his truste is on his good:
So that alone he falleth ofte,
Whan he best weneth stonde alofte,
Als well in loue as other wise.
For loue is euer of some repryse
To hym that woll his loue holde.
For thy my sonne, as thou arte holde
Touchende of this telle me thy shrifte,
Hast thou be scarse or large of gifte
Unto thy loue, whom thou serueste.
For after that thou well deserueste
Of gifte, thou might be the bette.
For that good holde I well be sette,
For whiche thou might the better fare:
Than is no wisedome for to spare.
For thus men seyne in euery nede,
He was wise, that first made mede.
For where as mede maie not spede,
I not what helpeth other dede.
Full ofte he faileth of his game,
That will with ydell honde reclayme
His hawke, as many a nice doth.
For thy my sonne telle me soth,
And saith the treuth, if thou hast bee
Unto thy loue or scarse, or fre:
¶ My father it hath stonde thus,
That if the treasour of Cresus,
And all the golde of Octauian,
Forth with the richesse of Indian,
Of perles and of riche stones,
Were all to gether myn at ones,
I sette it at no more account,
Than wolde a bare strawe amount,
To gyue it hir all in a daie,
Be so that to that swete maie
It might like more or lesse.
And thus because of my largesse
Ye maie well vnderstonde and leue,
That I shall nought the worse achene
The purpos, whiche is in my thought,
But yet I yafe hir neuer nought,
Ne therto durst a prokre make.
For well I wote, she woll nought take:
And yeue woll she nought also,
She is eschewe of bothe two.
And this I trowe be the skill
Towardes me, for she ne will,

That I haue any cause of hope,
Nought als muche as a drope:
But toward other as I maie see,
She taketh and yeueth in suche degree,
That as by wey of frendelyhede,
She can so kepe hir womanhede,
That euery man speketh of hir wele:
But she wol take of me no dele,
And yet she wote wel, that I wolde
Yeue, and do both what I sholde,
To plesen hir in all my might,
By reason this wote euery wight.
For that maie by no weye asterte,
There she is maister of the herte,
She mote be maister of the good.
For god wote wel, that all my mood
And all myn herte, and all my thought,
And all my good, while I haue ought,
Als freely as god hath it giue,
It shall be hirs, while I liue,
Right as hir list, hir selue commande,
So that it nedeth no demande
To aske me, if I haue be scarse
To loue, for as to tho parse
I wille answere, and sey no.
¶ My sonne that is right well do.
For often tyme of scarcenesse
It hath be seen, that for the lesse
Is lost the more, as thou shalt here
A tale, like to this matere.

¶ Hic loquitur contra istos, qui auaricia stricti largitatis beneficium in amoris causa confundunt. Et ponit exemplum, qualiter Croceus largus et hilaris Babionem auarum et tenacem de amore Hiole, que pulcherrima fuit, donis largissimis circumuenit.

¶ Scarcenes and loue acord neuer.
For euery thyng is wel the leuer,
whan that a man hath bought it dere.
And for to speke in this matere,
For sparyng of a litell cost.
Full oft tyme a man hath lost
The large cote for the hode:
what man that scarse is of his good,
And wol not gyue, he shall nought take,
with gyfte a man may vndertake
The highe god to please, and queme,
with gyft a man the worlde maie deme.
For euery creature bore
If thou hym yeue, is glad therfore,
And euery gladship (as I finde)
Is comforte vnto loues kinde,
And causeth ofte a man to spede.
So was he wise, that first yaf mede.
For mede kepeth loue in hous,
But where the men be coueitous,
And sparen for to yeue a parte,
Thei knowen nought Cupides arte.
For his fortune, and his apprise
Disdeigneth alle couetise,
And hateth alle nigardie:
And for to lere of this partie
A sothe ensample, howe it is so,
I finde writte of Babio,
whiche had a loue at his menage
There was no fayrer of hir age,
And hight Viola by name,
whiche full of youth, and full of game
Was of hir selfe, and large and free:
But suche an other chinche as hee
Men wisten nought in all the londe,
And had afaited to his honde
His seruant, the whiche Spodius
Was hote: and in this wise thus
The worldes good of sufisance
Was had, but likyng and pleasance
Of that belongeth to richesse
Of loue stode in great distresse:
So that this yonge lusty wight
Of thing, whiche felle to loues right
Was euill serued ouer all,
That she was wo bego withall:
Til that Cupide and Venus eke
A medicine for the seke
Ordeine wolden in this cas,
So as fortune than was
Of loue vpon the destinee
It fell right, as it shulde bee.
A freshe, a free, a frendly man,
That nought of auarice can,
whiche Croceus by name hight,
Towarde this swete cast his sight,
And there she was cam in presence.
She sigh hym large of dispense,
And amorous, and glad of chere
So that hir liketh well to here

The

The goodly wordes, whiche he saide,
And therupon of loue he praide.
Of loue was all that he ment.
To loue and for the thulde assent,
He gaue hir giftes euer amonge.
But for men sayen, that mede is stronge,
It was well sene at thilke tide
For as it thulde of right betide,
This Viola largesse hath take,
And the nigarde she hath forsake.
Of Babio she will no more.
For he was grutchende euermore,
There was with hym none other fare,
But for to pinche, and for to spare,
Of worldes mucke to gette encres:
So goth the wretche loueles
Betaped for his scarsitee.
And he that large was and free,
And sette his herte to dispende,
This Croceius his bowe bende,
Whiche Venus toke hym for to holde,
And shotte as ofte as euer he wolde.
¶ Lo thus departeth loue his lawe,
That what man woll nought be selawe
To yeue and spende, as I the telle,
He is nought worthie for to dwell
In loues courte to be relieued.
For thy my sonne, if it be lieued,
Thou shalt be large of thy dispense.
¶ My father in my conscience,
If there be any thynge amis
I wolde amende it after this,
Towarde my loue namely.
¶ My sonne well and redily
Thou saist, so that well paide withall
I am, and further if I shall
Vnto thy shrifte specifie
Of Auarice the progenie,
What vice sueth after this,
Thou shalt haue wonder howe it is
Amonge the folke in any reigne,
That suche a vice might reigne,
Whiche is comune at all assaies,
As men maie finde now a daies.

Cuncta creatura deus, & qui cuncta creauit,
Damnant ingrati dictaq; facta viri.
Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam
Traxit, & in fine deserit esse suam.

¶ Hic loquitur supra illa abortiua specie auaricie, que ingratitudo dicta est, cuius conditioni non solum creator, sed etiam cuncte creature abhominabilem detestantur.

¶ The vice like vnto the fende,
Whiche neuer yet was mans frende,
And cleped is vnkindeship,
Of comune and of felauship
With Auarice he is withholde.
Hym thinketh he thulde nought ben holde
Vnto the mother, whiche hym bare:
Of hym maie neuer man beware,
He wol not knowe the merite:
For that he wolde it not aquite,
Whiche in this worlde is mothel vsed,
And fewe ben therof excused.
To tell of hym is endeles:
And thus I sate netheles,
Where as this vice cometh to londe,
There taketh no man his thonke on hōde,
Though he with all his might serue,
He shall of hym no thonke deserue:
He taketh what any man wil yeue;
But while he hath o daie to liue,
He wol nothyng reward ageyne,
He grutcheth for to gyue a greyne,
Where he hath take a berne fulle,
That maketh a kinde herte dulle,
To sette his trust in suche frendeship,
There as he find no kindeship.
And for to speke wordes pleine,
Thus here I many a man compleine,
That nowe on daies thou shalte finde
At nede, fewe frendes kinde:
What thou hast doone for hem tofore,
It is forgetten, as it were lore.
The bokes speken of this vice,
And telle howe god of his Iustice,
By waye of kinde and eke nature,
And euery liuis creature,
The lawe also, who that it can,
Thei dampne an vnkinde man.
¶ It is all one, to sey vnkinde,
As thyng, whiche doone is againe kinde.
For it with kinde neuer stoode
A man to yelde euill for good.
For who that wolde taken hede,
A beest is glad of a good dede,

And loueth thilke creature,
After the lawe of his nature,
And doth hym eafe: and for to fee
Of this matere auctorite,
Full oft tyme it hath befalle,
Wherof a tale amonge vs all,
Whiche is of olde enfamplarie,
I thinke for to fpecifie.

¶Hic narrat, quod beftie in fuis beneficiis hominem ingratum naturaliter præcellunt. Et ponit Exemplum de Adriano Rom̃ fenatore, qui in quadam forefta venationibus inſiſtens, dum prædam perſequeretur, in cifternam profundam nefcia familia corruit, Vbi fuper peruenient quidã pauper, nomine Bardus, immiſſa corduka putans hominẽ extrapiſſe, primo Simiam extrapit, Secundo ſerpentem, Tertio Adrianum, qui pauperem defpicians aliquid ei pro benefacto reddere recuſabat. Sed tam ſerpens quam ſimio gratuita beneuolentia ipſum ſingulis donis remunerauerunt.

¶To ſpeke of an vnkynde man
I finde, howe whilome Adrian
Of Rome, whiche a great lorde was,
Upon a date as he par cas
To woodde in his huntyng went,
It happeth at a fodein wente,
After the chafe as he purſueth,
Through hap, whiche no man eſchueth,
He felle vnware in to a pit,
Where that it might not be let.
The pit was depe, and he felle lowe,
That of his men none might knowe
Where he became, for none was nigh,
Whiche of his fall the miſchiefe ſigh.
And thus alone there he laie
Clepende, and criende all the daie
For ſocoure and deliuerance,
Till ageyne eue it fell par chance,
A while er it began to night,
A poure man, whiche Bardus hight,
Come forth walkende with his aſſe,
And had gethered hym a taſſe
Of grene ſtickes and of drie,
To ſelle, whom that wolde hem bie,
As he, whiche had no liuelode,
But whan he might ſuche a lode
To towne with his aſſe carie.
And as it felle hym for to tarie
That ilke tyme nighe the pitte,
And hath the truſſe fall knitte,
He herde a voice, whiche cried dymme,
And he his ere to the brymme
Hath leide, and herde it was a man,
Whiche ſaide: O helpe here Adrian,
And I will yeuen halfe my good.
The poure man this vnderſtood,
As he that wolde gladly wyn,
And to this lorde, whiche was within,
He ſpake and ſaide: if I the ſaue,
What ſikernes ſhall I haue
Of couenant, that afterwarde
Thou wolt me gyue ſuche rewarde,
As thou behighteſt nowe before?
That other hath his othes ſworne,
By heuen, and by the goddes all,
If that it might ſo befalle,
That he out of the pit hym brought,
Of all the goodes, whiche he ought,
He ſhall haue euen haluen dele.
This Bardus ſeide, he wolde wele
And with this worde his aſſe anone
He let vntruſſe, and therupon
Downe goth the corde in to the pit,
To whiche he hath at ende knit
A ſtaffe, wherby he laide, he wolde,
That Adrian hym ſhulde holde.
But it was tho per chance fallen,
In to that pit was alſo fallen
An ape, whiche at thilke trowe,
Whan that the corde cam downe lowe,
All ſodenly therto he ſkipte,
And it in both his armes clipte:
And Bardus with his aſſe anone
Hym hath vp drawe, and he is gon.
But whan he ſigh it was an ape,
He wend all had ben a iape
Of faierie, and ſore hym dradde.
And Adrian eft ſoone gradde
For helpe, and cride and preide faſte:
And he eft ſoone his corde caſte.
But whan it cam vnto the grounde,
A great ſerpent it hath by wounde,
The whiche Bardus anone vp drough:
And than hym thought welenough
It was fantaſie that he herde
The voys, and he therto anſwerd,

What

Waht wight art thou in goddes name?
I am (quod Adrian) the same,
Whose good thou shalte haue euen halfe.
Quod Bardus than a gods halfe,
The thirde tyme assaye I shall,
And cast his corde forth withall
In to the pit, and whan it came
To hym, this lorde of Rome it name,
And therupon hym hath adressed,
And with his honde ful ofte blessed:
And than he bad to Bardus hale.
And he, whiche vnderstode his tale,
Betwene hym and his asse all softe,
Hath drawen, and set hym vp a lofte,
Without harme all easely.
He saith not ones grant mercy,
But straught hym forth in to the citee,
And let this poore Bardus bee.
And netheles this simple man
His couenant, so as he can,
Hath asked: And that other saide,
If it so be that he vpbraide
Of ought, that hath be spoke or do,
It shall be venged of hym so,
That hym were better to be dede.
And he can tho no other rede,
But on his asse agayne he cast
His trusse, and hieth homewarde fast.
And whan that he came home to bed,
He tolde his wife, howe that he sped.
But finally to speke ought more
Unto this lorde, he drad hym sore,
So that one worde he durst not sayne.
And thus vpon the morowe agayne
In the maner, as I recorde,
Forth with his asse, and with his corde,
To gather woodde, as he did er,
He goth, and whan that he cam ner
Unto the place, where he wolde,
He gan his ape anone beholde,
Whiche had gadred al aboute
Of sticke here and there a route,
And leyde hem redy to his honde:
Wherof he made his trusse and bonde.
Fro daie to daie, and in this wise
This ape profreth his seruise,
So that he had of woodde enough.
Upon a tyme and as he drough
Towarde the woodde, he sigh beside
The great gastly serpent glide,
Till that she cam in his presence,
And in hir kinde a reuerence
She hath hym do, and forth withall
A stone more bright than a Christall
Out of hir mouth to fore his waye
She let downe fall, and went awaye,
For that he shall not be adrad.
Tho was this poore Bardus glad,
Thankende god, and to the stone
He goth, and taketh it vp anone,
And hath great wonder in his witte,
Howe that the beast hym hath aquitte,
Where that the mans son hath failed,
For whom he had most trauailed.
But all he put in gods honde,
And torneth home, and what he fonde
Unto his wife he hath it shewde,
And thei that were bothe lewde,
Acorden, that he shulde it selle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But forth anone vpon the tale
The stone he profreth to the sale,
And right as he hym selfe it sette,
The ieweller anone forth fette
The golde, and made his payement,
Therof was no delaiement.
Thus whan this stone was bought & sold,
Homward with ioye many folde
This Bardus goth, and whan he cam
Hom to his hows, and that he nam
His gold out of his pours within,
He fonde his stone also therin:
Wherof for ioye his herte plaide,
Unto his wife and thus he saide.
¶ Lo here my golde, lo here my stone.
His wife hath wonder therupon,
And asketh hym howe that maye be.
Nowe by my trouth I not (quod he)
But I dare swere vpon a boke,
Unto my marchant I it toke,
And he it had, whan I went.
So knowe I nought to what entent
It is nowe here, but it be gods grace.
For thy to morowe in other place
I wille it fonde for to selle,
And if it woll not with hym dwelle,

But crepe in to my purſe ageyne,
Than dare I ſauely ſwere and ſeyne,
It is the vertue of the ſtone.
The morowe came, and he is gone
To ſeche about in other ſtede,
His ſtone to ſelle, and ſo he dede,
And lefte it with his chapman there.
But whan that he came els where,
In preſence of his wife at home,
Out of his purs and that he nome
His golde, fonde his ſtone withal.
And thus it felle hym oueral,
Where he it ſolde in ſondrie place,
Suche was the fortune, and the grace.
But ſo well maie nothyng be hid,
That it nis at laſt kid.
This fame goth about Rome
So ferforth, that the wordes come
To the emperour Iuſtinian,
And he let ſende for the man,
And aſked hym, howe that it was.
And Bardus tolde all the cas,
Howe that the worme, and eke the belle,
Al though thei made no biheſte,
His trauaile hadden well aquitte:
But he, whiche had mans witte,
And made his couenant by mouth,
And ſwore therto all that he couth,
To parte and gyue halfe his good,
Hath nowe forgete howe that it ſtood,
As he, whiche wol no trouth holde.
This emperour al that he tolde,
Hath herde, and thilke vnkyndneſſe
Be ſaide, he wolde hym ſelfe redreſſe.
And thus in courte of iudgement
This Adrian was than aſſent,
And the quarell in audience
Declared was in the preſence
Of the emperour and many mo,
Wherof was mochel ſpeche tho,
And great wondryng among the preſe.
But at laſt nethelese,
For the partie, whiche hath pleined,
The lawe hath demed, and ordeined
By hem, that were auiſed wele,
That he ſhal haue the haluen dele
Throughout of Adrians good.
And thus of thilke vnkinde blood
Stant the memorie vnto this daie,
Where that euery wiſe man maie
Enſamplen hym, and take in mynde,
What ſhame it is, to ben vnkynde,
Ageyne the whiche reaſon debateth,
And euery creature it hateth.
For thy my ſonne in thy office
I rede the flee that ilke vice.
For right as the cronicle ſeith
Of Adrian, howe he his feith
Forpate for worldes couetiſe:
Ful oft in ſuche a maner wiſe
Of louers nowe a man maie ſee
Ful many, that vnkynde bee
For wel behote, and euel laſt
That is her life, for at laſt,
Whan that thei haue her wille do,
Her loue is after ſoone ago.
What ſaiſt thou ſonne to this cas?
My fader I wil ſaie alas,
That euer ſuche a man was borne,
Whiche whan he hath his trouth ſworne,
And hath of loue what he wolde,
That he at any tyme ſholde
Euer after in his hert finde
To ſin fal, and to ben vnkinde.
But fader as touchend of mee,
I maie not ſtond in that degree.
For I toke neuer of loue why,
That I ne maie go therby,
And do my profite els where.
For any ſpede I finde there,
I dare wel thynken all about:
But I ne dare not ſpeke it out:
And if I dorſt, I wold pleine,
That ſhe, for whom I ſuffer peine,
And loue hir euer alſiche hote,
That nother peue ne behote,
In rewardyng of my ſeruice,
It lik hir in no maner wiſe.
I wille not ſey, that ſhe is kinde,
And for to ſey, ſhe is vnkinde,
That dare I not by god aboue,
Whiche demeth euery herte of loue,
He wote, that on myn owne ſide
Shall none vnkindenes abide.
If it ſhall with my ladie dwelle,
Therof dare I no more telle.

Nowe

Nowe good father as it is
Tell me, what thinketh you of this?
¶My sonne of that vnkindship,
The whiche towarde thy ladiship,
Thou pleinest, for she woll the nought,
Thou art to blamen of thy thought.
For it maie be, that thy desire,
Though it brenne euer, as doth the fire,
Percase to hir honour misset,
Dels tyme come nought yet,
Whiche stant vpon thy destinee.
For thy my sonne, I rede thee,
Thynke well, what euer the befall.
For no man hath his lustes all:
But as thou toldest me before,
That thou to loue art nought forsworen,
And hast doone no vnkindnesse,
Thou might therof thy grace blesse,
And leue nought that continuance,
That there maie be none suche greuance
To loue, as is vnkindship,
Wherof to kepe thy worship,
So as these olde bokes tale,
I shall the telle a redy tale.
Now herken, and be ware therby.
For I will telle it openly.

¶Hic ponit exemplum cõtra viros amori ingratos. Et narrat qualiter Theseus Egei filius cõsilio fultus Adriane regis Minos filie in domo, que Labyrinthus dicitur, Minotauri vicit, vnde Theseus Ariadne sponsalia certissime promittens, ipsam vna cum Phedra sorore sua a Creta secũ nauigio duxit, Sed statim postea oblito gratitudinis beneficio, Ariadnam ipsum saluantẽ, in insula Chion spretã post tergũ reliquit. Et Phedram Athenis sibi spõsatam ingratus coronauit.

¶Minos, as telleth the poete,
The whiche whilom was kyng of Crete,
A sonne had, and Androchee
He hight, and so befelle that hee,
Unto Athenes for to lere
Was sente, and so he bare hym there,
For that he was of high lignage,
Suche pride he toke in his corage,
That he forgeten hath the schooles,
And in ryot amonge the fooles,
He did many thynges wronge,
And vsed thilke life so longe,
Til at last of that he wrought
He sonde the mischiefe, whiche he sought,
Wherof it fell, that he was slayne.
His fader, whiche it herde sayne,
Was wroth, and all that euer he might,
Of men of armes he hym dight
A stronge power, and forth he went
Unto Athenis, where he brent
The plaine countrey al aboute:
The cities stode of hym in doute,
As thei that no defence had
Ageyne the power, whiche he lad.
Egeus, whiche was there kynge,
His counsell toke vpon this thynge.
For he was than in the citee:
So that of pees in to treatee,
Betwene Minos and Egeus
Thei fell, and bene accorded thus:
That kynge Minos fro yere to yere
Receyue shal as thou shalt here
Out of Athenis for truage
Of men, that were of mighty age
Barons nyne: of whiche he shall
His will don in speciall.
For vengeaunce of his sonnes deth
None other grace there ne geth
But for to take the Juyse,
And that was don in suche a wise,
Upon whiche stode a wonder cas.
For that tyme so it was,
Wherof that men yet rede and singe,
Kynge Minos had in his keppynge
A cruell monster, as seith the test.
For he was halfe man and halfe best,
And Minotaurus he was hote,
Which was begotten in a riote
Upon Pasiphae, his owne wife,
whiles he was out vpon the strife,
Of that great siege of Troie.
But she, whiche lost hath all ioye,
Whan that she sighe this monstre boye,
Bad men ordeine anon therfore,
And telle that ilke tyme thus,
There was a clerke, one Dedalus,
Whiche had ben of hir assent,
Of that hir lorde, was so missent,
And he made of his owne witte,
Wherof the remembrance is yit.
For Minotaure had suche a hous,

That

That was so stronge, and merueilous,
That what man that within went,
There was so many a sondrye went,
That he ne shulde nought come out,
But gone amased all about:
And in this house to locke and warde
Was Minotaurus put in warde,
That what life, that therin cam,
Or man or beest, he ouercam,
And slough, and fedde hym therupon.
And in this wise many one,
Out of Athenis for truage,
Deuoured weren in that rage.
For euery yere thei shopen hem so
Thei of Athenis er thei go
Towarde that ilke wofull chance,
As it was sette in ordinance,
Upon fortune her lotte thei cast,
Till that Theseus at laste,
Whiche was the kynges sonne there,
Amonges other that there were,
In thilke yere, as it befelle,
The lotte upon his chance felle.
He was a worthye knight withall.
And whan he sigh his chance falle,
He ferde, as though he toke none hede,
But all that euer he might spede
With hym, and with his felaushipe,
Forth in to Crete he goth by ship,
Where that the kyng Minos he sought,
And prokereth all that he hym oughte
Upon the point of her accorde.
This sterne kynge, this cruell lorde
Toke euery daie one of the nyne,
And put hym in to the discipline
Of Minotaure to be deuoured.
But Theseus was so fauoured,
That he was kepte till at last,
And the meane while he cast,
What thyng hym were best to do.
And felle, that Ariadne tho,
Whiche was the doughter of Minos,
And had herde the worthye los
Of Theseus, and of his might,
And sigh he was a lustie knight,
Hir holle herte on hym she laide.
And he also of loue hir praide
So ferforth, that thei were alone,
And she ordeineth, that anone,
In what maner she shuld hym saue,
And shope so, that she did hym haue
A clewe of threde, of whiche within
First at dore he shall begynne
With hym to take that one ende:
That whan he wold ageynward wende,
He might go the same weye.
And ouer this so as I seye,
Of pitche she toke hym a pelote,
The whiche he shulde in to the throte
Of Minotaure cast right.
Suche wepon also for hym she dight,
That he by reason nede not faile
To make an ende of his bataile.
For she hym taught in sondrie wise,
Tille he was knowe of thilke empryse,
Howe he this best shuld quelle.
And thus shortely for to telle,
So as this maiden hym had taught,
Theseus with this monster faught,
And smote of his hede, the whiche he nam,
And by the threde, so as he cam
He goth ageyne, til he were oute:
So was great wonder all aboute.
Minos the tribute hath releced,
And so was all the werre seced
Betwene Athenes and hem of Crete.
But nowe to speke of that swete,
The whose beautee was without wan,
This faire maiden Adrian:
Whan that she sigh Theseus sounde,
Was neuer yet upon this grounde,
A gladder wight than she was tho.
Theseus dwelt a daie or two,
Where that Minos great there hym ded.
Theseus in a priuie sted
Hath with this maiden spoke and rowned,
That she to hym was abandouned
In al that euer she couth,
So that of hir lustie youth,
All priuely betwene hem twey,
The firste floure he toke awey.
For he so faire tho behight,
That euer while he liue might,
He shuld hir take for his wife,
And as his owne hertes life
He wolde hir loue, and trouth beare.

And ſhe, whiche might not forbeare,
So ſore loueth hym ageyne,
That what as euer he wold ſeyne,
With all hir hert ſhe it leueth.
And thus his purpoſe he acheueth,
So that allured of his trouth
With hym ſhe went, and that was routh
Phedra hir ponge ſuſter eke,
A luſtie maide, a ſobre, a meke,
Fulfilled of all curtoſie,
For ſuſterhode and companie
Of loue, whiche was hem betwene,
To ſee hir ſuſter be made a quene,
Hir fader lefte, and forth ſhe went
With hym, whiche all his firſt entent
Forgat within a litel throwe,
So that it was all ouer throwe,
Whan ſhe beſt wend it ſhuld ſtonde.
The ſhip was blowen fro the londe
Wherin tha' thei ſa'lend were.
This Adriadne had mothel fere,
Of that the wynde ſo lowde blewe,
As ſhe whiche of the ſea ne knewe,
And praid for to reſte a while.
And ſo felle, that vpon an yle,
Whiche Chio high, thei ben dreue,
Where he to hir leue hath yeue,
That ſhe ſhall lond and take hir reſt:
But that was nothyng for hir beſt.
For whan ſhe was to lond brought,
She, which that tyme thought nought
But all trouth, and toke no kepe,
Hath laide hir ſoft for to ſlepe:
As ſhe whiche longe hath ben forwatched.
But certes ſh was euil matched,
And fer from all loues kinde.
For more than the beaſt vnkinde
Theſeus, whiche no trouth kept,
(While that this ponge ladie ſlept)
Fulfilled of all vnkindſhip,
Hath all forgeten the goodſhip,
Whiche Ariadne hym had do,
And bad vnto the ſhipmen tho
Hale vp the ſaile, and nought abide,
And forth he gothe the ſame tide
Towarde Athenis, and hir on londe
He left, whiche laie nigh the ſtronde
Slepend, til that ſhe awoke.
But whan that ſhe caſt vp hir loke
Towarde the ſtronde, and ſigh no wight,
Hir herte was ſo ſore affright,
That ſhe ne wiſt what to thinke,
But drough hir to the water brinke,
Where ſhe beheld the ſea at large:
She ſigh no ſhip, ſhe ſigh no barge
Als ferforth as ſhe might kenne:
Ha lorde (ſhe ſaid) whiche a ſenne,
As all the worlde ſhall after here
Vpon this wofull woman here,
This worthie knight hath doone wrought
I wend I had his loue bought,
And ſo deſerued at nede,
Whan that he ſtode vpon his drede,
And eke the loue, he me behight.
It is great wonder, howe he might
Towardis me nowe ben vnkinde,
And ſo to lette out of his minde
Thyng, which he ſaid his owne mouth.
But after this, whan it is couth,
And drawe to the worldes fame,
It ſhall ben vnderynge of his name.
For well he wote, and ſo wote I,
He yafe his trouthe bodily,
That he myn honour ſhulde kepe,
And with that worde ſhe gan wepe
And ſorowed more than enough.
Hir faire treſſes ſhe to drough
And with hir ſelfe ſhe toke ſuch ſtrife,
That ſhe betwene the deth and life
Swounende lay full ofte amonge:
And all was this on hym alonge,
Whiche was to loue vnkinde ſo,
Wherof the wronge ſhall euermo
Stonde in cronike of remembrance,
And eke it aſketh a vengeance
To ben vnkinde in loues cas,
So as Theſeus than was,
All though he were a noble knight.
For he the lawe of loues right
Forfaited hath in all waye,
That Ariadne he put awaye,
Whiche was a great vnkinde dede.
And after that, ſo as I rede,
Phedra, the whiche hir ſuſter is,
He toke in ſtede of hir, and this
Fell afterwarde to mekell tene,

For

For thilke vice, of whiche I mene.
Unkyndship where it falleth,
The trouthe of mans herte it palleth,
That he can no good dede acquite:
So mate he stonde of no merite
Towardes god, and eke also
Men calle hym the worldes so.
For he no more than the fende
Unto none other man is frende,
But all toward hym selfe alone.
For thy my sonne in thy persone
This vice above all other flee.
¶ My fader as ye teche me,
I thinke to do in this matere.
But ouer this I wolde fayn here,
Wherof I shall me shrine more.
¶ My good sonne as for thy lore,
After the reule of couetise,
I shall the propertee deuise
Of euery vice by and by.
Nowe herken, and be wel ware therby.

Viribus ex clara res tollit luce rapina
Floribus & iuncta virgine mella capit.

¶ Hic tractat super illa specie cupida, que rapina nūcupatur, cuius mater exprobrio ipsam ad deseruiendum magnatū curiis specialius cōmendauit.

¶ In the lignage of Auarice
My sonne yet there is a vice,
His right name it is Rauine,
Whiche hath a route of his couine.
Rauine amonge the maisters dwelleth,
And with his seruantes as men telleth,
Extorcion is nowe withholde.
Rauine of other mens folde
Maketh his larder, and payeth nought.
For where as euer it mate be sought
In his hous there shall no thyng lacke,
And that ful ofte abieth the packe
Of poore men, that dwelle aboute.
Thus stant the commune people in doute,
Whiche can do none amendement.
For whan hym faileth patement,
Rauine maketh non other skille,
But taketh by strength al that he wille.
So ben there in the same wise
Louers, as I the shall deuise:
That whan nought elles mate auaile,
Anone with strength thei assaile
And gette of loue the sesine,
When thei se tyme by rauine.
For thy my sonne shrine the here,
If thou hast ben a Rauinere
Of loue. Certes father no.
For I my lady loue so.
For though I were as was Pompeye
That all the worlde me wolde obeye:
Or els suche as Alisandre,
I wolde nought do suche a sclander.
It is no good man, whiche so doth.
¶ In good feith sonne thou saist soothe.
For he that wolle of purueance,
By suche a wey his lasse auance,
He shall it after sore abie,
But if these olde ensamples lie.
¶ Nowe good father telle me one,
So as ye conneu many one,
Touchende of loue in this matere.
¶ Now lith my sonne, and thou shalte here:
So as it hath befall er this,
In loues cause howe that it is,
A man to take by rauine
The preye, whiche is feminine

¶ Hic ponit exēplum cōtra istos in amoris causa raptores, Et narrat qualiter Pādion rex Athen. ii. filias, videlicet Prognē & Philomenā habuit: Progne autē regi Tracie Tereo desponsata cōtigit, quod cum Tereus, ad instantiam Sponse sue Philomenam de Athenis in Traciam sororis visitationis causa secum quadam vice perduceret, in cōcupiscentia Philomene tanta feuerilate in Tiz nere dilapsus est, quod ipse non solum sue violentia rapine virginitatem eius oppressit, sed et ipsius linguam, ne factum detegeret sorcipe mutilauit, Unde imperpetue memorie cronicam tāti raptoris austeritatem, miro ordine dii postea vindicarunt.

¶ There was a riall noble kynge,
A riche of all worldes thynge,
Whiche of his proper enheritance
Athens had in gouernance,
And who so thinketh therupon,
His name was kynge Pandion.
Two doughters had he by his wife,
The whiche he loued as his life.
The first doughter Progne hight,
And the seconde, as she well might,
Was cleped faire Philomene,

To

To whom fell after mochel tene.
The father of his purueance,
His doughter Progne wolde auance,
And gafe hir vnto mariage
A worthy kyng of high lignage,
A noble knight eke of his honde,
So was he kid in euery londe.
Of Trace he hight Thereus,
The clerke Ouide telleth thus.
This Thereus his wife home lad,
A lusty life with hir he had,
Till it befelle vpon a tide,
This Progne, as she lay hym beside,
Bethought hir, howe that it might bee,
That she hir suster might see,
And to hir lorde hir will she saide
With goodly wordes, and hym praide,
That she to hir might go.
And if it liked hym not so,
That than he wolde hym selfe wende,
Or els by some other sende,
Whiche might hir dere suster grete,
And shape, howe that thei might mete.
Hir lorde anone to that he herde
Pase his accorde, and thus answerde.
I will (saide he) for thy sake,
The wey after thy suster take
My selfe, and bryng hir, if I mate.
And she with that, there as she laye,
Bigan hym in hir armes clippe,
And kist hym with hir softe lippe,
And saide: sire graunt mercy.
And he soone after was redy,
And toke his leue for to go.
In sory tyme did he so.
This Thereus goth forth to shippe,
And with hym his felaushippe.
By sea the right cours he nam,
Vnto the countrey till he cam,
Where Philomene was dwellynge,
And of hir suster the tidynge
He tolde, and tho thei weren gladde,
And mochel ioye of hym thei made.
The father and the mother bothe
To leaue her doughter were lothe,
But if thei were in presence:
And netheles at reuerence
Of hym that wolde hym selfe trauaile,
Thei wolde nought he shulde faile,
And that thei praide geue hir leue,
And she that wolde not beleue,
In all hast made hir yare
Towarde hir suster for to fare
With Thereus, and forth she went,
And he with his hole entent,
Whan she was fro hir frendes go,
Allotteth of hir loue so,
That his eie might he not withholde,
That he ne must on hir beholde,
And with the sight gan desire,
And set his owne herte a fire:
And fire, whan it to towe approcheth,
To hym anone the strength approcheth,
Till with his hete it be denoured,
The towe ne may not be soccoured.
And so the tyranne rauener,
Whan that she was in his power,
And he therto sawe tyme and place,
As he that lost hath all grace,
Forgate, he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on hir he ran,
Right as a wolfe, that taketh his praye,
And she began to crie and praye,
O father, o mother dere,
Nowe helpe. but thei ne might it here,
And she was of to litell might,
Defence ageyne so rude a knight
To make, whan he was so woode,
That he no reason vnderstoode,
But helde hir vnder in suche wise,
That she ne might not arise,
But laye oppressed and diseased,
As if a Goulhauke had sesed
A byrde, whiche durst not for fere
Remue. And thus this tyranne there
Beraft hir suche thyng, as men seyne,
May neuer more be yolden ageyne,
And that was the virginitee:
Of suche rauyn it was pitee.
But whan she to hir selfe come,
And of hir mischiefe hede nome,
And knewe, how that she was no maide,
With wofull herte thus she saide.
O thou of all men the werst,
Where was there euer man that derst
Do suche a dede, as thou hast do?

That

That daie shall falle, I hope so,
That I shall tell out all my fille,
And with my speche I shall fulfille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
That thou hast doone to me by strength,
If that I amonge the people dwelle,
Unto the people I shall it telle.
And if I be within walle
Of stones closed, than I shalle
Unto the stones clepe and crie,
And tell hem thy felonie.
And if I to the woddes wende,
There shall I tell all and ende,
And crie it to the bryddes out,
That thei shall here it all aboute.
For I so lowde it shall reherse,
That my voice shall the heuen perce,
That it shall sowne in goddes eare.
A fals man, where is thy fere?
O more cruell than any beste,
Howe hast thou holden thy behest,
Whiche thou unto my sister madest?
O thou, whiche all loue vngladest,
And art ensample of all untrewe:
Nowe wolde god my sister knewe
Of thyn untrouthe, howe that it stode.
And he than as a lion woode,
With his unhappye hondes stronge,
He caught hir by the trestes longe,
With the whiche he bonde both hir armes,
That was a feble dede of armes,
And to the grounde anone hir cast,
And out he clippeth also fast
Hir tonge, with a paire of sheres.
So what with blode, and what with teres,
Out of hir eyen, and of hir mouthe
He made hir faire face uncouth,
She laye swownynge unto the dethe,
There was unneth any brethe.
But yet whan he hir tonge reste,
A litell parte therof he leste:
But she withall no worde maie sowne,
But chitre, and as a bryde iargowne.
And neuertheles that woode hounde
Hir bodie hent up fro the grounde,
And sent hir there, as by his will,
She shulde abide in prisone still
For euer mo, but nowe take hede,
What after felle of this mistede.
Whan all this mischiefe was befall
This Thereus, that foule hym falle,
Unto his countrey home he righ.
And whan he come his palais nigh
His wife alredy there hym kepte.
Whan he hir sigh, anone he wept,
And that he did for deceite.
For he began to aske hym sweite,
Where is my sister? And he saide,
That she was dede, and Progne abraide,
As she that was a wofull wife,
And stode betwene hir deth and life,
Because she herde suche tidynge.
But for she sigh hir lord weppynge,
She wende nought but all trouth,
And had wel the more routh.
The perles were tho forsake
To hir, and blacke clothes take,
As she that was gentill and kynde,
In worship of hir sisters mynde,
She made a riche enterement.
For she fonde none amendement
To sighen or to sob more:
So was there gyle under the gore.
Nowe leaue we this kynge and quene,
And torne ayene to Philomene.
As I beganne to tell erste,
Whan she cam in to prison ferst,
It thought a kynges doughter strange
To make so sodeine a change
Fro welth, unto so great a wo:
And she began to thynke tho,
Though she by mouth nothyng praide,
Within hir herte thus she saide.
O thou almighty Iupiter,
That hie sittest, and lokest ferre,
Thou suffrest many wrongfull doynge,
And yet it is not thy willynge.
To the there maie nothyng ben hid,
Thou wost, howe it is betid.
I wolde I had not be bore.
For than had I nought forlore
My speche and my virginitee.
But good lorde all is in thee,
Whan thou therto wolte do vengeance,
And shape my deliuerance.
And euer amonge this lady wepte.

And

And thought that she neuer kepte
To be a worldes woman more,
And that she wissheth euermore.
But ofte vnto hir sister dere
Hir herte speketh in this manere,
And said: O sister, if ye knewe
Of myn estate, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliuerance
Ye wold shape, and do vengeance
On hym, that is so fals a man:
And netheles so as I can,
I will you sende some tokenyng,
Wherof ye shall haue knowlageyng
Of thyng, I wote that shall you lothe,
The whiche you toucheth, and me both.
And tho within a while as tite
She wafe a cloth of silke all white,
With letters and imagerie,
In whiche was all the felonie,
Whiche Thereus to hir hath do,
And lapped it to gether tho,
And sette hir signet therupon,
And sent it vnto Progne anon.
The messager, whiche forth it bare,
What it amounted is nought ware,
And netheles to Progne he goth,
And priuely taketh hir the cloth,
And went again right as he cam:
The courte of hym none hede nam.
Whan Progne of Philomene herde,
She wolde knowe how that it ferde,
And openeth that the man hath brought,
And wot therby, what hath be wrought,
And what mischiefe there is befall.
In swoune tho she gan downe fall,
And efte arose, and gan toskonde,
And efte she taketh the clothe on honde,
Behelde the letters, and thymages:
But at last of suche outrages
She saide: weppnge is nought the bote,
And swereth, if that she leue mote,
It shall be venged other wise:
And with that she gan hir auise,
How first she might vnto hir wyn,
Hir sister, that no man within,
But onely thei, that were swore,
It shulde knowe, and shope therfore,
That Thereus nothyng it wist:
And yet right as hir seluen liste,
Hir sister was deliuered soone
Out of prison, and by the moone
To Progne she was brought by nighte.
Whan eche of other had a sight,
In chambre there thei were alone,
Thei maden many a pitous mone.
But Progne most of sorow made,
Whiche sigh hir sister pale and fade,
And specheles, and dishonoured,
Of that she had be defloured.
And eke vpon hir lorde she thought,
Of that he so vntruely wrought,
And had his espousaile broke,
She maketh auowe it shall be wroke.
And with that word she kneleth downe
Weppynge in great deuotion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus
She prayd, and said than thus:
O ye, to whom no thyng astert
Of loue male, for euery herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben aboue
The god and the goddesse of loue,
Ye witen well, that euer yit
Withal my wille, and all my wit,
Sith first ye shope me to wedde,
That I laie with my lorde a bedde,
I haue ben trewe in my degree,
And euer thought for to bee,
And neuer loue in other place,
But all onely the kynge of Trace,
Whiche is my lorde, and I his wife.
But nowe allas this wofull strife,
That I hym thus ageinward finde
The most vntrewe, and most vnkinde,
That euer in ladies armes laie.
And wel I wote that he ne maie
Amend his wronge, it is so gret.
For to litell of me he lete,
Whan he myn owne sister toke,
And me that am his wife forsoke.
Lo thus to Venus and Cupide
She prayd, and ferthermore she cride
Unto Apollo the highest,
And said: O mightie god of rest,
Thou do vengeance of this debate,
My sister and all hir estate
Thou wost, and how she hath forlore

Hir maidenhede, and I therfore
In all the worlde shall beare a blame,
Of that my sister hath a shame,
That Thereus to hir I sent.
And well thou wost, that myn entent
Was all for worship and for good.
O lorde, that geuest the liues foode
To euery wight, I praie the here,
These wofull sisters, that ben here,
And let vs nought to the ben loth,
We ben thyn owne women both.

Thus plaineth Progne, & areth wreche,
And though hir sister lacke speche,
To hym, that all thynges wote,
Hir sorowe is not the lesse hote.

But he, that than herd them two,
Hym ought haue sorowed euermo.
For sorowe, whiche was hem betwene,
With signes plaineth Philomene.
And Progne saith, it shal be wreke,
That all the worlde therof shall speake.

And Progne tho sickenes feigned,
Wherof vnto hir lorde she pleined,
And preith, she mote hir chambre kepe,
And as hir liketh wake and slepe.
And he hir graunteth to be so.
And thus to gether ben thei two,
That wolde hym but a litell good.
Nowe herken hereafter, how it stoode
Of wofull auntres that befelle.

These sisters, that ben both selle,
And that was not on hem alonge,
But onely on the great wronge,
Whiche Thereus had hem do:
Thei shopen for to venge hem tho.

This Thereus by Progne his wife
A sonne hath, whiche as his life
He loueth, and Itys he highte.
His mother wist well she might
Do Thereus no more greue,
Than slea his childe, whiche was so leue.
Thus she that was as who saith madde
Of wo, whiche hath hir ouerladde,
Without insight of motherhed,
Forgate pitee, and lost drede,
And in hir chambre priuely
This childe without noyse or crie
She slough, and hewe hym all to peces:
And after with diuers spieses
The flesshe, whan it was so to hewe,
She taketh, and maketh therof a sewe,
With whiche the fader at his meate
Was serued, till he had hym eate,
That he ne wist, howe that it stoode:
But thus his owne flesshe and bloode
Hym selfe deuoureth ageyne kinde,
As he that was to fore vnkinde.
And than er that he were arise,
For that he shulde bene agrise,
To shewen hym the childe was dede,
This Philomene toke the hede
Betwene two dishes, and all wrothe
Tho came forthe the sisters bothe,
And setten it vpon the borde.
And Progne than began the worde
And seide: O werst of all wikke,
Of conscience whom no prikke
Maie stere, lo what thou hast do,
Lo here ben nowe we sisters two.

O rauener, lo here thy preie,
With whom so falsely on the weie
Thou hast thy tyranny wrought,
Lo nowe it is som dele abought:
And better it shall: for of thy dede
The worlde shall euer singe and rede,
In remembrance of thy defame.
For thou to loue hast done suche shame,
That it shall neuer be forgete.

With that he sterte vp fro the mete,
And shoue the borde in to the flore,
And caught a sworde anone, and swore,
That thei shulde of his hondes die.

And thei vnto the goddes crie
Began, with so loude a steuene,
That thei were herde vnto heuene,
And in the twynkelyng of an eie
The goddes, that the mischiefe seie,
Her formes chaunged all thre,
Ethe of hem in his degree
Was turned in to a briddes kinde
Diuerseliche as men may finde,
After the state that thei were ynne
Her formes were set a twynne:
And as it telleth in the tale
The first in to a nightyngale
Was shape, and that was Philomene,

Whiche in the winter is not sene.
For than be the leues falle,
And naked ben the bussches alle.
For after that she was a bryde,
Hir wille was euer to be hid,
And for to dwelle in priue place,
That no man shuld se hir face
For shame, whiche maie not be lassid
Of thyng that was tofore passid,
Whan that she lost hir maidenhed.
For euer vpon hir womanhede.
(Though that the gods wold hir change)
She thynketh, and is the more strange,
And holt hir clos the winter daie.
But whan the winter goth awaie,
And that nature the goddesse
Will of hir owne fre largesse,
With herbes, and with flours both
The feldes, and the medowes clothe,
And eke the wooddes, and the greaues
Ben hilled all with grene leaues,
So that a bryde hir hide maie
Betwene March, April, and Maie,
She that the winter held hir clos
For pure shame, and nought aros,
Whan that she sigh the bowes thicke,
And that there is no bare sticke,
But all is hid with leaues grene,
To woodde cometh this Philomene,
And maketh hir first yers flight,
Where as she singeth daie and night:
And in hir songe all openly
She maketh hir plaint, and saith: O why
Why ne were I yet a maide?
For so this olde wise said,
Whiche vnderstood, what she ment,
Hir notes ben of suche entent.
And eke thei said, how in hir songe
She maketh great ioye, & mirthe amonge,
And saith: ha nowe I am a bryde,
Ha nowe my face may ben hid,
Though I haue lost my maidenhede,
Shall no man see my chekes rede.
Thus medleth she with ioye wo,
And with hir sorowe myrth also:
So that of loues maladie
She maketh diuers melodie,
And saith: loue is a wofull blisse,
A wisedome, whiche can no man wisse,
A lustie feuer, a wounde softe,
This note she reherseth ofte
To hem, whiche vnderstonde hir tale.
Nowe haue I of this nightyngale,
Whiche erst was cleped Philomene,
Tolde all that euer wolde mene,
Both of hir forme, and of hir note,
Wherof men maie the storie note.
And of hir sister Progne I finde,
How she was tourned out of kynde
In to a swalowe swifte of wynge,
Whiche eke in winter lieth swownynge
There as she maie no thyng be sene,
But whan the wodde is woxen grene,
And comen is the sommer tide,
Than fleeth she forth, and ginneth to chide,
And chetereth out in hir langage,
What falsehede is in mariage,
And telleth in a maner spethe
Of Thereus the spouse brethe:
She wol not in the wooddes dwelle,
For she wolde openlich telle,
And eke for that she was a spouse,
Amonge the folke she cometh to house,
To do these wines vnderstonde
The falshode of her husbonde,
That thei of hem beware also.
For there be many vntrewe of tho.
Thus ben the sisters bryddes bothe,
And ben towarde the men so lothe,
That thei ne will for pure shame
To no mans honde be tame.
For euer it dwelleth in her mynde,
Of that thei fonde a man vnkynde,
And that was fals Thereus,
If suche one be amonge vs
I note, but his condicion
Men saie in euery region,
Within towne and eke without,
Nowe reigneth comonly about.
And natheles in remembrance
I will declare, what vengeance
The goddes hadden hym ordeined,
Of that the sisters hadden pleined.
For anone after he was chaunged,
And from his owne kinde straunged,
A lapwynke made he was.

And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
And on his heed there stont vp right
A creft, in token of a knight.
And yet vnto this day, men seith,
A lappynke hath lost his feith,
And is the birde falsest of all.
Beware my sonne er the so fall.
For if thou be of suche couine,
To get of loue by rauine
Thy lust: it mate the falle thus,
As it befelle to Thereus.
My father god forbede:
Me were leuer be forstrede
With wilde horses, and to drawe,
Er I ageine loue, and his lawe,
Did ony thyng, or loude or still,
Whiche were not my ladies will.
Men sayen, that euery loue hath drede:
So followeth it, that I hir drede,
For I hir loue, and who so dredeth,
To please his loue and serue hym nedeth.
Thus mate ye knowe by this skill,
That no rauine doone I will
Ageine hir will, by suche a weye,
But whyle I liue, I will obeye,
Abydynge on hir courtesie,
If any mercy wolde hir plie.
For thy my father, as of this
I wote nought I haue do amisse.
But farthermore I you beseche,
Some other pointe that ye me teche,
And asketh forthe if there be ought,
That I mate be the better tought.

Viuat vt ex spoliis grandi quã sæpe tumultu,
Quo graditur, populus latro perurget iter:
Sic amor ex casu poterit, quo capere prædã,
Si locus est aptus, cætera nulla timet.

Hic loquitur super illa cupiditatis specie, quã furtum vocãt, cuius ministri alicuius legis offensam non metuentes tam in amoris causa quam aliter, suam quam sæpe conscientiam offendunt.

Whan Couetise in poure estate
Stont with hym selfe vpon debate,
Through lacke of his misgouernance,
That he vnto his sustenance
Ne can no nother wate finde
To get hym good: than as the blinde
Which seeth nought, what shal after fall,
That like vice, whiche men call
Of Robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
Of thyng, whiche other men beswynke,
He getteth hym clothe, mete, and drinke:
Hym retcheth nought, what he begynne
Through theste, so that he mate wynne.
For thy to make his purchaas
He lieth awaytende on the paas,
And what thyng that he seeth ther passe,
He taketh his parte, or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take:
He can the pakkes well ransake,
So priuely beareth none aboute
His golde, that he ne sint it oute,
Or other iewell what it bee,
He taketh it as his proprete,
In wooddes, and in feldes eke,
Thus robbery goth to seke,
Where as he mate his purchas finde.
And right so in the same kinde,
My good sone as thou might here,
To speke of loue in this mattere,
And make a very resemblance,
Right as a theefe maketh his cheuesance,
And robbeth mens gooddes aboute,
In wooddes and felde, where he goth oute.
So bene there of these louers somme
In wilde stedes, where thei come,
And finden there a woman able,
And therto place conenable,
Withouten leue, er that thei fare,
Thei take a parte of that chaffare,
Be though she were a shepeherdesse,
Yet woll the lorde of wantonnesse
Assaie, all though she be vnmete.
For other mens good is swete.
But therof wote nothyng the wife
At home, whiche loueth as hir life
Hir lorde, and sit all daie wisshynge
After hir lordes home comynge,
But whan that he cometh home at eue,
Anone he maketh his wife beleue.
For she nought els shulde knowe,
He telleth hir, how his hunt hath blowe,
And howe his houndes haue well ronne,
And howe there shone a merry sonne,

And

And howe his hawkes flowen wele:
But he wol telle hir neuer a dele,
Howe he to loue vntrewe was,
Of that he robbed in the pas,
And toke his luft vnder the shawe
Ageyne loue, and ageyn his lawe.
Whiche thyng my sonn. I the forbede.
For it is an vngoodly dede.
For who that taketh by robberie
His loue, he may not iustifie
His cause: and so full oft sithe,
For ones that he hath ben blithe,
He shall ben after sorie thries.
Examples for suche robberies
I finde writtten as thou shalt here
Accordende vnto this matere.

Hic loquitur contra istos in amoris causa prædones, qui cum suam furtiue concupiscentiam aspirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur, Et narrat, quod cum Neptunus quandam Virginem nomine Cornicem solam in alta mare deambulantem opprimere suo furto voluisset, superueniens Pallas ipsam de manibus eius, Virginitate seruata gratius liberauit.

I redy how whilom was a maide,
The fairest, as Ouide saide,
Whiche was in hir tyme tho,
And she was of the chamber also
Of Pallas, whiche is the goddesse,
And wife to Mars, of whome prowesse
Is youe to these worthy knightes.
For he is of so great mightes,
That he gouerneth the batalle,
Withouten hym may nought auaile
The stronge honde, but he it helpe,
There may no knight of armes yelpe,
But he fight vnder his banere:
But nowe to speke of my matere,
This faire freshe luftie maie,
Alone as she went on a daie
Upon the stronde for to plaie,
There came Neptunus in the waie,
Whiche hath the sea in gouernance,
And in his herte suche plesance
He toke, whan he this maiden sigh,
That all his hert aros on high.
For he so sodenliche vnware
Beheld the beautee, that she bare,
And cast anone within his herte,
That she hym shall no waie asterte,
But if he take in auantage
Fro thilke maide somme pillage,
Nought of the broches ne the ringes,
But of some other smale thynges,
He thought parte, er that he went:
And hir in bothe his armes hent,
And put his honde towarde the cofre,
Where to robbe he made a profre,
That luftie treasour for to steale,
Whiche passeth other goodes fele,
And cleped is the maidenhead,
Whiche is the floure of womanhead.
This maide, whiche Cornix by name
Was hote, dredynge all shame,
Sigh, that she might nought debate:
And well she wist, he wolde algate
Fulfille his luste of robberie:
Anone began to wepe and crie,
And saide: O Pallas noble quene,
Shewe nowe thy might, and let be sene,
To kepe and saue myn honour,
Helpe that I lese nought my floure,
Whiche nowe vnder thy key is loke.
That worde was not so soone spoke,
Whan Pallas hope recouire
After the wille and the desire
Of hir, whiche a maide was:
And sodeinly vpon this cas,
Out of hir womanliche kinde
In to a briddes likenes I finde,
She was transformed forth withall,
So that Neptunus nothyng stall
Of such thyng that he wolde haue stole.
With fethers blacke as any cole
Out of his armes in a throwe
She fleth before his eien a crowe,
Whiche was to hir a more delite,
To kepe hir maidenhead white,
Under the wede of fethers blacke,
In perles white than forsake
That no life may recoure agayne.
But this Neptune his herte in vayne
Hath vpon robberie sette.
The brid is flowe, and he was let,
The faire maide is hym escaped,
Wherof for euer he was betaped,

And scorned of that he hath lore.
¶My sonne be thou ware therfore,
That thou no maidenhead stele,
Wherof men see diseases sele,
That haue happened in sondrie wise,
So as I shall the yet deuise
Another tale therupon,
Whiche felle by olde daies gone.

¶HIC ponit exemplum contra istos in causa Virginitatis lese per predones, et narrat quod cū Calisto regis Lichaonis mire pulchritudinis filia, sua Virginitatē Diane conseruandam castissima vouisset, Et in siluam, que Tegea dicitur, inter alias ibidem nymphas morarurā se transfudisset, Jupiter Virginis castitatē subtili furto furripiens, quendam filium, qui postea Archas nominatus est, ex ea genuit, Vnde Juno in Calistonem seniens, eius pulchritudinem in vrse turpissime deformitatem subito transfiguraut.

¶Kynge Lichaon vpon his wife
A daughter had, a goodly life,
And clene maiden of worthy fame,
Calistona whose right name
Was cleped, and of many a lorde
She was besought, but hir accorde
To loue might no man wynne,
As she, whiche hath no luste therinne,
But swore within hir herte, and saide,
That she woll euer ben a maide.
Wherfore to kepe hir selfe in pees,
With suche as Amadriades
Were cleped woodmaidens tho,
And with the nymphes eke also,
Vpon the springe of freshe welles,
She shope to dwelle, and no where elles.
And thus came this Calistona
Into the woodde of Tegea,
Where she virginitee behight
Unto Diane, and therto plight
Hir trouth vpon the bowes grene,
To kepe hir maidenhead clene.
Whiche afterwarde vpon a daie
Was priuelich stole awaie.
For Iupiter through his queintise
From hir it toke in suche a wise,
That sodenliche soorth withall
Hir wombe arose, and she to swall,
So that it might not be hid
And therupon it is betid,
That Diane, whiche it herde telle
In priue place vnto a welle,
With Nymphes al a companie
Was come, and in a ragerie
She saide, that she bathe wolde,
And bad that euery maiden sholde
With hir all naked bathe also.
And tho began the priuie wo,
Calistona wex rede for shame:
But thei that knewe not the game,
To whom no suche thyng was befall,
Anone thei made hem naked all,
As thei nothyng wolde hide,
But she withorewe hir euer aside.
And netheles in the floode,
Where that Diana hir selfe stoode,
She thought to come vnperceiued:
But therof she was all deceiued.
For whan she came a litell nighe,
And that Diana hir wombe sighe,
She said: awaie thou foule beste.
For thyne aflate is not honest
This chaste water for to touche.
For thou hast take suche a touche,
Whiche neuer maie ben hole ageyne,
And thus goth she, whiche was forleine,
With shame, and the Nymphes fledde,
Till whan that nature hir spedde,
That of a sonne, whiche Archas
Was named, she deliuered was.
And tho Iuno, whiche was the wife
Of Iupiter (wrothe and hatefe
In purpose for to do vengeaunce)
Came forthe vpon thilke chaunce,
And to Calistona she spake,
And set vpon hir many a lacke,
And said: a nowe thou arte take,
That thou thy werke might not forsake,
A thou vngoodly hypocrite,
Thou art greatly for to wite.
But nowe thou shalt full sore abie
That like stelthe of micherie,
That thou hast both take and do,
Wherof thy fader Lichaō
Shall not be glad, whan he it wote,
Of that his doughter was so hote,

That

That she hath broken hir chast bowe:
But I the shall chastise nowe,
Thy great beautee shall be torned,
Through whiche ỳ thou hast be mistorned.
Thy large fronte, thy eien graye
I shall hem chaunge in other waye,
And all the feture of thy face
In suche a wise I shall deface,
That euery man the shall forbeare.
With that the likenes of a beare
She toke, and was forshapen anone.
Within a tyme and therupon
Befelle, that with a bowe in honde,
To hunte and game for to fonde
In to that woodde goth to plaie
Hir sonne Archas, and in his waie
It happeth that this beare came.
And whan that he good hede name,
Where that he stode vnder the bough,
She knewe hym well, and to hym drough.
For though she had hir forme lore,
The loue was nought lost therfore,
Whiche kinde hath set vnder his lawe.
Whan she vnder the woodde shawe
Hir childe beheld, she was so glad,
That she with both hir armes spradd,
As though she were in womanhed,
Toward hym come, and toke none hede
Of that he bare a bowe bente,
And he with that an arowe hath hent,
And gan to teise it in his bowe,
As he that can none other knowe,
But that it was a beste wilde.
But Iupiter, whiche wolde shilde
The moder, and the sonne also,
Dredeneth for hem both two,
That thei for euer were saue.
But thus my sonne thou might haue
Ensample, howe that it is to flee,
To robbe the virginitee
Of a yonge innocent aweye.
And ouer this by other weye,
In olde bokes as I rede
Suche robberie is for to drede,
And namliche of thilke good,
Whiche euery woman that is good,
Desireth for to kepe and holde,
As whilome was by dates olde.
For if thou here my tale wele
Of that was tho, thou might somdele
Of olde ensamples taken hede,
Howe that the floure of maidenhede
Was thilke tyme holde in pris:
And so it was, and so it is,
And so it shall for euer stonde:
And for thou shalt it vnderstonde,
Nowe herken a tale nexte sewende
Howe maidenhede is to commende.

¶ Hic loquitur de Virginitatis commendatione, Vbi dicit, quòd nuper Imperatores ob tãti status dignitatem Virginibus cedebant in via.

¶ Of Rome amonge the gestes olde
I finde, howe that Valery tolde,
That what man was tho emperour
Of Rome, he shulde done honour
To the virgin, and in the weye,
Where he hir mete, he shulde obeye
In worship of virginitee,
Whiche was tho a great dignitee,
Nought oneliche of the women tho,
But of the chaste men also
It was commended ouerall.
And for to speke in speciall,
Touchend of men ensample I finde.

¶ Hic loquitur qualiter Phirinus inuenit Rome pulcherrimus, Et illesam suam Virginitatem conseruaret, amboos oculos eruens Vultus sui decore abhominabilem constituit.

¶ Phirinus, whiche was of mans kinde
Aboue all other the faireste
Of Rome, and eke the comliest:
That well was hir, whiche hym might
Beholde, and haue of hym a sight.
Thus was he tempted ofte sore,
But for he wolde be no more
Amonge the women so coueited,
The beautee of his face streited
He hath, and put out bothe his eien,
That all women, whiche it seine,
Than afterwarde of hym ne rought.
And thus his maidenhead he bought.
So may I proue wel for thy,
Aboue all other vnder the sky,
That maidenhead is for to preise.

Who

Who that the vertues wolde peise,
Whiche, as the Apocalipsis recordeth,
To Christe in heuen best accordeth:
So may it shewe well therfore,
As I haue tolde it here to fore,
In heuen, and eke in erth also,
It is accepte to bothe two,
Out of his flesshe a man to liue,
Gregorie hath this ensample yeue,
And saith: it shall rather be tolde,
Liche to an angell many folde,
Than to the life of mans kinde,
There is no reason for to finde,
But onely through the grace aboue,
In flesshe without flesshely loue
A man to liue chaste here.
And netheles a man maie here
Of suche, that haue bene er this,
And yet there bene, but for it is
A vertue, whiche is selden wonne:
Nowe I this matter haue begonne,
I thynke tellen ouer more,
Whiche is my sonne for thy lore,
If that thee lifte to taken hede,
To trete vpon the maidenhede.

Vt rosa de spinis spineto prevalet orta,
Et lilij flores cespite plura valent:
Sic sibi virginitas carnis sponsalia vincit,
Aeternos fœtus quæ sine labe parit.

The boke seith, that a mans life
Upon knighthode in a warre and strife
Is set amonge his ennemies,
The freple flesshe, whose nature is
Ay redy for to spurne and fall,
The first foman is of all.
For thilke warre is redy aie,
It warreth night, it warreth daie,
So that a man hath neuer rest.
For thy is thilke knight the best,
Through might and grace of gods sonde,
Whiche that bataile maie withstonde,
Wherof yet dwelleth the memorie
Of hem, that some tyme the victorie
Of thilke deadly warre hadden:
The high prowesse, whiche thei ladden,
Wherof the soule stode amended,
Upon this erthe it is commended.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Sarracinorum imperator, cū ipse octogenarius plures provinciae Romano Imperio bellliger subiunxit, dixit se super omnia magis gaudere de eo, q̄ contra suæ carnis cōcupiscētiam victoriam optinuisset, nam et ipse virgo omnibus diebus vitæ suæ castissimus permansit.

An emperour by olde dates
There was, and he at all assates
A worthie knight was of his honde,
There was none suche in all the londe.
But yet for all his vasellage,
He stode vnwedded all his age,
And in cronike as it is tolde,
He was an hundred wynter olde.
But whan men wolde his dedes peise,
And his knighthode of armes preise,
Of that he did with his hondes,
Whan he the kynges of the londes
To his subiection put vnder:
Of all that preise hath he no wonder.
For he it set of none accounte,
And said, all that maie not amounte
Ayens a point, whiche he hath nome,
That he his flesshe hath ouercome.
He was a virgine, as he saide,
On that bataile his pris he laide.
Lo nowe my sonne auise thee.
The fader all this maie well bee.
But if all other dede so,
The worlde of men were soone ago.
And in the lawe a man maie finde,
Howe god to man by wey of kinde
Hath set the worlde to multiplie.
And who that woll hym iustifie,
It is enough to do the lawe.
And netheles your good sawe
Is good to kepe, who so maie,
I wol nought there ayen say naie.
My sonne take it as I saye,
If maidenhead be take awaye,
Without lawes ordinaunce,
It may not faile of vengeaunce,
And if thou wolte the soth witten,
Beholde a tale, the whiche is mitten
Howe that the kynge Agamemnon,
Whan he the citee of Lesbon
Hath wonne, a maiden there he fonde,
Whiche was the faireft of the londe,

In

In thilke tyme, that men wist
He toke of hir what hym list
Of thyng, whiche was most precious,
Wherof that she was daungerous.
This faire maide cleped is
Chryseis, the doughter of Chrisis,
Whiche was that tyme in speciall
Of thilke temple principall,
Where Phebus had his sacrifice:
So was it well the more vice.
Agamemnon was than in waye
To Troiwarde, and toke a waye
This maiden, whiche he with hym lad,
So great lust in hir he had.
But Phebus, which hath great disdain,
Of that his maiden was forlain,
Anone as he to Troie came,
Mengeance vpon this dede he name,
And sent a commune pestilence.
Thei soughten than her euidence,
And maden calculacion,
To knowe in what condicion
This deth cam in so sodenly.
And at laste redily
The cause and eke the man thei fonde.
And forth with al the same stounde
Agamemnon opposed was,
Whiche hath knowen all the cas
Of the folie, whiche he hath wrought:
And therupon mercy thei sought
Toward the god in sondrie wise
With prayer and with sacrifice.
The maiden home ayene thei sende,
And yafe hir good enough to spende
For euer whiles she wolde liue.
And thus the sinne was forgyue,
And all the pestilence seced.
Lo what it is to ben encreced
Of loue, whiche is ylle wonne.
It were better nought begonne,
Than take a thyng without leue,
Whiche thou must after nedes leue,
And yet haue maugre forth with all.
For thy to robben ouer all
In loues cause if thou begynne,
I not what ease thou shalt wynne.
¶ My sonne be well ware of this.
For thus of robbery it is.

¶ My father your exemplaris
In loues cause of robberie,
I haue it right well vnderstonde.
But ouer this howe so it stonde,
Yet wol I wite of your aprise,
What thyng is more of couetise.

Insidiando latens tempus rimatur & horam
Fur quibus occulto tempore furta parat:
Sic amor insidiis vacat, & sub tegmine ludos
Prendere furtinos nocte fauente queat.

¶ Hic tractat super illa cupiditatis specie, quæ secretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura cussodie rerum nesciente ea que cupit, tam per diē quā per noctem absq; strepitu clanculo furatur.

¶ With couetise yet I finde
A seruant of the same kinde,
Whiche stelth is hote, and micherie
With hym is euer in companie.
Of whom if I shall telle soothe.
He stalketh as a pecocke doothe,
And taketh his preie so couerte,
That no man wote it in aperte.
For whan he wote the lorde from home,
Than woll he stalke about and come,
And what thyng he sint in his wey,
Whan that he seeth the men awey,
He stealeth it, and goth forth withall,
That therof no man knowe shall:
And eke full ofte he goth a night,
Without moone or sterre light.
And with his crafte the doore vnpiketh,
And taketh therin what hym liketh.
And if the doore be so shette,
That he be of his entre lette,
He will in at the wyndowe crepe
And while the lorde is fast a slepe,
He steleth, what thyng hym best lik,
And goth his wey er it be wist,
Full ofte also by light of daie,
Yet woll he steale, and make assaie:
Vnder the cote his honde he put,
Till he the mans purs haue cut,
And rifley that he sint therin:
And thus he auntreth hym to wyn,
And beareth an horn, & nought ne bloweth,
For no man of his counsaile knoweth,
What he maie gette of his michynge,

It is all bille vnder the wynge.
And as an hounde that goth to folde
And hath there take what he wolde,
His mouth vpon the gras he wipeth,
And so with feigned chere hym slipeth,
That what as euer of shepe he strangle,
There is no man therof shall iangle,
And for to knowe who it dede
Right so dothe stelthe in euery stede,
Where as hym lift his preie take,
He can so well his cause make,
And so well feigne, and so well glose,
That there ne shall no man suppose,
But that he were an innocent.
And thus a mans eie he blent,
So that this crafte I maie remeue
Withouten helpe of any meue.

There be louers of that degree,
Whiche all her luft in priuetee,
As who saith getten all by stelth,
And ofte atteinen to great welth,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.
For loue awayteth euer, and casteth
Howe he maie stele, and catche his praie,
Whan he therto maie finde a way.
For be it night, or be it daie,
He taketh his parte, whan that he maie.
And if he maie no more do,
Yet woll he stele a russe or two.
¶My sonne what saist thou therto?
Telle if thou didst euer so?
My father how? ¶My sonne thus:
If thou hast stole any russe,
Or other thyng, whiche therto longeth.
For no man suche theues hongeth:
Telle on for thy, and saith the trouth.
¶My father naye, and that is routh.
For by my wille, I am a thefe,
But she, that is to me most lefe
Yet durst I neuer in priuetee
Nought ones take hir by the knee
To steale of hir, or this, or that:
And if I durst, I wote well what.
And netheles but if I lie,
By stelth ne by robberie
Of loue, whiche fell in my thought,
To hir did I neuer nought.
But as men seyne, where herte is fasted,
There shall no fastell be assailed.
But though I had hertes ten,
And were as stronge as all men,
If I be not myn owne man,
And dare not vsen, that I can,
I maie my selfe not recouere,
Though I be man neuer so pouere.
I beare an herte, and hirs it is
So that me faileth wit in this,
Howe that I shulde of myne accorde
The seruant lede ayenst the lorde.
For if my foote wolde owhere go,
Or that my honde wolde els do,
What that my herte is there againe,
The remenant is all in vaine,
And thus me lacketh all wele,
And yet ne dare I nothyng stele
Of thyng, whiche longeth vnto loue:
And eke it is so high aboue,
I maie not well therto areche,
But if so be a tyme of speche
Full selde, if than I stele maie
A worde or two, and go my waie.
Betwixte hir high estate and me
Comparison there maie none be:
So that I fele, and well I wote,
All is to heuy and to hote
To set on honde without leue.
And thus I mot algate leue
To stele, that I maie not take,
And in this wise I mote forsake
To ben a thefe ayen my wille
Of thyng, whiche I maie not fulfille.

For that serpent, whiche neuer slepe,
The flees of golde so well ne kepte
In Colchos, as the tale is tolde,
That my lady a thousand folde
Is better zemed, and bewaked,
Where she be clothed, or be naked,
To kepe hir body night and daie
She hath a wardein redy aie,
Whiche is so wounderfull a wight,
That hym ne maie no mans might
With swerd, ne with no wepon daunte,
Ne with no sleight of charme enchant,
Wherof he might be made tame,
And Danger is his right name,
Whiche vnder locke, and vnder key,

That

That no man may it ſkele awey,
Hath al the treſour vnder longe,
That vnto loue maie belonge:
The leſt lokynge of hir eye
Maie not be ſkole, if he it ſey.
And who ſo grutcheth for ſo lite,
He wold ſoone ſet a wite
On hym, that wolde ſkele more,
And that me greueth wonder ſore.
For this prouerbe is euer newe,
That ſtronge lockes maken trewe
Of hem that wolden ſkele and pike.
For ſo wel can there no man ſlike
By hym ne by no other mene,
To whom Danger wol yeue or lene
Of that treſour he hath to kepe:
So though I wold ſtalke and crepe,
And waite on eue, and eke on morowe,
Of Danger ſhal I nothyng borowe:
And ſkele wel ne maie I nought.
And thus I am right wel bethought,
While Danger ſtont in his offire,
Of ſkelth, whiche ye clepe a vice,
I ſhall be giltie neuer mo.
Therfore I wold he were ago
So fer, that I neuer of hym herde,
Howe ſo that afterward it ferde.
For than I might yet percas
Of loue make ſome purchas
By ſkelth, or by ſome other waye,
That nowe fro me ſtont fer awaye.
But fader as ye tolde aboue
How ſkelth goth a night for loue,
I may not wel that pointe forſake,
That oft tymes I ne wake
On nightes, whan that other ſlepe.
But howe, I pray you take kepe,
Whan I am lodged in ſuche wiſe,
That I by night maie ariſe,
At ſome wyndowe and loken out,
And ſee the howlinge al about,
So that I maie the chamber knowe,
In whiche my ladie, as I trowe,
Lieth in hir bed, and ſlepeth ſofte:
Than is myn hert a theſe full ofte.
For there I ſtonde and beholde
The longe nightes, that ben colde,
And thynke on hir, that lieth there:
And than I wiſſhe, that I were
Als wiſe as was Nectanabus,
Or elles as was Protheus,
That couthen both of Nigromance,
In what likeneſſe, in what ſemblance,
Right as hym liſt hym ſelfe tranſforme.
For if I were of ſuche a forme,
I ſey than I wolde fice
In to hir chamber for to ſee,
If any grace wold falle:
So that I might vnder the palle
Some thyng of loue pike and ſkele.
And thus I thinke thoughtes fele:
And though there of no thyng be ſoth,
Yet eaſe as for a tyme it doth.
But at laſt whan I finde,
That I am fall in to my minde,
And ſee, that I haue ſtonde longe,
And haue no profite vnderfonge:
Than ſtalke I to my bedde within.
And this is all that euer I winne
Of loue, whan I walke on night,
My will is good, but of my might
Me lacketh both, and of my grace.
For who ſo that my thought embrace,
Yet haue I nought the better ferde.
My father lo, nowe haue ye herde,
What I by ſkelth of loue haue do,
And howe my wille hath be therto,
If I be worthie to penance,
I put it to your ordinance.
¶ My ſonne of ſkelth I the behete,
Though it be for a tyme ſwete,
At ende it dooth but litell good,
As by enſample howe that it ſtood
Whilom, I maie the tell nowe.
¶ I pray you father tell me howe.
¶ My ſonne of him, whiche goth by daie
By wey of ſkelthe to aſſaie
In loues cauſe, and taketh his praie,
Ouide ſaide, as I ſhall ſaie
And in his Methamor he tolde
A tale, whiche is good to holde.

¶ Hic in amoris cauſa ſuper iſto latrocinio, quod de nocte contingit, ponit exemplum. Et narrat, quod cū Leucothea Orcami filia in cameris ſubarcta matris cuſtodia virgo preſeruabatur, Phebus eius pulchritudinem concupiſcens in concluſo domus

domus clara luce subintrans, Virginis pudicitiam matre absente defloravit, Inde ipsa impregnata iratus pater filiam suam ad sepeliendum vivam effodit, ex cuius tumulo florem, quem sole sequium vocant, dicunt tunc cõsequẽter primitus accreuisse.

¶The poet, vpon this matere
Of felth, wrote in this manere.
Venus, whiche hath the lawe in honde
Of thyng, whiche male not be withstonde,
As she, whiche the treloure to warde
Of loue, hath within hir warde,
Phebus to loue hath so constreigned,
That he without rest is peined
With all his heate to coueyte
A maiden, whiche was warded streyte
Within chambre, and kepte so close,
That selden was, whan she disclose,
Goth with hir mother for to plate,
Leuchothea, so as men sate,
This maiden highte, and Orchamus
Hir father was: and befelle thus,
This doughter, that was kept so dere,
And had ben fro yere to yere,
Under hir mothers discipline,
A clene maide, and a virgine:
Vpon the wose natiuitee,
Of comely head, and of beautee
Nature hath set all that she male
That liche vnto the freslhe male,
Whiche other monethes of the yere
Surmounteth: so without pere
Was of this maiden the feyture,
Wherof Phebus out of measure
Hir loueth, and on euery side
Awaiteth, if so may betide,
That he through any sleight might
Hir luslie maiden head vnright,
The whiche were all his worldes welth.
And thus lurkynge vpon his felth,
In his awaite so longe he late,
Till it befell vpon a date,
That he through out hir chambre wall
Came in all sodeinliche, and stall
That thyng, that was to hym so liefe:
But wo the while, he was a thefe.
For Venus, whiche was enemie
Of thilke loues micherie,
Discouereth all the plaine caas
To Climene, whiche than was
Towarde Phebus his concubine.
And she to let the couine
Of thilke loue, deadly wrothe
To plein vpon this maide she goth,
And tolde hir father howe it stoode:
Wherof for sorowe well nighe woode,
Vnto hir mother thus he saide:
Lo what it is to kepe a maide:
To Phebus dare I nothyng speke,
But vpon hir it shall be wreke,
So that these maidens after this
Mowe take ensample, what it is
To suffre her maiden head be stole,
Wherof that she the deth shall thole:
And bad with that, to make a pitte,
Wherin he hath his doughter sette,
As he that woll no pitee haue,
So that she was all quicke begraue,
And deide anone in his presence.
But Phebus, for the reuerence
Of that she had ben his loue,
Hath wrought, through his power aboue,
That she spronge vp out of the molde
In to a floure, was named golde,
Whiche stonte gouerned of the sonne.
And thus whan loue is euill wonne,
Full ofte it cometh to repentaile.
¶My fader that is no meruaile,
Whan that the counsell is bewreyed:
But oft tyme loue hath pleyed,
And stolle many a prive game,
Whiche neuer yet cam in to blame
Whan that the thynges weren hid.
But in youre tale as it betid,
Venus discouereth all the cas,
And eke also brode date it was,
Whan Phebus suche a stelthe wrought,
Wherof the maide in blame he brought,
That afterward she was so lore,
But for ye saiden nowe to fore,
Howe stelth of loue goth by night,
And doth his thynges out of sight,
Therof me lust also to here
A tale liche to the matere,
Wherof I might ensample take.
¶My good sonne for thy sake,
So as it befelle by daies olde,

And

And ſo as the poet it tolde,
Upon the nightes mitherie,
Nowe herken a tale of poeſie.

¶HIC PONIT EXEMPLVM ſuper eodem, quod de nocte contingit. Et narrat qualiter Hercules cum Iole in quadam ſpelunca nobili, Thophis dicta, ſub monte Tmolo, vbi ſylua Bacchi eſt, hoſpicio pernoctarūt. Et cum ipſi variis lectis ſeparatim iacētes dormierūt, cōtigit lectum Herculis veſtimentis Iole, lectum q3 Iole pelle leonis, qua Hercules induebatur, operiri: ſuper quo Faunus a ſylua deſcendens ſpeluncam ſubintrauit, temptans ſi forte cum Iole ſue concupiſcentie voluptatem, neſciente Hercule furari poſſet. Et cum ad lectum Herculis multiebri pallata veſte ex caſu peruenīſſet, putās Iolen fuiſſe, cubiculum nudo corpore ingreditur: quem ſentiens Hercules manibus apprehenſum ipſū ad terram ita fortiter affliſit, vt impotens ſui corporis effectus ſq3 mane ibidē requieuit. Vbi Saba cum Nymphis ſylueſtribus ſuperueniens, ipſum ſic illuſum deridebat.

The mightieſt of all men
Whan Hercules with Iolen,
Whiche was the loue of his courage,
To gether vpon a pilgremage
Towarde Rome ſhulden go,
It fell hem by the waie ſo,
That thei vpon a daie a caue
Within a roche founden haue,
Whiche was roiall and glorious,
And of entaile curious,
By name and Thophis it was hote:
The ſonne ſhone tho wonder hote,
As it was in the ſomer tide.
This Hercules, whiche by his ſide
Hath Iolen his loue there,
Whan thei at thilke caue were,
He ſeyd, he thought it for the beſt,
That ſhe hir for the hete reſt
All thilke daie, and thilke night.
And ſhe that was a luſtie wight,
It liketh hir all that he ſeyde.
And thus thei dwell yet and pleyde
The longe daie, and ſo befill
This caue was vnder the hyll
Of Tmolus, whiche was begrowe
With vines, and at thilke throwe
Faunus with Saba the goddeſſe,
By whom the large wilderneſſe
In thilke tyme ſtode gouerned,
Were in a place, as I am lerned,
Nighe by, whiche Bacchus woodde highte.
This Faunus toke a great inſight
Of Iolen that was nowe nighe.
For whan that he hir beautie ſighe,
Out of his wit he was aſloted
And in his herte it hath ſo noted,
That he forſoke the Nimphes all,
And ſayde, he wolde, howe ſo it fall,
Aſſaie an other for to winne:
So that his hert thought within
He ſet, and caſt, howe that it might
Of loue pike awaie by night,
That he by daie in other wiſe
To ſtele might not ſuffiſe:
And therupon his time awaiteth,
Now take good hede howe loue aſſaieth
Hym, whiche with all is ouercome.
Faire Iolen whan ſhe was come
With Hercules in to the caue,
She ſayde hym, that ſhe wolde haue
His clothes of, and hirs bothe,
And eche of hem ſhuld other cloth,
And all was do right as ſhe bad,
He hath hir in his clothes clad,
And caſt on hir his golion,
Whiche of the ſkin of a lion
Was made, as he vpon the weie
It ſlough: and ouer this to pleie
She toke his great male alſo,
And knit it at hir gyrdell tho:
So was ſhe liche the man arraied,
And Hercules than hath aſſaied
To clothen hym in hir arraie:
And thus thei lape forth the daie,
Till that her ſouper redy were,
And whan thei hadden ſouped there,
Thei thopen hem to go to reſt,
And as it thought hem for the beſt,
They bad, as for thilke night,
Two ſondry beddes ſhuld be dight,
For thei togeder ligge nolde,
Becauſe that thei offer wolde
Upon the morowe her ſacrifice.
The ſeruantes didden her office,

And sondry beddes made anone,
Wherin that they to rest gone
Eche by hem selfe in sondry place.
Fayre Iolen hath set the mace
Besides hir beddes head aboue,
And with the clothes of hir loue
She hilled all hir bedde aboute:
And he, whiche nothyng had in doute,
Hir wimple wonde aboute his cheke,
Hir kyrtell, and hir mantell eke,
Abrode vpon his bedde he spredde:
And thus thei slepen bothe a bedde.
What of trauaile, what of wine,
The seruantes like to dronken swine
Began for to route faste.
This Faunus, whiche his stelth cast,
Was than comen to the caue,
And fonde thei were all saue
Without noyse, and in he went,
The derke night his sight blent,
And yet it happed hym to go,
Where Iolen a bedde tho
Was layde alone for to slepe,
But for he wolde take kepe,
Whose bedde it was, he made assaie,
And of a lion where he laie
The cote he founde, and eke he feleth
The mace, and than his herte keleth,
That there durst he not abide,
But stalketh vpon euery side,
And sought about with his honde,
That other bedde tyll that he fonde,
Where laie bewympled a visage:
Tho was he glad in his courage.
For he hir kirtell fonde also,
And eke hir mantell both two
Besprad vpon the bed alofte.
He made hym naked than, and softe
Into the bed vnware he crepte,
Where Hercules that tyme slepte,
And wende well it were she.
And thus in stede of Iole
Anone he profreth hym to loue.
But he, whiche felte a man aboue,
This Hercules hym threwe to grounde
So sore, that thei haue hym founde
Lyggende there vpon the morowe.
And tho was nought a litell sorowe,
That Faunus of hym selfe made,
But els thei were all glade,
And lough hym to scorne aboute.
Saba with Nymphes all a route.
Came downe to loke howe it ferde:
And whan that thei the soth herde,
He was beiaped ouerall.
¶My sonne be thou ware with all
To serche suche micheries,
But if thou haue the better aspies,
In aunter if the so betide,
As Faunus did thilke tide:
Wherof thou might be shamed so.
¶Myn holy fader certes no,
But if I had right good leue,
Suche micherie I thinke leue,
My faynt herte woll not serue.
For maugre wolde I not deserue
In thilke place, where I loue.
But for ye tolden here aboue,
Of couetise and his pillage,
If there be more of that lignage,
Whiche toucheth to my shrifte, I praie,
That ye therof me wolde saie,
So that I maie the vice eschewe.
¶Sonne if I by order shewe
The vices, as thei stonde a rowe
Of couetise, thou shalt knowe,
There is yet one, whiche is the lasse,
In whome there maie no vertue lasse.
For he with god hym selfe debateth,
Wherof that all the heuen hym hateth

Sacrilegus tantũ furto loca sacra prophanat,
Vt sibi sint agri, sic domus alma dei,
Nec locus est, in quo nõ tẽptat amãs, & amat,
Si quæ posse nequit, carpere velle capit.

¶Hic tractat super Vltima Cupiditatis specie, que sacrilegium dicitur, cuius furtum ea & altissimo sanctificantur Bona deprædans, ecclesie tantum spoliis insidiatur.

¶The high god, whiche all good
Purueied hath for mans foode,
Of clothes and of meate and drynke,
Bade Adam, that he shuld swynke,
To getten hym his substance:
And eke he set an ordinance
Vpon a lawe of Moyses,
That though a man be haueles,

Yet

Yet shall he not by theft stele.
But nowe a daies there ben fele,
That woll no labour vndertake,
But what thei maie by stelth take,
Thei holde it sikerliche wonne.
And thus the lawe is ouerronne,
Whiche god hath set, and namely
With hem that so vntruly
The gooddes robbe of holy churche.
The theft, whiche thei than wurche,
By name is cleped Sacrilege,
Ayen the whom I thinke allege,
Upon the pointes as we ben taught,
Stont Sacrilege, and elles nought.
The first point is for to saye,
Whan that a theef shall stele awaie
The holy thyng from holy place.
The seconde is, if he purchace
By waye of theft vnholy thynge,
Whiche he vpon his knowlageynge
Fro holy place awaie toke.
The thirde point, as saieth the boke,
Is suche, as where as euer it be,
In woodde, in felde, or in citee,
Shall no man stele by no wise,
That halowed is to the seruise
Of god, whiche all thynges wotte.
But there is nother cold ne hotte,
Whiche he for god or man woll spare,
So that the body maie wel fare,
And that he maie the world escape,
The heuen hym thynketh is but a iape.
And thus the sooth for to telle,
He riseleth both boke and belle,
So forth with all the remenant,
To gods hows appertinant.
Where that he shulde bidde his bede,
He doth his theft in holy stede,
And taketh what thyng he fint therin.
For whan he seeth, that he maie wyn,
He wonneth for no curtidnesse,
That he ne breketh the holynesse,
And doth to god no reuerence.
For he hath lost his conscience,
That though the prelle therfore curse,
He seith, he fareth not the wurse.
And for to speke it other wise,
What man that lasseth the franchise,
And taketh of holy churche his praie,
I not what bedes he shall praie,
Whan he fro god, whiche hath yeue all,
The purpartie in speciall,
Whiche vnto Christe hym selfe is due,
Bynemeth, he maie not wel eschue
The peine comyng afterwarde.
For he hath made his forewarde,
With Sacrilege for to dwelle,
Whiche hath his heritage in helle.

¶ Hic tractat precipue de tribus sacrilegis, quorum vnus fuit Antiochus, alter Nabuzardan, tertius Nabugodonosor.

¶ And if we rede of tholde lawe,
I finde writte in thilke lawe
Of princes, howe there weren three
Culpable fore in this degree.
That one of hem was cleped thus,
The proude kynge Antiochus.
That other Nabuzardan hight,
Whiche of his cruelte behight
The temple to distroie and walke:
And so he did in all halke.
The thirde, whiche was after named,
Was Nabugodonosor named:
And he Jerusalem put vnder,
Of sacrilege and many a wonder
There in the holy temple he wrought,
Whiche Balthasar his heire abought.

¶ Nota descripta in pariete tempore regis Balthasar, quæ fuit, Mane Techel phares.

¶ Whan Mane Techel Phares writte
Was on the walle, as thou might witte,
So as the bible it hath declared,
But for al that it is nought spared
Yet nowe a daie, that men ne pille,
And maken argument and skille
To sacrilege as it belongeth.
For what man that there after longeth,
He taketh none hede, what he dooth.
And if a man shall tell sooth
Of gile, and of subtilitee,
Is none so sligh in his degree,
To feigne a thyng for his beyete,
As is this vice, of whiche I trete:

He can so prinsliche pike,
He can so well his wordes slike,
To put awaie suspicion,
That in his excusacion
There shall no man defaute finde.
And thus full ofte men be blinde,
That stonden of his worde deceiued,
Er his queintise be perceiued.
But netheles yet other while,
For all his stelth, and all his gile,
Of that he wolde his werke forsake,
He is atteint, and ouertake:
Wherof thou shalte a tale rede.

☞ HIC LOQVITVR DE illis, qui laruata conscientia sacrilegium sibi licere fingunt. Et narrat, quod cum quidam Lucius Clericus, famosus et imperatori notus, deum suum Apollinem in templo Rome de anulo suo, pallio, et barba aurea spoliasset, ipse tandem apprehensus, et coram imperatore accusatus, taliter se excusando ait: Anulum a deo recepi, quia ipse digito protenso ex sua largitate anulum hunc gratiose mihi obtulit, pallium ex lamine aureo constructum tuli: quia aurum maxime ponderosum et frigidum naturaliter consistit. Unde nec in estate, propter pondus, nec in hyeme propter frigus ab dei festes stole fuit: Barbam a deo deposui, quia ipsum patri suo assumere volui. Nam et Apollo stetit absq; barba, inuenis apparuit, Et sic ea que gessi non ex furto, sed ex honestate processisse manifeste declarani.

Er Rome came to the creance
Of Christis feith it felle perchance,
Cesar, whiche tho was emperour,
Hym list for to doone honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an image vpon this,
The whiche was cleped Apollo,
Was none so riche in Rome tho.
Of plate of golde a berde he had,
The whiche his brest all ouer spradde.
Of golde also without faile
His mantell was of large entaile,
Be sette with perrey all about:
Forth right he straught his finger out,
Upon the whiche he had a rynge,
To seen it was a riche thyng,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,
Moste precious of all stones.
And fell that tyme in Rome thus,
There was a clerke one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man,
Of euery witte somwhat he can,
But take that hym lacketh rule,
His owne estate to guyde and rule:
Howe so it stode of his spekynge,
He was not wise in his dooynge,
But euery riote at last
Mote nedes falle, and maie not lasse,
After the nede of his deserte:
So felle this clerke in pouerte,
And will not howe for to rise,
Wherof in many a sondrie wise
He cast his wittes here and ther,
He loketh nigh, he loketh ferre,
Till on a tyme that he come
Into the temple, and hede nome,
Where that the god Apollo stoode,
He sigh the riches, and the good,
And thought he wolde by some waie
The treasure pike and stele awaie:
And therupon so sleighly wrought,
That his purpose about he brought,
And went awey vnaperceued:
Thus hath the man his god deceiued,
His rynge, his mantell, and his berde,
As he whiche nothyng was aferde,
All priuely with hym he bare.
And whan the wardeins were ware,
Of that her god despoiled was,
Hem thought it was a wonder cas,
Howe that a man for any wele,
Durste in so holy place stele,
And namely so great a thyng.
This tale came vnto the kyng,
And was through spoken ouerall.
But for to knowe in speciall,
What maner man hath do the dede,
Thei soughten helpe vpon the nede,
And maden calculacion,
Wherof by demonstracion
The man was founde with the good:
In iugement and whan he stoode
The kynge hath asked of hym:

Sey thou vnsely Lucius,
Why hast thou done this sacrilege?
My lorde, if I the cause allege,
(Quod he ayene) me thynketh this,
That I haue do nothyng amis.
Thre pointes ther ben, which I haue do,
Wherof the firste point stant so,
That I the ryng haue take awaye:
Unto that point this woll I saye,
Whan I the god beheld about,
I sigh, howe he his honde straught out,
And profred me the ryng to yeue.
And I, whiche wolde gladly liue
Out of pouertee, through his largesse,
It vnderfange, so that I gesse,
And therof am nought to wite.
And ouermore I woll me quite,
Of golde that I the mantell toke:
Golde in his kynde, as saithe the boke,
Is heuy both and colde also,
And for that it was heuy so,
Me thought it was no garnement
Unto the god conuenient,
To clothen hym the sommer tide.
I thought vpon that other side,
Howe gold is colde, and suche a clothe
By reason ought to be lothe
In wynter tyme for the chele.
And thus thynkende thoughtes fele,
As I myn eie aboute caste,
His large berde than at laste
I sigh, and thought anone therfore,
Howe that his father hym before,
Whiche stode vpon the same place,
Was berdles, with a pongly face.
And in suche wise, as ye haue herde,
I toke away the sonnes berde,
For that his father had none,
To make hem liche, and here vpon
I aske for to ben excused.
Lo thus where sacrilege is vsed,
A man can feigne his conscience,
And right vpon suche euidence,
In loues cause if I shall treate,
There ben of suche small and great,
If thei no leyser finde elles,
Thei wol not wonde for the belles,
Me though thei see the preest at masse,
That thei wol leten ouerpasse,
If that thei finde her loue there,
Thei stonde and telle in hir ere,
And aske of god none other grace,
While thei ben in that holy place,
But er thei gon some auantage
There will thei haue, and som pillage
Of goodly wordes, or of beheste,
Or elles thei take at leste
Out of hir honde a ryng or gloue,
So nigh the weder thei will noue:
As who saith, she shall not forget,
Nowe I this token of hir haue gete.
Thus halowe thei the hie feste,
Suche thefte maie no churche areste.
For all is lefull that hem liketh,
To whom that elles it misliketh.
And eke right in the selfe kinde
In great citees men may finde
This lustie folke, that make hem gaye,
And waite vpon the holy daye,
In churches, and in minstres eke
Thei gon the women for to seke.
And where that suche one goth aboute
To forge the fairest of the route,
Where as thei sitten all a rewe,
There wille he mocke his body shewe,
His croked kempt, and therupon set
An ouche, with a chapelet:
Or elles one of greene leues,
Whiche late come out of the greues,
All for he shulde seme freshe.
And thus he loketh on his fleshe,
Right as an hauke, whiche hath a sight
Upon the fowle, there he shall light,
And as he were a fairie,
He sheweth hym to for her eie
In holy place, where thei sitte,
Al for to make her hertes flitte.
His eie no where woll abide,
But loke and prie on euery side
On hir and hir, as hym best liketh.
And other while a monge he siketh.
Thinketh one of hem that was for me,
And so there thynken two or thre,
And yet he loueth none of all,
But where as euer his chance fall.
And netheles to sey a sooth,

The cause why that he so dooth,
Is for to stele an herte or two
Out of the churche er that he go.
And as I said it here aboue,
All that is sacrilege of loue.
For well mate be he steleth awate
That he neuer after yeld mate.
Telle me for thy my sonne anone,
Hast thou do sacrilege or none,
As I haue said in this manere?
My fader as of this matere,
I will you telle redily
What I haue do, but truly
I may excuse myn entent,
That I neuer yet to churche went
In suche maner, as ye me shrine,
For no woman that is on liue.
The cause why I haue it last,
May be, for I vnto that crafte
Am nothyng able for to stele,
Though there be women not so fele.
But yet wille I not sey this,
Whan I am there my lady is,
In whom lieth holy my quarele,
And she to churche, or to chappele
Woll go to matens or to messe:
That tyme I waite well and gesse,
To churche I come, and there I stonde,
And though I take a boke on honde,
My countenance is on the boke,
But toward hir is all my loke,
And if so falle, that I praie
Vnto my god, and somwhat saie
Of Pater noster, or of Crede,
All is for that I wolde spede.
So that my bede in holy churche
There might som miracle wurche,
My ladis herte for to chaunge,
Whithe euer hath be to me so straunge:
So that all my deuocion,
And all my contemplacion,
With all myn herte and my corage,
Is onely set on hir ymage.
And euer I waite vpon the tide,
If she loke any thyng aside,
That I me mate of hir auise,
Anone I am with couetise
So smite, that me were lefe
To be in holy churche a theefe,
But not to stele a vestement.
For that is nothyng my talent.
But I wolde stele, if that I might,
A glad worde, or a goodly sight.
And euer my seruice I profere,
And namely whan she woll gone offre.
For than I lede hir, if I mate.
For somwhat wolde I stele awate.
Whan I beclippe hir on the wast,
Yet at lest I stele a taste:
And other while grant mercy
She saith, and so wynne I therby
A lusty touche, a good worde eke.
But all the remenant to seke,
Is fro my purpos wonder ferre.
So mate I sate, as I saide erre,
In holy churche if that I wowe,
My conscience I wolde allowe,
Be so that vp amendement,
I might gete assignement,
Where for to spede in other place,
Suche sacrilege I holde a grace.
And thus my father sooth to sate,
In churche right as in the wate,
If I might ought of loue take,
Suche hansell haue I nought forsake,
But finally I me confesse,
There is in me no holynesse,
Whyle I hir see in holy stede:
And yet for ought that euer I dede,
No sacrilege of hir I toke,
But if it were of worde or loke,
Or els if that I hir frede,
Whan I towarde offryng hir lede,
Take therof what I take mate:
For els beare I nought awate.
For though I wolde ought els haue,
All other thynges bene so saue,
And kepte with suche a priuilege,
That I mate do no sacrilege.
God wote my wil netheles,
Though I must nedes kepe pees,
And maugre myn so let it passe,
My will therto is not the lasse,
If I might other wise awate.
For thy my father I you praie,
Tell what you thinketh therupon,

If I therof haue gilte or none.
¶Thy will my sonne is for to blame,
The remenant is but a game,
That I haue the tolde as yit.
But take this lore in to thy wit,
That all thyng hath tyme and stede:
The churche serueth for the bede,
The chambre is of an other spethe.
But if thou wilkest of the wrethe,
Howe sacrilege it hath abought,
Thou woldest bettre be bethoughe,
And for thou shalte the more amende,
A tale I will on the dispende.

¶Hic in amoris causa super istius Vitii articulo ponit exemplum, Et narrat pro eo quod Paris, Priami regis filius Helenam Menelai Vxorem in quadam Grecie Insula a templo Veneris sacrilegus abduxit, illa Troie famosissima obsidia per Vniuersa orbis climata diuulgata precipue causabat, ita quod huiusmodi sacrilegium non solum ad ipsius regis Priami, omniumq; suorum interitum, sed ad perpetuam Vrbis desolationem Vindicte fomitem ministrabat.

¶To all men, as who saith, knowe
It is, and in the worlde through blowe,
Howe that of Troie Lamedon,
To Hercules, and to Iason,
Whan toward Colchos out of Grece
By sea seilend vpon a pece
Of londe of Troie telle preyde,
But he wrothfully conieyde:
And for thei founde hym so villeyne,
Whan thei came in to Grece ageyne,
With power, that thei get might,
Towardes Troie thei hem dight:
And there thei toke suche vengeance,
Wherof stant yet the remembrance.
For thei destroied kynge and all,
And lefte but the brent walle.
The grekes of Troiens many slowe,
And prisoners thei toke enowe:
Amonge the whiche there was one,
The kynges doughter Lamedon,
Esiona the faire thynge,
Whiche vnto Thelamon the kynge
By Hercules, and by thassent
Of all the holle parliament,
Was at his wille yeue and graunted.
And thus hath Grece Troie daunted,
And home thei tourne in suche manere,
But after this, nowe shalt thou here
The cause why this tale I telle,
Vpon the chantes that befelle.
¶Kynge Lamedon, whiche deide thus,
He had a sonne one Priamus,
Which was nought thilke tyme at home:
But whan he herde of this, he come,
And sonde howe the citee was falle,
Whiche he began anon to walle,
And made there a citee newe,
That thei, whiche other londes knewe,
Tho seiden, that of lyme and stone
In all the worlde so faire was none:
And on that o side of the towne
The kynge let make Ilion,
That high toure, that stronge place,
Whiche was adrad of no manace,
Of quarele, nor of none engyne:
And though men wolden make a myne,
No mans crafte it might approche.
For it was set vpon a roche.
The walles of the towne about
Hem stode of all the worlde no dout.
And after the proporcion,
Sixe gates were there of the towne,
Of suche a forme, of suche entaile,
That hem to see was great meruaile,
The dikes weren brode and depe,
A fewe men it might kepe
From all the worlde, as semeth tho,
But if the goddes weren so.
Great prees vnto that citee drough,
So that there was of people enough,
Of burgeis that therin dwellen,
There maie no mans tunge tellen,
Howe that citee was riche and good.
¶Whan al was made, and all well stoode,
Kynge Priamus tho hym bethought,
What thei of Grece whilom wrought,
And what was of her swerde deuoured,
And howe his sister dishonoured,
With Thelamon awaie was lad.
And tho thinkende he warte vnglad,
And sette anone a parliment:
To whiche the lordes were assent.
In many a wise there was spoke,

Howe that thei mighten ben awroke.
But at the laſt netheles
Thei ſaiden all, accorde and pees
To ſetten euery parte in reſt
It thought hem than for the beſt,
With reaſonable amendement.
And thus was Anthenor forth ſent,
To aſke Eſiona ageyne,
And witten what thei wolde feyne.
So palleth he the ſea by barge
To Grece, for to ſey his charge,
The whiche he ſaide redily
Unto the lordes by and by.
But where he ſpake in Grece aboute,
He herde nought but wordes ſtoute,
And nameliche of Thelamon:
The maiden wolde he not forgone
He ſaide for no maner thyng,
And bad hym gone home to his kyng.
For there gate he none amende,
For ought he couth do or ſende.
This Anthenor ayene goth home
Unto his kynge, and whan he come,
He tolde, in Grece of that he herde:
And howe that Thelamon anſwerde,
And howe thei were at her aboue,
That thei wol neither pees ne loue,
But euery man ſhall done his beſt.
But for men ſeyen, that night hath reſt,
The kyng bethought hym all that night,
And erely whan the daie was light,
He toke councell of this matere.
And thei accorde in this manere,
That he withouten any let,
A certeyne tyme ſhulde ſet
A parlement to ben auiſed,
And in this wiſe it was auiſed.
Of parlement he ſet a daie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie.
This Priamus had in hisight
A wife, and Hecuba ſhe hight:
By whom that tyme eke had he
Sonnes fiue, and doughters thre,
Beſiden hem and thirty mo,
And weren knightes alſo tho,
But not vpon his wife begete,
But els where he might hem gete
Of women, whiche he had knowe,
Suche was the worlde that ilke throwe:
So that he was of children riche,
So therof was no man hym liche.
Of parlement the daie was come.
There bene lordes all and ſome.
Tho was pronounced and purpoſed,
And all the cauſe was hem diſcloſed,
Howe Anthenor in Grece ferde.
Thei ſitten all ſtill and herde.
And tho ſpake euery man aboute,
There was alledged many a doute,
And many a proude worde ſpoke alſo.
But for the moſte parte as tho,
Thei wiſten not what was the beſte,
Or for to warre, or for to reſte.
But he that was without fere
Hector amonge the lordes there
His tale tolde in ſuche a wiſe,
And ſaide: Lordes ye ben wiſe,
Ye knowen this, as well as I,
Aboue all other moſt worthy
Stant nowe in Grece the manhod,
Of worthynes and of knighthod.
For who ſo will it wel agrope,
To hem belongeth all Europe,
Whiche is the third parte euen
Of all the worlde vnder the heuen:
And we be but of folke a fewe.
So were it reſon to eſchewe
The perill, er we fall therin:
Better is to leue than begin
Thyng, whiche as maie not ben atheued.
He is not wiſe, that finde hym greued,
And doth ſo, that his greue be more.
For who that loketh all tofore,
And woll not ſee, what is behynde:
He maie full ofte his harmes finde.
Wicke is to ſtriue, and haue the worſe,
We haue enchelon for to corſe,
This wote I well, and for to hate
The grekes, but er that we debate
With hem, that ben of ſuche a might,
It is full good, that euery wight
Be of hym ſelfe right well bethought.
But as for me thus ſaye I nought.
For whyle that my life woll ſtonde,
If that ye take werre in honde,
Falle it to beſt, or to the werſt,

I shall my selven be the ferst
To greuen hem, what euer I maie,
I wolle not ones saie naie
To thyng, which that your coũceil demeth.
For vnto me welle more it quemeth
The werre certes than the pees.
But this I saie netheles,
As me belongeth for to saie:
Nowe shape ye the beste waie.
¶ Whan Hector hath saide his auise,
Nert after hym tho spake Paris,
Whiche was his brother, and aleyed,
What hym best thought, thus he seyde.
Strange thyng it is to suffer wronge,
And suffer shame is more stronge:
But we haue suffred both two,
And for all that yet haue we do
What so we might to reforme
The pees, whan we in suche a forme
Sent Anthenor, as ye well knowe,
And thei her great wordes blowe
Upon her wrongfull dedes eke.
And who that woll not hym selfe meke
To pees, and lift no reason take,
Men seyn, reason wil hym forsake.
For in the multitude of men
Is not the strengthe, for with ten
It hath be sene in trewe quarele
Ayene an honderd falle, dele,
And had the better of gods grace.
Thus hath befalle in many place.
And if it like vnto you all,
I wille assaie howe so it falle,
Our enemies if I maie greue.
For I haue caught a great beleue
Upon a point I wol declare.
This ender daie as I gan fare
To hunte vnto the great herte,
Whiche was tofore myn houndes sterte,
And euery man went on his side,
Hym to pursewe, and I to ride
Began to chase, and sooth to saie,
Within a whyle out of my waie
I rode, and nist where I was:
And slepe me caught, and on the grasse
Beside a welle I leyd me downe
To slepe, and in a vision
To me the god Mercurie came,
Goddesses thre with hym he nam,
Minerue, Venus, and Iuno:
And in his honde an apple tho
He helde of golde, with letters writte:
And this he did me to witte,
Howe that thei put hem vpon mee,
That to the fairest of hem three,
Of golde that apple shulde I yeue.
With eche of hem, tho was I shryue,
And eche one faire me behight:
But Venus saide, if that she might
That apple of my yefte gette,
She wolde it neuermore foryete,
And saide, howe that in Grece londe
She wold bryng in to myn honde
Of all this erth the fairest,
So that me thought it for the best,
To hir and yafe the apple tho.
Thus hope I well, if that I go,
That she for me woll so ordeine,
That thei matere for to pleine
Shull haue, er that I come ayene.
Nowe haue ye herde, that I woll seyne,
Say ye, what stant in your auis.
And euery man tho saide his,
And sondrie causes thei recorde:
But at last thei accorde,
That Paris shall to Grece wende
And thus the parliament toke ende.
¶ Cassandra whan she herde of this,
The whiche to Paris sister is:
Anone she gan to wepe and waple,
And saide alas, what may vs aple:
Fortune with hir blynde whele
Me will nought let vs stonde wele.
For this I dare well vndertake,
That if Paris his way take,
As it is saide, that he shall do,
We ben for euer than vndo.
The whiche Cassandra than hight,
In all the worlde as it beareth sight,
In bokes as men finde writte,
Is that Sybille, of whom ye witte,
That all men yet clepen sage:
Whan that she wist of this viage,
How Paris shall to Grece fare,
No woman might worse fare,
Ne sorowe more than she dede.

Ann

And right so in the same stede
Ferde Helenus, whiche was his brother,
Of prophecy and suche another:
And all was holde but a iape,
So that the purpose, whiche was shape,
Or were hem lefe, or were hem lothe,
Was holde: and in to Grece goth
This Paris, with his retenance.
And as it fell vpon his chance,
Of Grece he londeth in an ile,
And hym was tolde the same while
Of folke, whiche he began to freyne,
Tho was in theyle quene Heleyne:
And eke of countrees there aboute
Of ladies many a lusty route,
With mochel worthy people also.
And why thei comen theder tho,
The cause stode in suche a wise,
For worship and for sacrifice,
That thei to Venus wolden make,
As thei to fore had vndertake:
Some of good will, some of beheste.
For than was his highe feste
Within a temple, whiche was there.
Whan Paris wist, what thei were,
Anone he shope his ordinance
To gone to done his obeisance
To Venus, on his holy daie:
And did vpon his best araie.
With great richelle he hym behongeth,
As it to suche a lorde belongeth.
He was nought armed netheles,
But as it were in londe of pees:
And thus he goth forth out of ship,
And taketh with hym his felauship,
In suche manere, as I you saie,
Vnto the temple he helde his waie.
Tidyng, whiche goth ouer all,
To great and small forthe withall,
Come to the quenes eare, and tolde,
Howe Paris came, and that he wolde
Do sacrifice to Venus.
And whan she herde tell thus,
She thought, howe that it euer bee,
That she will hym abide and see.
Forth cometh Paris with glad visage
In to the temple on pilgremage,
Where vnto Venus the goddesse
He yeueth, and offreth great richesse,
And prayeth hir, that he pray wolde.
And than aside he gan beholde
And see, where that this lady stode,
And he forthe in his freshe mode
Goth there she was, and made hir chere,
As he well couth in his manere:
That of his wordes suche pleasance
She toke, that all hir aqueintance,
Als ferforth as the herte laye
He stale, er that he went awaye.
So goth he forthe, and toke his leue,
And thought anone, as it was eue,
He wolde doone his sacrilege,
That many a man shulde it abegge.
Whan he to ship ayene was come,
To hym he hath his counsaile nome,
And all deuised the matere,
In suche a wise as thou shalt here.
Within night all priuely
His men he warneth by and by,
That thei be redy armed soone
For certeine thyng, whiche is to done.
And thei anone ben redy all,
And echone other gan to call,
And went hem out vpon the stronde,
And toke a purpose there a londe,
Of what thynge that thei wolden do,
Towarde the temple and forth thei go.
So felle it of deuotion,
Heleyne in contemplation,
With many an other worthy wight,
Was in the temple and woke all night,
To bidde and praye vnto thimage
Of Venus, as was than vsage.
So that Paris right as hym list,
In to the temple er thei it wist
Came with his men all sodenly,
And all at ones set a skrie
In hem, whiche in the temple were.
For tho was muche peple there.
But of defence was no boote,
So suffren thei, that suffre mote.
Paris vnto the quene wente,
And hir in both his armes hente
With hym, and with his felauship,
And forth thei beare hir vnto ship.
Vp goth the saile, and forth thei wente:

And

And suche a wynde fortune hem sent,
Till thei the hauen of Troie caught,
Where out of ship anone thei straught,
And gone hem forth towarde the towne:
The whiche came with procession
Ayene Paris, to sene his praie.
And euery man began to saie
To Paris, and to his felauship,
All that thei couthen of worship.
Was none so littell man in Troie,
That he ne made mirthe and ioye,
Of that Paris had wonnen Heleyne.
But all that mirthe is sorow and peyne
To Helenus, and to Cassandre.
For thei it tolden shame and shlandre
And losse of all the common grace,
That Paris out of holy place
By stelth hath take a mans wife:
Wherof he shall lese his life,
And many a worthy man therto,
And all the citee be fordo,
Whiche neuer shall be made ayene.
And so it fell right as thei seyne:
The sacrilege whiche he wrought
Was cause, why the grekes sought
Unto the towne, and it belaie,
And wolden neuer parte awaie,
Till what by sleight, and what by strength,
They had it wonne in brede and length,
And brente, and slayne, that was withln.
Nowe se my sonne suche a synne
Is sacrilege in holy stede,
Beware therfore and bid thy bede,
And do nothyng in holy churche,
But that thou might by reason worche.
And eke take hede of Achilles,
Whan he vnto his loue chees
Polixena, that was also
In holy temple of Apollo,
Whiche was the cause why he diede,
And all his luste was leide aside.
And Troilus vpon Creseide
Also his firste loue leyde
In holy place, and howe it ferde,
As who seith, all the worlde it herde:
Forsake he was for Diomede,
Suche was of loue his laste mede.
For thy my sonne I wolde rede,
By this ensample as thou might rede,
Seche els where thou wilte thy grace,
And ware the well in holy place,
What thou to loue do or speke,
In aunter if it so be wreke,
As thou hast herde me tell to fore.
And take good hede also therfore:
Upon the forme of auarice,
More than of any other vice,
I haue deuided in parties
The branches, which of companies,
Through out the worlde in generall,
Be nowe the leders ouer all.
Of couetise, and of periurie,
Of fals bretage, and of vsurie,
Of scarcenes and of vnkyndeship,
Which neuer drough to felauship.
Of robberie and of priue stelth,
Whiche done is for the worldes welth,
Of rauine, and of sacrilege,
Which maketh the conscience agrege,
All though it maie riches atteyne,
It floureth, but it shall not greyne
Unto the fruite of rightwisnesse.
But who that wolde do largesse
Upon the reule, as it is yeue,
So might a man in trouth liue
Toward his god, and eke also
Toward the worlde: for both two,
Largesse awaiteth as belongeth,
To neither part that he ne wrongeth:
He kepeth him selfe, he kepeth his frendes,
So stant he sauf to both his endes,
That he excedeth no measure,
So well he can hym selfe measure,
Wherof my sonne thou shalt witte
So as the philosophe hath writte.

Prodig⁹ & parcus duo sunt extremaq; largus,
Est horum medius plebis in ore bonus.

Nota hic de virtute largitatis, que ad oppositū auaricie inter duo extrema videlicet parcimoniā et prodigalitatem specialiter consistit.

Betwix the two extremities
Of vice, stont the properties
Of vertue, and to preue it so,
Take Auarice, and take also

The

The vice of prodigalitee
Betwyx hem liberalitee
(Whiche is the vertue of largesse)
Stant, and gouerneth his noblesse.
For tho two vices in discorde
Stonde euer, as I fynde of recorde:
So that betwene her two debate,
Largesse ruleth his astate.
For in suche wise as auarice,
As I to fore haue tolde the vice,
Throughe streit holding, & throughe scarsnes
Stant contrary to largesse:
Right so stant prodigalitee
Reuers, but nought in suche degree.
For so as auarice spareth,
And for to kepe his treasour careth,
That other all his owne and more,
Ayene the wise mannes lore,
Peueth and dispendeth here and there,
So that hym recheth neuer where,
While he maie borowe, he woll dispende,
Tyll at last he saith, I wende.
But that is spoken all to late.
For than is pouertee at gate,
And taketh hym euen by the sleue.
For erst woll he no wisedome leue.
And ryght as auarice is synne,
That wolde his treasour kepe and wynne:
Right so is prodigalitee.
But of largesse in his degree,
Whiche euen stant betwene the two,
The high god and man also
The vertue eche of hem commendeth.
For he hym selue fyrst amendeth,
That ouer all his name spredeth,
And to all other, where it nedeth
He yeueth his good in suche a wise,
That he maketh many a man arise,
Whiche els shulde falle lowe.
Largesse maie not ben vnknowe.
For what londe that he reigneth inne,
It may not fayle for to winne
Throughe his desert loue and grace,
Where it shall faile in other place.
And thus betwene to muche and lyte,
Largesse, which is nought to wite,
Holt euer forth the myddell waie.
But who that woll forne awaie
Fro that, to prodigalitee,
Anone he leueth the propirtee
Of vertue, and goth to the vice.
For in suche wise as *Auarice*
Leueth for scarsnesse his good name:
Right so that other is to blame,
Which throughe his waste mesure exceedeth.
For no man wote what harme it bredeth,
While that a man hath good to yeue,
With great rowtes he maie leue,
And hath his frendes ouerall,
And eueriche of hym tell shall,
The while he hath his full packe,
They say: a good felawe is Jacke.
Whan it fayleth at last,
Anone his price thei ouercast.
For than is there none other lawe,
But Jacke was a good felawe.
Whan thei him poore and nedie see
They let hym passe, and fare well hee.
All that he wend of companie
Is than torned to folie.
But nowe to speke in other kinde
Of loue, a man maie suche fynde,
That where thei come in euery route,
Thei cast and wast her loue aboute,
Till all her time is ouergone,
And than haue thei loue none.
For who that loueth ouerall,
It is no reason, that he shall
Of loue haue any propirtee.
For thy my sonne auise thee,
If thou of loue hast be to large.
For suche a man is not to charge.
And if it so be, that thou hast
Dispended all thy tyme in wast,
And set thy loue in sondry place,
Though thou the substance of thy grace
Lese at the last it is no wonder.
For he that put hym selue vnder,
As who saith, commyn ouer all,
He leseth the loue special
Of euery one, if she be wise.
For loue shall nought beare his price
By reason, whan it passeth one,
So haue I sen full many one,
That were of loue wele at ease,
Whiche after felle in great disease,

Throughe

Through walk of loue, that thei spent
In sondry places where thei went.
Right so my sonne I aske of the,
If thou with prodigalitee
Hast here and there thy loue wasted?
¶My father nay, but I haue tasted
In many a place, as I haue go,
And yet loue I neuer one of tho,
But for to driue foorth the daie.
For leueth well, my herte is aye
Withouten mo, for euermore
All vpon one, for I no more
Desire, but hir loue alone:
So make I many a priue mone.
For well I fele, I haue dispended
My longe loue, and not amended
My spede: for ought I finde yit.
If this be wast vnto your wit
Of loue, and prodigalitee,
Nowe good father demeth yee.
But of o thyng I will me shriue,
That I shall for no loue thriue,
But if hir selfe will me releue.
¶My sonne that I maie well leue.
And netheles me semeth so,
For ought that thou hast yet misdo
Of tyme, whiche thou hast spended,
It maie with grace ben amended.
For thyng whiche maie be worth the tolle,
Perchaunce is nother wast ne lolle,
For what thyng stant on auenture,
That can no worldes creature
Tell in certaine, howe it shall wende,
Till he therof maie sene an ende:
So that I note as yet therfore,
If thou my sonne hast wonne or lore.
For ofte tyme, as it is sene
Whan sommer hath lost all his grene,
And is with wynter wast and bare,
That hym is lefte nothyng to spare,
All is recouered in a throwe,
The colde wyndes ouerblowe,
And stilled ben the sharpe shoures,
And sodeinliche ayene his floures
The sommer happeneth, and is riche,
And so percase thy grace is liche.
My sonne though thou be now pouer
Of loue: yet thou might recouer.
¶My fader certes grant mercy:
Ye haue me taught so redily,
That euer while I liue shall,
The better I maie beware with all
Of thyng, which ye haue said er this.
But euermore how that it is
Toward my shrifte, as it belongeth,
To wit of other pointes me longeth,
Wherof that ye me wolden techе,
With all my herte I you beseche.

¶Explicit liber quintus.

Est gula, quæ nostrũ maculauit prima parentẽ,
Ex vetito pomo quo dolet omnis homo,
Hæc agit, vt corpus animæ contraria spirat:
Quo caro fit crassa, spiritus atq; macer.
Intus & exterius si quæ virtutis habentur,
Poribus ebrietas conuiciata ruit.
Mersa sopore labis, q̃ Bacchus iebriat hospes
Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.

¶Hic in Sexto libro tractare intendit de isto capitali vitio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et eius duabus solummodo speciebus, videlicet ebrietate et delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiscentie oblectamentum habundantius augmentatur.

¶Incipit liber Sextus.

THe great sinne originall,
Which euery man in generall
Upon his birth hath enuenomed,
In paradise it was misfimed,
Whan Adam of thilke apple bote,
His swete morsell was to bote,
Whiche dedly made the mankynde.
And in the bokes as I finde,
This vice, whiche so out of rule
Hath set vs all, is cleped Gule:
Of whiche the braunches ben so greate,
That of hem all I wol not treate.
But onliche as touchende of two
I thynke to speke, and of no mo.
Wherof the firste is dronkelship,
Whiche beareth the cuppe felaushyp.
Ful many a wonder doth that vice,
He can make of a wilman nice,

And of a foole, that hym shall seme,
That he can all the lawe deme,
And yeue euery iudgement,
Whiche longeth to the firmament,
Both of the sterre, and of the moone:
And thus he maketh a great clerke soone
Of hym, that is a lewde man.
There is no thyng, whiche he ne can,
While he hath dronkelhip on honde:
He knoweth the sea, he knoweth the frõde,
He is a noble man of armes,
And yet no strength is in his armes.
There he was stronge enowe tofore
With dronkelhip it is forlore,
And all is changed his estate,
And weyeth anone so feble and mate,
That he mate neither go ne come,
But all to gether he is benome
The power both of honde and fote,
So that algate abide he mote,
And all his wittes he forgete,
The whiche is to hym suche a lete,
That he wote neuer, what he dooth,
Ne whiche is fals, ne whiche is sooth,
Ne whiche is daie, ne whiche is night,
As for the tyme he knoweth no wighte,
That he ne wote so muche as this,
What maner thyng hym selues is,
Or he be man, or he be beast,
That holde I right a forp feast:
Whan he, that reason vnderstoode,
So sodeinliche is were woode,
Or elles liche the deade man,
Whiche nother go ne speke can.
Thus ofte he is to bedde brought,
But yet where he lieth woteth he nought,
Till he arise vpon the morowe,
And than he saith: O whiche a sorowe
It is for to be drinkeles,
So that halfe dronke in suche a rees
With drie mouth he sterte hym vp,
And saith: Baille ca the cuppe,
That made hym lese his wit at eue,
Is than a morowe all his beleue.
The cup is all that euer hym pleaseth,
And also that hym most diseaseth.
It is the cup whom he serueth,
Whiche all cares from hym kerueth,
And all bales to hym bringeth.
In ioye he wepeth, in sorowe he singeth.
For dronkenship is so diuers,
It mate no while stonde inuers.
He drinketh the wine, but at last
The wine drinketh him, and bynt him fast,
And leith hym dronke by the walle,
As hym, whiche is his bonde thralle,
And all in his subiection,
And liche to suche condicion,
As for to speke it otherwise,
It falleth that the most wise
Ben other while of loue adoted,
And so bewhapped and assoted,
Of dronken men that neuer yit
Was none, whiche halfe so lost his wit
Of drinke, as thei of suche thynges do,
Whiche cleped is the folise wo,
And weren of her owne thought
So dronke, that thei knowe nought
What reason is, or more or lesse,
Suche is the kinde of that sikenesse,
And that is not for lacke of brayne:
But loue is of so great a mayne,
That where he taketh a herte on honde,
There mate nothing his might withstonde.
The wise Salomon was nome,
And stronge Sampson ouercome.
The knightly Dauid hym ne might
Reskue, that he with the sight
Of Bersabee ne was bestade.
Virgile also was ouerlade,
And Aristotle was put vnder.
¶ For thy my lonne it is no wonder,
Yf thou be dronke of loue amonge,
Whiche is aboue all other stronge.
And if so is, that thou so bee,
Telle me thy shrifte in priuitee.
It is no shame of suche a thewe,
A ponge man to be dronkelewe,
Of suche phisike as I can a parte,
And as me semeth by that arte,
Thou shuldest by phisonomie
Be shapen to that maladie
Of lonedronke, and that is routhe.
¶ A holy fader all is trouthe,
That ye me telle, I am be knowe,
That I with loue am so bethrowe,

And all my herte is so throughly sonke,
That I am veriliche dronke:
And yet I maie both speke and go:
But I am ouercome so,
And tozned fro my selfe so clene,
That ofte I wote not what I mene,
So that excusen I ne maie
My hert fro the first daie,
That I cam to my ladie kithe,
I was neuer yet sobre sithe:
Where I hir se, oz se hir nought,
With mulynge of myn owne thought
Of loue, whiche my herte assaileth,
So dronke I am, that my witte failleth,
And all my brayne is ouertozned,
And my maner so misfozned,
That I fozyete all that I can,
And stonde like a mased man.
That ofte whan I shulde plaie,
It maketh me drawe oute of the waie
In soleyn place by my selfe,
As doth a labozer todelfe,
Whiche can no gentilmans chere,
Oz elles as a lewde frere,
Whan he is put to his penance:
Right so lese I my contenance.
And if it nedes so betide,
That I in companie abyde,
There as I must daunce and synge,
The houe daunce and carolynge,
Oz foz to go the newe foote,
I may not well heue vp my foote,
If that she be not in the waie.
Foz than is all my myzth awaie,
And were anone of thought so full,
Whereof my lymmes ben so dull
I maie vnnethes gon the pas.
Foz thus it is, and euer it was,
Whan I on suche thoughtes muse
The lust and myzth, that men vse,
Whan I see not my lady byme:
All is fozyete foz the tyme
So ferfozth, that my wittes chaungen,
And all lustes fro me straungen:
That thei sein all truly,
And swere, that it am not I.
Foz as the man, which ofte dzynketh
The wine, that in his stomake synketh,
Wareth dzonke an witles foz a throwe,
Right so my lust is ouerthzowe,
And of mine owne thought so mate.
I ware, that to myn astate
There is no lym wyll me serue,
But as a dzunken man I swerue,
And suffre suche a passion,
That men haue great compassion
And eche by hym selfe meruaileth,
What thyng it is, that me so ayleth.
Suche is the maner of my wo,
Whiche time that I am hir fro,
Till efte ayene that I hir see:
But than it were a nicetee
To tell you how that I fare.
Foz whan I maie vpon hir stare,
Hir womanhead, hir gentilnesse,
Myn herte is full of suche gladnesse,
That ouerpasseth so my wit,
That I wote neuer where it sit,
But am so dzunken of that sight,
Me thinketh, that foz the time I might,
Right sterte throughe the wholle walle.
And than I maie well, if I shall,
Both synge and daunce, and lepe aboute,
And holde forthe the lustie route.
But netheles it falleth so
Full ofte, that I fro hir go
Ne may, but as it were a stake
I stonde, auisement to take,
And loke vpon hir faire face,
That foz the while out of the place,
Foz all the worlde ne might I wende,
Such lust comth than into my mynde:
So that without meate and dzynke,
Of lusty thoughtes, whiche I thinke,
Me thinketh I might stonden euer,
And so it were to me leuer,
Than suche a sight foz to leue,
If that she wolde yeue me leue,
To haue so mochell of my wille.
And thus thinkende I stonde still
Without blenchinge of mine eie,
Right as me thought that I seie
Of paradis the most ioie.
And so there whyle I me reioie
Unto my herte a great desyze,
The whiche is hotter than the fire,

All ſodenliche vpon me renneth,
That all my thought within bzenneth,
And am ſo ferforth ouercome,
That I note where I am become:
So that amonge tho hertes ſtronge
In ſtede of dzynke I vnderfonge
A thought ſo ſwete in my courage,
That neuer pyement, ne vernage
Was halfe ſo ſwete for to dzynke.
For as I wolde, than I thynke,
As though I were at mine aboue.
For ſo thzough dzonke I am of loue,
That all that my ſotie demeth,
Is ſoth, as than it to me ſemeth.
And while I maie tho thoughtes kepe,
Me thinketh as though I were a ſlepe,
And that I were in goddes barme.
But whan I ſee myn owne harme,
And that I ſodenliche awake
Out of my thought, and hede take,
Howe that the ſothe ſtant in dede,
Than is my ſikernelle in dzede,
And ioye tozneth into wo.
So that the hete is all ago
Of ſuche ſotie, as I was inne:
And than ayeneward I begynne
To take of loue a newe thurſt,
Whiche me greueth all there wurſt,
For than cometh the blanche feuer
With chele, and maketh me ſo to cheuer,
And ſo it coldeth at myn herte,
That wonder is, howe I aſterte
In ſuche a poynte, that I ne deye.
For certes there was neuer keye,
Ne froſen iſe vpon the walle
More inly colde than I am all.
And thus ſuffer I the hote chele,
Whiche palleth other peynes fele,
In colde I bzenne, and freſe in hete,
And than I dzynke a bitter ſwete
With dzie lippe, and eien wete.
Lo thus I temper my diete,
And take a dzaught of ſuche relees,
That all my wit is herteles,
And all my hert there it ſitte,
Is, as who ſaith, without witte.
So that I pzeue it by reaſon,
In makynge of compariſon
There maie no difference bee
Betwix a dzonken man and mee.
But all the werſt of euericheone
Is euer, that I thurſt in one.
The more that my herte dzynketh
The more I maie, ſo that me thinketh,
My thurſt ſhall neuer be acqueint,
God ſhelde, that I be not dzeynt
Of ſuche a ſuperfluitee.
For wele I feele in my degree,
That all my witte is ouercaſt,
Wherof I am the more agaſt,
That in defaute of ladiſhip
Perchance in ſuche a dzonkenſhip
I may be dead, er I beware.
For certes father this I dare
Beknowe, and in my ſhzifte telle,
But I a dzaught haue of that welle,
In whiche my deth is and my life:
My ioye is tourned in to ſtrife,
That ſobze ſhall I neuer wozthe,
But as a dzonken man for wozthe.
So that in londe whre I fare,
The luſt is loze of my welfare,
As he that maie no bote fynde.
But this me thinketh a wonder kynde,
As I am dzunke of that I dzynke
Of theſe thoughtes, that I thynke,
Of whiche I fynde no relees,
But if I myght netheles
Of ſuche a dzynke as I couepte,
So as me luſt haue o receite
I ſhulde aſſobze and fare wele.
But ſo foztune vpon hir whele
On high me deigneth not to ſette,
For euermoze I fynde a lette.
The botiler is not my frende,
Whiche hath the key by the bende:
I may well wiſſhe, and that is waſte,
For well I wote ſo freſſhe a taſte
(But if my grace be the more)
I ſhall aſſaie neuermoze.
Thus am I dzonke of that I ſee,
For taſtynge is defended me.
And I can not my ſelue ſtanche,
So that my fader of this bzanche
I am gyltife, to telle trouth.
My ſonne that me thinketh routh.

For

For loue dronke is the mischiefe
Aboue all other the most chief.
If he no lusty thought assaye,
Whiche may his sory thurst alaye,
As for the tyme yet it lesseth
To hym, whiche other ioye misseth.
For thy my sonne aboue all
Thinke well, how so it the befall,
And kepe thy wittes that thou hast,
And let hem not be dronke in wast.
But netheles there is no wight,
That mate withstonde loues might,
But why the cause is, as I finde,
But that there is diuerse kinde
Of loue dronke why men pleineth,
After the courte, whiche all ordeineth,
I will the telle the manere,
Now list my sonne, and thou shalt here.

¶ Hic narrat secundum poetam, qualiter in suo celrario duo dolia Jupiter habet, quorum primum liquoris dulcissimi, secundum amarissimi plenum consistit, ita quod ille, cui fatata est prosperitas, de dulci potabit, Alter vero cui aduersabitur poculum gustabit amarum.

¶For the fortune of euery chance,
After the goddes purueance,
To man it groweth from aboue:
So that the spede of euery loue
Is shape there, er it befall.
For Iupiter abouen all,
Whiche is of goddes souereine
Hath in his seller, as men saine,
Two tonnes full of loue drinke,
That maketh many a herte sinke,
And many an herte also to flete
Or of the sowre, or of the swete.
That one is full of suche pleiment,
Whiche passeth all entendement
Of mans wit, if he it taste,
And maketh a ioylise herte in hast.
That other bitter as the galle,
Whiche maketh a mans hert palle,
Whose dronkelhip is a sikenesse,
Through kelynge of the bitternesse.
Cupide is botiler of bothe,
Whiche to the leefe, and to the lothe,
Yeueth of the swete, and of the soure:
That som laugh, and some loure.
But for so muche as he blinde is,
Full oft tyme he goth amis,
And taketh the badde for the good,
Whiche hyndreth many a mans foode
Withoute cause, and forthereth eke:
So ben there som of loue seke,
Whiche ought of reason to ben hole,
And som comen to the dole
In happe, and as hem selfe lest
Drinke, vndeserued of the best.
And thus this blynde botiler
Yeueth ofte trouble in stede of there,
And eke there in stede of trouble.
Lo howe he can the hertes trouble,
And maketh men dronke al vpon chance,
Withoute lawe of gouernance.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Than is the sorowe all ouer ronne
Of loue dronke, and shall nought greuen
So to be drunke euery euen.
For all is than but a game.
But whan it is nought of the same,
And he the better tonne drayweth,
Suche dronkelhip an herte gnaweth,
And febleth all a mannes thought,
That better hym were haue dröke nought,
And all his breade haue eaten drie.
For than he leseth his lustie weie,
With dronkelhip, and wote not whither
To go, the waies bene so slider,
In whiche he mate percas so fall,
That he shall breke his wittes all.
And in this wise men ben drunke,
After the drinke thei haue drunke.
But all drinken not ylike.
For some shall singe, and some shal sike,
So that it me nothynge meruayleth
My sonne, of loue that the ayleth.
For I wel knowe by thy tale,
That thou hast dronken of the dwale,
Whiche bitter is, till god the sende
Suche grace, that thou might amende.
But sonne thou shalt bidde and praie,
In such a wise, as I shall saie,
That thou the lust well atteyne
Thy wofull thurstes to restreyne
Of loue, and taste the swetenes,
As Bacchus did in his distres,

Whan bodilliche thurſte hym hent,
In ſtraunge londes where he went.

¶ Nota hic qualiter potus aliquando ſitienti præ cibus adquiritur, Et narrat exẽplum, quod cum Bacchus de quodã bello ab Oriente repatriãe in quibuſdam Libye partibus alicuius generis potũ non inuenit, fuſis ad Jouem precibus, apparuit ei aries, qui terra pede percuſſit, ſtatimq; fons emanauit, et ſic potum petenti petitio preualuit.

¶ This Bacchus, ſonne of Iupiter
Was hote, and as he went ſer,
By his fathers allignement
To make a werre in thorient,
And great power with hym he ladde,
So that the higher honde he hadde,
And victorie of his enmis,
And tourneth homwarde with his priſe,
In ſuche a countrei whiche was drey
A meſchiefe fell vpon the weye,
As he rode with his companye,
Nigh to the ſtrondes of Libye,
There might thei no drinke finde
Of water, nor of other kinde:
So that hym ſelfe, and all his hoſte
Were for defaut of drinke almoſte
Diſtroyed: and than Bacchus praide
To Iupiter, and thus he ſaide:
O high father, that ſeeſt all,
To whom is reaſon, that I ſhall
Beſeche, and praie in euery nede,
Beholde my father, and take hede,
This full thurſt, that we be inne
To ſtaunche, and graunt vs for to winne,
And ſauke vnto the countrei fare,
Where that our luſtie loues are
Waytende vpon our home comynge.
And with the voyce of his prayenge,
Whiche herde was to the goddes hie,
He ſigh anone tofore his eie
A wether, whiche the groũde hath ſpurned,
And where he hath it ouerturned,
There ſpronge a welle freſſhe and clere:
Wherof his owne bottlere,
After the luſtes of his wille,
Paue euery man to drinke his fille.
And for this ilke great grace
Bacchus vpon the ſame place
A riche temple let arere,
Whiche euer ſhulde ſtonde there,
To thruſtie men in remembrance.
For thy my ſonne after this chance,
It ſitte the well to taken hede,
So for to prey vpon thy nede,
As Bacchus preide for the well,
And thinke, as thou haſt herde me tell,
Howe grace he gradde, and grace he had,
He was no foole, that firſt ſo rad.
For ſelden get a dombe man londe,
Take that prouerbe, and vnderſtonde,
That wordes ben of vertue grette.
For thy to ſpeke thou ne lette,
And aſke, and preie erely and late,
Thy thurſt to quenche, and thinke algate
The botiller, whiche beareth the keye
Is blynde, as thou haſt herde me ſeye.
And if it might ſo betide
That he vpon the blynde ſide
Parcas the ſwete tonne araught,
Than ſhalte thou haue a luſtie draught,
And ware of loue dronke ſobre.
And thus I rede thou allobre
Thyn herte, in hope of ſuche a grace.
For dronkeſhip in euery place,
To whether ſide that it turne,
Doth harme, and maketh a man to ſpurne,
And ofte falle in ſuche a wiſe,
Where he percas maie nought ariſe.

¶ Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exẽplũ qualiter Triſtram ob potũ, quẽ Brãgweyn in Vani ei porrexit de amore Ieſte Ifolde inebriatus extitit.

¶ And for to loke in euidence
Upon the ſothe experience,
So that it hath befall er this,
In euery mans mouth it is,
Howe Triſtram was of loue dronke,
With bele Iſolde whan thei dronke
The drike, which Brãgvveine hem betoke
Er that kyng Marke his eme hir toke
To wife, as it was after knowe.
And eke my ſonne, if thou wilte knowe,
As it hath fallen ouer more
In lones cauſe, and what is more
Of dronkeſhip for to drede,
As it whilom befell in dede,

Wherof

Wherof thou might the better eschewe,
Of dronken men that thou ne sewe
The companie in no manere,
A great ensample thou shalt here.

¶ Hic de periculis ebrietatis causa in amore contingentibus narrat, quod cum Perithous illam pulcherrimam Ypotatiam in Thoream duceret, quosdam qui Centauri vocabātur, inter alios Vicinos ad nuptias invitavit, qui vino imbuti, nove nupte formositatem aspicientes, duplici ebrietate a mensa Ypotatiam a Perithoo marito suo impetu rapuerunt.

¶ This finde I writte in poesie
Of thilke faire Ipotasie,
Of whose beautee there as she was
Spake euery man, and telle per cas,
That Perithous so hym sped,
That he to wife hir shulde wed:
Wherof that he great ioye made,
And for he wolde his loue glade,
Ageyne the date of mariage,
By mouthe bothe, and by message,
His frendes to the feste he praied,
With great worshipp and as men said,
He hath this ponge lady spoused.
And whan that thei were all housed,
And set and serued at mete,
There was no wyne, whiche mate begete,
That there ne was plentie enough.
But Bacchus thilke tonne drough,
Wherof by waie of dronkeshipp,
The greatest of the felaushipp,
Were out of reason ouer take,
And Venus, whiche also hath take
The cause most in speciall,
Hath yeue hem drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche exciteth
The lust, wheren a man deliteth.
And thus by double wey dronke
Of lust that like strie fonke
Hath made hem, as who seith, half woode,
That thei no reason vnderstoode,
Ne to none other thyng thei seyen,
But hir, whiche to fore her eien
Was wedded thilke same date,
That freshe wife, that lustie mate,
Of hir it was all that thei thoughten:
And so farforth her lustes saughten,
That thei, whiche named were
Centauri, at the feste there
Of one assent, of one accorde,
This ponge wife maugre hir lorde,
In suche a rage awate forth ladden,
As thei, whiche none inlight hadden,
But onely to her drunken fare,
Whiche many a man hath made misfare
In loue, als wel as other weye,
Wherof, if I shall more seye
Upon the nature of this vice,
Of custome, and of exercise,
The mans grace, howe it fordooth,
A tale, whiche was whilom sooth,
Of fooles, that so dronken were,
I shall reherce vnto thyne ere.

¶ Hic loquitur specialiter contra Vitium ebriosorum, qui nimia potatione ex cōsuetudine ebriosi efficiūtur, Et narrat exemplum de Galba et Vitello qui potentes in Hispania principes fuerunt, sed ipse cotidiane ebrietatis potibus assueti, tanta Vicinie intulerunt enormia, quod tandem toto cōclamāte populo, pena sententie capitalis in eos iudicialiter diffinita est, qui priusquā morerentur, Vt penam mortis affectuarent, spontanea Vini ebrietate sopiti, quasi pozci semimortui gladio interierunt.

¶ I rede in a cronicle thus
Of Galba, and of Vitellus,
The whiche of Spayne both were
The greattest of all other there,
And bothe of o condicion,
After the disposicion
Of glotony, and dronkshipp
That was a sore felaushipp.
For this thou might wel vnderstonde,
That man mate welle not longe stonde,
Whiche is wine dronke of common vse.
For he hath lore the vertues,
Wherof reason shuld hym cloth:
And that was sen vpon hem both.
Men seyn, there is no euidence,
Wherof to knowe a difference
Betwene the dronken and the woode.
For thei be neuer nother good.
For where that wine doth wit a weye,
Wisdome hath lost the right weye,
That he no maner vice dredeth,
No more than a blynd man thredeth

His nedel by the sonne light:
No moze is reason than of might,
Whan he with dzonkeship is blent.
And in this point thei weren shent,
This Galba both and eke Vitelle,
Upon the cause as I shall tell,
Wherof good is to take hede.
Foz thei two thzough her dzonkenhede,
Of witles excitacion
Oppzessed all the nacion
Of Spayne: foz all soule vsaunce,
Whiche done was of continuaunce
Of hem, whiche all daie dzonke were,
There was no wife ne maiden there,
What so thei were, oz faire oz soule,
Whom thei ne taken to defoule:
Wherof the londe was often wo,
And eke in other thynges mo
Thei wzoughten many a sondzie wzonge.
But howe so that the daie be longe,
The derke night cometh at laste,
God wolde nought, thei shulden laste,
And shope the lawe in suche a wise,
That thei thzough dome to the Juise
Be damned foz to be fozloze.
But thei, that had be tofoze
Enclined to all dzonkenesse,
Her ende than bare witnesse.
Foz thei in hope to allwage
The peine of dethe vpon the rage,
That thei laste shulden feele,
Of wyne let fill full a meele,
And dzonken till so was befall,
That thei her strengthes losen all,
Withouten wit of ony bzayne,
And thus thei ben halfe deed slayne,
That hem ne greueth but a lite.
¶My sonne if thou be foz to wite
In ony point, whiche I haue saide,
Wherof thy wittes bene vnteide,
I rede clepe hem home ageyne.
¶I shall do father as ye seyne,
Als ferfozth as I maie suffise.
But well I wote, that in no wise,
The dzonkeship of loue aweye
I maie remue by no weye:
It stant nought vpon my foztune,
But if you lift to commune
Of the seconde glotonie,
Whiche cleped is delicacie,
Wherof ye spake here to foze,
Beseche I wolde you therfoze.
¶My sonne as of that ilke vice,
Whiche of all other is the nozice,
And stant vpon the retenue
Of Venus, so as it is due,
The pzopertee howe that it fareth,
The boke herafter nowe declareth.

Delitiæ cum diuitiis sunt iura potentum,
In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gulæ.
Nõ sunt delitiæ tales, quæ corpora pascunt,
Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
Qui completus amor maiori munere gaudet:
Cum data delitiis mens in amante fatur.

¶HIC tractat super illa specie gule, quæ delicatia nũcupatur, cuius mollicies voluptuose carni personis pzecipue potentiõus queq; complacentia cozpozaliter ministrat.

¶Of this chapter, in whiche we trete,
There is yet one of suche diete,
To whiche no pooze may attaine.
Foz all is pale as paindemaine,
And sondzie wyne, and sondzy dzinke,
Wherof that he woll eate and dzinke,
His cookes ben foz hym affaited,
So that his body is awaited,
That hym shall lacke no delite
Als ferfoth as his appetite
Sufficeth to the meates hote,
Wherof the luskie vice is hote
Of Gule the delicacie,
Whiche all the holle pzogenie
Of luskie folke hath vndertake
To fede, while that he maie take
Richesse, wherof to be founde
Of abstinence he wote no bounde
To what pzofite it shulde serue,
And yet philike of his conserue
Maketh many a restrauracion
Unto his recreacion:
Whiche wolde be to Venus lefe.
Thus foz the point of his releefe
The cooke, whiche shal his meate araye,
But he the better his mouth assaye,
His lozdes thonke shall ofte lese,
Er he be serued to the chese.

Foz

For there maie lacke not so lite,
That he ne fint anone a wite.
But his lust be fully serued,
There hath no wight his thonke deserued.
And yet for mans sustenaunce,
To kepe and holde in gouernance,
To hym that woll his hele geate
Is none so good, as common meate.
For who that loketh on the bokes,
It seith, confection of cookes,
A man hym shulde well auise,
Howe he it toke, and in what wise.
For who that vseth, that he knoweth,
Full selden sikenes on hym groweth:
And who that vseth meates straunge,
Though his nature empayre and chaunge,
It is no wonder lieke some,
Whan that he both ayene his wonne.
For in sikenesse this I fynde,
Vsage is the seconde kynde
In leue, als well as other wey.
For as these holy bokes sey,
The bodily delices all,
In euery poynt howe so thei fall,
Vnto the soule done greuance.
And for to take in remembrance
A tale accordant vnto this,
Whiche of great vnderstandyng is
To mans soule reasonable,
I thynke tell, and is no fable.

¶HIC PONIT EXEMPLVM contra istos delicatos, et narrat de diuite et Lazaro, quorum gesta in euangelio Lucas euidentius describit.

¶Of Christis worde, who woll it rede,
Howe that this vice is for to drede,
In theuangile it telleth pleyne,
Whiche mote algate be certeine.
For Christe hym selfe beareth witnesse:
And though the clerke, and the clergesse
In laten tonge it rede and synge,
Yet for the more knowlechynge
Of trouthe, whiche is good to witte
I shall declare, as it is writte
In englisshe, for thus it began.
¶Christe seith, there was a riche man,
A myghty lorde of great astate,
And he was eke so delicate
Of his clothyng that euery date
Of purpre and bysse he made hym gate,
And ete and dranke therto his fyll,
After the lustes of his wyll:
As he, whiche all stoode in delice,
And toke none hede of thilke vice.
And as it shulde so betide,
A poure lazar vpon a tide
Came to the gate, and axed meate:
But there might he nothyng geate
His deedely hungre for to staunche.
For he, whiche had his full paunche
Of all lustes at borde,
Ne deigneth not to speake a worde,
Onliche a cromme for to yeue,
Wherof this poure might leue
Vpon the yefte of his almesse.
Thus laie this poure in great distresse,
A colde and hongred at the gate.
For whiche he might go no gate,
So was he wofully besene.
And as these holy bokes seyn,
The houndes comen fro the halle,
Where that this sicke man was falle,
And as he laie there for to deie
The woundes of his maladie
Thei licken, for to doone hym ease.
But he was full of suche disease,
That he maie not the deth escape:
But as it was that time shape,
The soule fro the body passeth:
And he, whom nothyng ouerpasseth,
The high god vp to the heuen
Hym toke, where he hath set hym euen
In Abrahams barme on highe,
Where he the heuens ioye sighe,
And had all that he haue wolde,
And fell as it befall sholde:
This riche man the same throwe
With sodein deth was ouerthrowe,
And forth withouten any went
Vnto the hell straught he went:
The sende into the fyre hym drough,
Where that he had peine enough
Of flame, whiche that euer brenneth:
And as his eie about renneth,
Toward the heuen he cast his loke,

Where

Where that he ligh, and bede take,
How lazar set was in his see,
Als farre as euer he might see,
With Abraham, and than he praide
Unto the patriarche and sayde:
Sende lazar downe fro thilke sete
And do, that he his finger wete
In water, so that he maie droppe
Upon my tonge, for to stoppe
The great hete, in whiche I brenne.
But Abraham answerde then,
And sayd to hym in this wise:

Salomon. Qui obturat aures suas ad clamorē pauperum, ipse clamabit, et non exaudietur.

¶My sonne, thou the might auise,
And take in to thy remembrance,
Howe lazar had great penance,
While he was in that other life,
But thou in all thy lust tolife
The bodely delices soughtest.
For thy so as thou than wronghtest,
Nowe shalte thou take thy rewarde
Of deadly peyne here afterwarde
In hell, whiche shall euer last,
And this lazar nowe at last
This worldes peyne is ouerronne,
In heuen and hath his life begonne
Of ioye, whiche is endeles.
But that thou preidest netheles,
That I shall lazar to the sende,
With water on his finger ende,
Thyne hote tonge for to kele:
Thou shalt no suche graces fele.
For to that foule place of synne,
For euer in whiche thou shalt be inne,
Cometh none out of this place thider,
Ne none of you may come hider.
Thus be ye parted nowe a two.
The riche ayeneward cride tho:
O Abraham, sithe it so is
That lazar maie nought do me this,
Whiche I haue ared in this place,
I wolde praie an other grace.
For I haue yet bretherne fiue,
That with my father bene a liue,
To gether dwellende in one hous,
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I praie, that thou woldest sende
Lazar, so that he might wende
To warne hem, how the worlde is went,
That afterward thei be not shent
Of suche peines as thei drie.
To this I praie, and this I crie,
Howe I maie not my selfe amende.
The patriarke anone sewende,
To this praier answerde Maie,
And saide hym, howe that euery daie
His bretherne might knowe and here
Of Moyses on erthe here,
And of prophettes other mo,
What hem was best: And he saith no,
But if there might a man arise
From deth to life in suche a wise
To tellen hem, howe that it were,
He saide than of pure fere
Thei shulden well beware therby.
Quod Abraham, nay sikerly.
For if thei nowe will not obey
To suche, as teche hem the wey,
And all day teache, and all daie telle,
Howe that it stant of heuen and helle,
Thei will not than taken hede,
Though it befell so in dede,
That any deade man were arrered,
To ben of hym no better lered
Than of an other man on liue.
¶If thou my sonne canst descriue
This tale, as Christe hym selfe it tolde,
Thou shalt haue cause to beholde,
To se so great an euidence,
Wherof the soth experience
Hath shewed openliche at ee,
That bodely delicate
Of hym, whiche yeueth none almesse,
Shall after fall in great distresse,
And that was sene vpon the riche.
For he ne wolde vnto his liche
A cromme yeuen of his breadde,
Than afterwarde whan he was deade,
A droppe of water hym was werned.
Thus maie a mans wit be lerned
Of hem, that so delites taken,
Whan thei with death ben ouertaken,
That erst was swete is than sowre.
But he that is a gouernour

Of

Of worldes ioye, if he be wise,
Within his herte he set no prise
Of all the worlde, and yet he vseth
The good, that he nothyng refuseth,
As he, whiche lorde is of the thynges,
The ouches, and the riche rynges,
The cloth of golde, and the perrie
He taketh: and yet the delicacie
He leueth, though he weare all this,
The best mete, that there is
He eateth, and drinketh the best drinke:
But howe that euer he eate or drinke,
Delicacie he put aweie,
As he, whiche goth the right weie,
Nought only for to fede and clothe
His body, but his soule bothe.
But thei that taken other wise
Her lustes, bene none of the wise.
But nowe a daie a man maie see
The worlde so full of vanitee,
That no man taketh of reason hede,
Or for to clothe, or for to fede:
But all is set vnto the vice,
To newe and changen his delice.
And right so chaungeth his astate,
He that of loue is delicate.
For though he had to his honde
The best wife of all the londe,
Or the fairest loue of all:
Yet wolde his herte on other fall,
And thinke hem more delicious,
Than he hath in his owne hous.
Men seyne it is nowe ofte so,
Anise hem well, thei that so do.
And for to speke in other waie,
Full ofte tyme I haue herde saie,
That he, whiche hath no loue achieued,
Hym thinketh that he is not relieued,
Though that his ladie make hym chere,
So as she maie in good manere
Hir honour, and hir name saue,
But he the surplus might haue,
Nothyng withstandyng hir astate
Of loue more delicate,
He set hir there at no delite,
But if he haue all his appetite.
My sonne if it with the be so,
Tell me: Myn holy father no,
For delicate in suche a wise
Of loue, as ye to me deuise,
Me was I neuer yet gyltis.
For if I had suche a wife,
As ye speke of, what shulde I more:
For than I wolde neuer more,
For lust of any womanhede,
My herte vpon none other fede:
And if I did, it were a waste,
But all without suche repaste
Of lust, as ye me tolde aboue,
Of wife, or yet of other loue,
I faste, and maie no fode geate.
So that for lacke of deintie meate,
Of whiche an herte maie be fedde,
I go fastynge to my bedde.
But might I getten as ye tolde,
So mochel, that my lady wolde
Me fede with hir gladde semblaunt,
Though me lacke all the remenaunt:
Yet shulde I somdele ben abeched,
And for the tyme wel refresshed.
But certes fader she ne doth,
For in good feith to tellen soth,
I trowe, though I shulde sterue,
She wolde not hir eie swerue,
My herte with one goodly looke
To fede, and thus for suche a cooke,
I maie go fastinge euermo.
But if so is, that any wo
Maie fede a mans herte wele,
Therof I haue at euery mele,
Of plentie more than enough.
But that is of hym selfe so tough,
My stomake maie it not defie.
Lo suche is the delicacie
Of loue, whiche my herte fedeth.
Thus haue I lacke of that me nedeth,
But for all this yet netheles,
I saie not, I am giltes,
That I somdele am delicate.
For els were I fully mate:
But if that I some lusty stounde
Of comforte and of ease founde,
To take of loue some repast.
For though I with full taste
The lust of loue maie not fele,
Myn honger otherwise I kele,

Or

Of smale lusses, whiche I pike,
And for a tyme yet thei like,
If that ye wilken, what I meane.
¶ Nowe good sonne shrive the cleane
Of suche deinties as ben good,
wherof thou takest thyn hertis foode.
¶ My father I shall you reherse,
Howe that my foodes ben diuerse,
So as thei fallen in degree.
One feedynge is of that I see:
An other is, of that I here:
The thirde, as I shall tellen here,
At groweth of myne owne thought,
And els shulde I liue nought.
For whom that faileth foode of herte,
He maie nought well the dethe asserte.

Nota qualiter visus in amore se cõtinet delicat⁹.

¶ Of sight is all my first foode,
Through whiche myne eie of all goode
Hath that to hym is accordant,
A lustie foode sufficant,
whan that I go towarde the place,
where I shall see my ladies face,
Myn eie, whiche is lothe to faste,
Begynneth anone to hungre so faste,
That hym thynketh of an houre three,
Till I there come, and he hir see:
And than after his appetite
He taketh a foode of suche delite,
That hym none other deintie nedeth,
Of sondrie sightes he hym feedeth.
He seeth hir face of suche coloure,
That fresscher is than any floure.
He seeth hir front is large and playne,
without frounce of any grayne.
He seeth hir eien liche an heuen,
And seeth hir nose streite and euen.
He seeth hir rudde vpon the cheke,
And seeth hir redde lippes eke.
Hir chynne accordeth to the face,
All that he seeth is full of grace.
He seeth hir necke rounde and clene,
Therin maie no bone be sene.
He seeth hir handes faire and white,
For all this thyng without wite
He maie see naked at leste.
So is it well the more feste,
And well the more delicatie
Unto the feedyng of the eie.
He seeth hir shape forth with all,
Hir body rounde, hir mistell small,
So well begone with good arraie,
whiche passeth all the lust of maie,
whan he is mokke with softe showres
Full clothed in his lusty flowres.
With suche sightes by and by
Myn eie is fedde, but finally
whan he the porte and the manere
Seeth of hir womannysshe chere,
Than hath he suche delite on honde,
Hym thinketh he might still stonde,
And that he hath full sufficiance
Of liuelode, and of sustenance,
As to his parte for euermo.
And if it thought all other so,
Fro then wolde he neuer wende,
But there vnto the worldes ende
He wolde abide, if that he might,
And feeden hym vpon the sight.
For though I might stonden aie
In to the tyme of domes daie,
And loke vpon hir euer in one:
Yet whan I shulde fro hir gone,
Myne eie wolde, as though he faste
Ben honger storuen also faste,
Tille efte ayene that he hir seie:
Suche is the nature of myn eie.
There is no lust so deintefull,
Of whiche a man shulde not be full,
Of that the stomake vnderstongeth:
But euer in one myn herte longeth.
For loke howe that a gosshauke tireth,
Right so dothe he, whan that he pireth
And tooteth on hir womanhede.
For he maie neuer fully fede
His lust, but euer a liche sore
Hym hongreth, so that he the more
Desireth to be fedde algate.
And thus myn eie is made the gate,
Through which the deinties of my thought
Of lust ben to myn herte brought.
Right as myn eie with his loke,
Is to myn herte a lustie cooke
Of loues foode delicate:

Right

¶ Quakiter auris in amore delectatur.

Right so myn eare in his state,
Where as mine eie maie not serue,
Can well my hertes thonke deserue,
And feden hym fro daie to daie
With suche deinties as he maie.
For thus it is, that ouer all,
Where as I come in speciall,
I maie here of my ladie prise.
I here one saie, that she is wise,
An other saith, that she is good,
And some men seyne, of worthy blood
That she is come, and is also
So fayre, that no where is none so.
And some men preise hir goodly chere.
Thus euery thynge, that I maie here,
Whiche sowneth to my lady good,
Is to myn eare a lusty foode.
And eke myn eare hath ouer this
A deintie feake, whan so is
That I maie here hir seluen speke.
For than anone my sake I breke
On suche wordes, as she saith,
That full of trouth, and full of feyth
Thei ben, and of so great disporte,
That to myn eare great comforte
Thei done, as thei that ben delices.
For all the meates and the spices,
That any Lumbarde couth make,
Me ben so lustie for to take,
Me so farforth restauratife,
I sey as for myn owne lyfe,
As ben the wordes of hir mouth,
For as the wyndes of the south
Ben mofte of all debonaire:
So when hir lust to speke faire,
The vertue of hir goodly speche
Is verily myn hertes leche.
And if it so befalle amonge,
That she carole vpon a fonge,
Whan I it here, I am so fedde,
That I am fro my selfe so ledde,
As though I were in Paradise.
For certes as to myn auise,
Whan I here of hir voyce the steuen,
Me thynkth it is a blisse of heuen.
And eke in otherwise also,
Full oft tyme it falleth so,
Myn ere with a good pitance
Is fed, of redinge of romance,
Of Idoyne, and of Amadas,
That whilome were in my cas:
And eke of other many a score,
That loued longe, er I was bore.
For whan I of her loues rede,
Myn ere with the tale I fede,
And with the lust of her histoire
Somtime I drawe into memoire,
Howe sorowe maie not euer last,
And so hope cometh in at last,
Whan I none other foode knowe:
And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a cherie feste:
But for to counten at leste
As for the while yet it easeth,
And somdele of my hert appeseth.
For what thinge to my ere spredeth,
Whiche is pleasant, somdele it easeth,
With wordes suche as he maie gete,
My lust in stede of other mete.
Lo thus my fader as I you sete
Of lust, the whiche myn eie hath sete,
And eke of that myn eare hath herde,
Full ofte I haue the better herde:
And tho two bryngen in the thridde,
The whiche hath in myn herte amydde
His place take, to araie,
The lustie thoughtes whiche assaie
I mote, and nameliche on nightes,
Whan that me lacketh all sightes
And that min heringe is awey,
Than is he redy in the wey
My rere souper for to make,
Of whiche my hertes foode I take.

Quakiter cogitatus impressiones leticie imaginatiuas cordibus inserit amantum.

¶ This lustie cookes name is hote
Thought, which hath euer his pottes hote
Of loue boylend on the fire,
With fantasie, and with desire,
Of whiche er this full ofte he fedde
Myn herte, whan I was a bedde
And than he set vpon my borde

Bothe euery sight, and euery worde
Of lust, whiche I haue herde or seyne:
But yet is not my fest all pleyn,
But all of woldes, and of wisshes,
Therof haue I my full disshes,
But as of selynge, and of taste,
Yet might I neuer haue o repaste.
And as I haue sayd to forne,
I licke hony of the thorne,
And, as who seith, vpon the bridell
I chewe so that all is ydell,
As in effect the foode I haue.
But as a man, that wolde him saue,
Whan he is sicke, by medicine:
Right so of loue the famine
I fonde in all that euer I maie,
To fede and driue forthe the daie,
Till I maie haue the great fest,
Whiche all my honger might aresse.
Lo suche ben my lustes three,
Of that I thynke, and here, and see,
I take of loue my fedinge,
Without talkinge or felinge.
And as the plouer doth of the eire
I liue, and am in good espeire,
That for none suche delicacie
I trowe I do no glotonie.
And netheles to your aduise
Myn holy fader, that ben wise,
I recommende myn estate
Of that I haue ben delicate.
My sonne I vnderstonde wele,
That thou hast tolde here, euery dele.
And as me thinketh by thy tale,
It ben delites wonder smale,
Wherof thou takest thy loues foode.
But sonne, if that thou vnderstoode,
What is to ben delicious,
Thou woldest not be curious,
Vpon the lust of thyn astate
To ben to hote or delicate:
Wherof that thou reason exprede.
For in the bokes thou might rede,
If mans wisdom shall be sewed,
It ought well to ben eschewed
As well by reason as by kynde,
Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

Hic loquitur de delicacia Neronis, qui corpori sibus deliciis magis adherens, spiritualia gaudia minus obtinuit.

That man that wolde hym well auise,
Delicacie is to dispise,
Whan kynde accordeth not withall:
Wherof ensample speciall
Of Nero whylom maie be tolde,
Whiche ayens kynde manyfolde
His lustes toke, till at last,
That god hym wolde all ouercaste,
Of whom the cronike is so pleine,
We lust no more of hym to seyne.
And netheles for glotonie
Of bodely delicacie
To knowe his stomake howe it ferde,
Of that no man tofore herde,
Which he within hym selfe bethought,
A wonder subtile thyng he wrought,
Three men vpon election
Of age, and of complection
Liche to hym selfe by all waie,
He toke towardes hym to plaie,
And eate and dranke as well as hee,
Therof was no diuersitee.
For euery daie whan that thei eate,
Tofore his owne bourde thei seate,
And of suche meate as he was serued,
All though thei had it not deserued,
Thei token seruice of the same:
But afterwarde all thilke game
Was into wofull ernest tourned.
For whan thei were this solourned,
Within a tyme at after mete
Nero, whiche had not forgete
The lustes of his freel astate,
As he whiche all was delicate,
To knowe thilke experience,
The men let come in his presence,
And to that one the same tide
A courser, that he shulde ride
Into the felde anone he badde,
Wherof this man was wonder gladde,
And goth to pricke and praunce aboute,
That other, while that he was out,
He layde vpon his bedde to slepe.
The third, whiche he wolde kepe

Within

Within his chambre faire and softe,
He gothe nowe vp nowe downe ful ofte
Walkyng a pace, that he ne slepte,
Till he whiche on the courser lepte
Was comen fro the felde ageyne.
Nero than (as bokes seyne)
These men did done take all three,
And slough hem, for he wolde see,
The whose stomacke was best defied.
And whan he hath the sothe tried,
He founde, that he, whiche goth the pas,
Defied beste of all was:
Whiche afterwarde he vsed ate.
And thus what thyng vnto his pate
Was most pleasant, he lefte none,
With ony lust he was begone,
Wherof the body might glade.
For he no abstinence made.
But most of all erthely thynges
Of women vnto the likynges,
Nero set all his hole herte.
For that lust hym shulde not asserte.
Whan that the thurst of loue him caught,
Where that hym list he toke a draught,
He spareth nether wife ne maide,
That suche a nother, as men saide,
In all this worlde was neuer yit.
He was so dronke in all his wit
Through sondrie lustes, whiche he toke,
That euer, while there is a boke,
Of Nero men shall rede and singe
Unto the worldes knowlechynge.
My good sonne as thou hast herde,
For euer yet it hath so ferde,
Delicacie in loues cas
Without reason is and was.
For where that loue is herte set,
Hym thinketh, it might be no bet,
All though it be not fully mete.
The lust of loue is euer swete.
Lo thus to gether of felaushyp
Delicacie and dronkshyp
(Wherof reason stant out of herre)
Haue made many a man erre
In loues cause moste of all.
For than howe so that euer it fall,
Witte can no reason vnderstonde,
But let the gouernance stonde
To wille, whiche than wereth so wilde,
That he can not hym selfe shilde
Fro the perille, but out of fere
The waie he secheth here and there,
Hym rethcheth not vpon what side.
For oft tyme he goth beside,
And doth such thyng without drede,
Wherof hym ought well to drede.
But whan that loue allote th sore,
It passeth all mens lore,
What lust it is, that he ordeineth,
There is no mans might restreineth,
And of god taketh he none hede,
But lawles withouten drede,
His purpos for he wolde acheue,
Ayenst the pointes of the beleue
He tempteth heuen, erthe, and helle,
Here afterward as I shall telle.

Dū stimulat amor, qcqd iubet orta voluptas,
Audet, & aggreditur nulla timenda timēs.
Omne qd astra queunt herbarū siue potestas,
Seu vigor inferni singula temptat amans.
Qd nequid ipse, deo mediāte, parare siniſtrū,
Dæmonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
Sic sibi non curat ad opus quæ retia tendit,
Dūmodo nudatam prendere posset auem.

¶ Hic tractat, qualiter ebrietas et delicatia omnis pudicitie contrarium instigantes inter alia ad carnalis concupiscentie promotionem sortilegio magicam requirunt.

¶ Who dare do thing, which loue ne dare?
To loue is euery lawe vnware,
But to the lawes of his helle
The fisshe, the fowle, the man, the beste,
Of all the worldes kynde lowteth.
For loue is he, which nothyng douteth,
In mannes herte where it sitte.
He counteth nought toward his witte,
The wo, no more than the wele,
No more the hete, than the chele,
No more the wete, than the drie,
No more to liue, than to die:
So that to fore ne behynde
He seeth no thyng, but as the blynde
Without insight of his courage,
He doth meruailes in his rage,
To what thyng that he wol hym drawe,
There is no god, there is no lawe

Of whom that he taketh any hede.
But as bataarde the blynde stede,
Till he falle in the ditche a midde,
He gothe there no man will hym bidde,
He stant so serforthe out of rewle,
There is no witte, that maie hym reule.
And thus to tell of hym in soothe,
Full many a wonder thyng he doothe,
That were better to be lafte:
Amonge the whiche is witche crafte,
That somme men clepen sorcerie,
Whiche for to wynne his drewrie,
With many a circumstance he vseth,
There is no point, whiche he refuseth.

¶ Nota de autorum nec non et libroꝝ tam naturalis q̃ execrabilis magice nominibus.

¶ The crafte, whiche that Saturnus fonde
To make pikes in the sonde,
That Geomance cleped is,
Full ofte he vseth it amis:
And of the floode his Hydromance,
And of the fire the Pyromance,
With questions eche one of tho
He tempteth ofte: and eke also
Aeremance in iudgement,
To loue he bryngeth of his assent.
For these crafte (as I finde)
A man maie do by waie of kinde:
Be so, it be to good entent.
But he goth all another went.
For rather er he shulde faile
With Nicromance he wolde assaile,
To make his incantation,
With hote fubfumigation,
Thilke arte, whiche Spatula is hote,
And vsed is of common rote
Amonge painims, whiche that crafte eke,
Of whiche is auctor Thosez the greke,
He wercheth one and one by rowe:
Razel is not to hym vnknowe
The Salomones Candarie,
His Ideac, his Eutonie,
The figure of the boke withall,
Of Balamuz, and of Ghenball
The seale, and therupon thimage
Of Thebith, for his auantage
He taketh: and some what of Gibere,
Whiche helpliche is to this matere.
Babylla to hir sonnes seuen,
Whiche hath renounced to the heuen,
With Cernes bothe square and rounde,
He traceth ofte vpon the grounde,
Makynge his inuocation,
And for full informacion
The schole, whiche Honorius
Wrote, he pursueth, and lo thus
Magike he vseth for to winne
His loue, and spareth for no sinne.
And ouer that of his sotie,
Right as he secheth sorcerie,
Of hem that bene magiciens,
Right so of the naturiens,
Vpon the sterres from aboue,
His wey he secheth vnto loue,
Als ferre as he hem vnderstondeth:
In many a sondrie wise he fondeth,
He maketh ymage, he maketh sculpture,
He maketh writynge, he maketh figure,
He maketh his calculacions,
He maketh his demonstracions,
His hours of astronomie
He kepeth, as for that partie,
Whiche longeth to the inspection
Of loue, and his affection.
He wolde in to the helle sechе,
The deuell hym selfe to besechе,
If that he wiste for to spede,
To gete of loue his lustie mede,
Where that he hath his herte set,
He bidde neuer fare bet,
He witte of other heuen more.
My sonne if thou of suche a lore
Hast ben er this, I rede the leue.
¶ Myn holy father by your leue,
Of all that ye haue spoken here,
Whiche toucheth vnto this matere,
To telle sooth right as I wene,
I wote not o worde, what ye mene.
I woll not saie, if that I couth,
That I nolde in my lustie youth,
Beneth in helle and eke aboue,
To wyn with my ladies loue,
Done al that euer that I might.
For therof haue I none inſight,
Where afterwarde that I am become:

So that I wonne and ouercome
Hir loue, whiche I moste coueyte.
¶My sonne that goth wonder streyte,
For this I maie well tell soothe,
There is no man whiche so doothe,
For all the craste that he can caste,
That he ne bieth it at laste.
For often he that will begile,
Is guiled with the same guile.
And thus the guiler is beguiled,
As I synde in a boke compiled
To this matere an olde hystoire,
The whiche comth nowe to my memoire,
And is of great ensamplarie
Ayene the vice of sorcerie,
Wherof none ende maie be good.
But howe whilome therof it stood,
A tale, whiche is good to knowe,
To the my sonne I shall beknowe.

¶Nota contra istos ob amoris causam sortilegos, vbi narrat in exemplum, quod cum Vlysses a subuersione Troie repatriare nauigio vellet, ipsum in Insula Circi, vbi illa expertissima maga nomine Cyrces regnauit, contigit applicuisse, quem vt in sui amoris concupiscentiam exardesceret, Circes omnibus suis incantationibus vincere conabatur: Vlysses tamen Magica pot nitor ipsa in amore subegit, Ex qua filium nomine Telegonum genuit, qui posse a patrem suum interfecit, et sic contra fidei naturam gentus, contra generationis naturam patricidium operatus est.

¶Amonge hem, whiche at Troie were,
Vlysses at the siege there,
Was one by name in speciall,
Of whom yet the memoriall
Abideth, for while there is a mouthe,
For euer his name shall be couthe.
He was a worthy knight and kynge,
And clerke knowende of euery thynge,
He was a great Rhetorien,
He was a great magicien,
Of Tullius the Rhetorike,
Of kynge Zoroastes the magike,
Of Ptolome thastronomie,
Of Plato the philosophie,
Of Daniell the sleple dremes,
Of Neptune the water stremes,
Of Salomon and the prouerbes,
Of Macer all the strength of herbes,
And the physike of Hippocras,
And liche vnto Pythagoras,
Of surgerie he knewe the cures:
But some what of his auentures,
Whiche shall to my matter accorde,
To the my sonne I will recorde.
This king, of which thou hast herde sein,
From Troie as he goth home ageine
By ship, he founde the sea diuerse,
With many a windie storme reuerse:
But he through wisdom, which he shapeth,
Full many a great perill escapeth:
Of whiche I thynke tellen one,
Howe that maugre the nedell and stone,
Wynde driue he was all sodeynly
Vpon the strondes of Cilly,
Where that he must abide a while.
Tway quenes weren in that ple,
Calypso named and Circes.
And whan thei herde, how Vlysses
Is londed there vpon the Riue:
For hym they senden also blyue.
With hym suche as he wold he nam,
And to the courte to hem he cam.
These quenes were as two goddesses,
Of arte magike sorceresses,
That what lorde cometh to that riuage,
Thei make hym loue in suche a rage,
And vpon hem assote so,
That thei woll haue, er that he go,
All that he hath of worldes good.
Vlysses well this vnderstoode.
Thei couthe muche, he couthe more:
Thei shape and cast ayenst hym sore,
And wrought many a subtile wile.
But yet thei might hym not begyle.
But of the men of his naute
Thei two forshope a great partie.
Maie none of hem withstonde her hestes,
Some parte thei shopen in to bestes,
Some parte thei shopen in to foules,
To beres, tygres, apes, oules,
Dyels by some other wey,
Ther myght nothyng hem disobey,
Suche craste thei had aboue kynde,
But that arte couth thei not fynde,
Of whiche Vlisses was deceiued,

That he ne hath hem all weiued,
And brought hem in to suche a rote,
That vpon hym thei bothe assote.
And through the science of his arte
He toke of hem so well his parte,
That he begat Circes with childe:
He kepte hym sobre, and made hem wilde,
He set hym selue so aboue,
That with her good, and with her loue,
Who that therof be liefe or lothe,
All quite in to his ship he gothe.
Circes to swolle bothe sides,
He lefte, and waiteth on the tides,
And straught through out the salte fome
He taketh his cours, and comth hym home,
Where as he founde Penelope,
A better wife there maie none be:
And yet there bene enowe of good.
But who that hir goodship vnderstood,
Fro fyrst that she wifehode toke,
Howe many loues she forsoke,
And howe she bare hir all aboute,
There whiles that hir lorde was oute:
He might make a great auant
Amonge all the remenant,
That she, one of all the best,
Well might he set his herte in rest.
This kynge whan he hir fonde in hele,
For as he couthe in wysedome dele,
So couthe she in womanhede,
And whan the syth without en drede
Hir lorde vpon his owne grounde,
That he was come safe and sounde,
In all this worlde ne might be
A gladder woman than was she.
The fame, whiche maie nought be hid,
Throughout the londe is soone kid:
Her kynge is comen home ayene,
There maie no man the full seyne,
Howe that thei weren all glade,
So mochell ioye of hym thei made.
The presentes euery date bene newed,
He was with yeftes all besnewed.
The people was of hym so glad,
That though none other man hem bad,
Tallage vpon hem selfe thei sette,
And as it were of pure dette
They yeue her goodes to the kynge:
This was a glad home welcomynge.
Thus hath Vlysses what he wolde,
His wife was suche as she be sholde,
His people was to hym subiecte,
Hym lacketh nothynge of delite

Horatius. Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filio.

But fortune is of suche a sleyght,
That whan a man is most on height,
She maketh hym rathest for to falle.
There wote no man what shall befalle.
The happes ouer mannes hede
Ben hanged with a tender threde,
That proued was on Vlysses.
For whan he was most in his pees.
Fortune gan to make hym werre,
And set his welthe oute of herre.
Upon a day as he was mery
As though ther might hym no thinge derie,
Whan night was come, he goth to bedde,
With slepe and both his eien fedde,
And while he slepte, he met a sweuen:
Hym thought he sigh a statu euen,
Whiche brighter than the sonne shone,
A man it semed was it none:
But yet it was a figure
Most liche to mannishe creature,
But as of beautie heuenliche
It was most to an aungell liche.
And thus betwene aungell and man,
Beholden it this kynge began,
And suche a lust toke of the sight,
That fayne he wolde, if that he might
The forme of that figure embrace,
And goth hym forth toward that place,
Where he sigh that image tho,
And takth it in his armes two,
And it embraceth hym ageyne,
And to the kynge thus gan it seyne.
Vlysses vnderstond well this,
The token of our acqueintance is,
Here afterward to mochell tene
The loue that is vs betwene.
Of that we nowe suche ioie make,
That one of vs the deth shall take,
Whan tyme cometh of destinee,

It maie none otherwise be.
Vlysses tho began to praie,
That this figure wolde hym saie,
What wight he is, that sayth hym so.
This wight vpon a speare tho
A pensell, whiche was well begone
Embroudred, sheweth hym anone
Thre fillhes all of o colour,
In maner as it were a toure
Vpon the pensell were wrought.
Vlysses knewe this token nought,
And prayth to witte in some partie,
What thynge it might signifie.
A signe it is, the wight answerde,
Of an empire, and forth he ferde
All sodeynly, whan he that sayd.
Vlysses out of slepe abrayde,
And that was right ayene the daie,
That lenger slepen he ne maie.
Men say, a man hath knowlegeynge,
Saue of hym selfe, of all thynge.
His owne chance no man knoweth,
But as fortune it on hym throweth.
Was neuer yet so wise a clerke,
Whiche might knowe all goddes werke,
Ne the secrete, whiche god hath sette
Ayene a man, maie not be lette.
Vlysses though that he be wise,
With all his witte in his auise,
The more that he his sweuen accounteth,
The lesse he wote, what it amounteth,
For all his calculacion,
He seeth no demonstracion
As pleynly for to knowe an ende.
But netheles howe that it wende,
He drad hym of his owne sonne,
That maketh hym well the more astonne,
And shope therfore anone withall,
So that within castell walle
Thelemachus his sonne he shette,
And on hym stronge warde he sette,
The soothe farther he ne knewe,
Till that fortune him ouerthrewe.
But netheles for sikernesse,
Where that he might wit and gesse
A place strengest in his londe,
There let he make of lime and sonde
A strength, where he wolde dwell:
Was neuer man yet herde tell
Of suche an other, as it was,
And for to strength hym in that cas
Of all his londe the sikerest
Of seruantes and the worthiest
To kepen hym within warde,
He set his body for to warde:
And made suche an ordinance
For loue, ne for aqueintance,
That were it erely, were it late,
Thei shuld let in at yate
No maner man, what so betid,
But if so were hym selfe it bid.
But all that mighte hym not auayle,
For whom fortune woll assayle,
There maie be no suche resistence,
Whiche might make a man defence,
All that shall be mote fall algate.
This Circes, whiche I spake of late,
On whom Vlysses hath begete
A childe, though he it haue forgete:
Whan tyme came, as it was wonne
She was deliuerde of a sonne,
Whiche cleped is Telegonus.
This childe whan he was borne thus,
About his mother to full age,
That he can reason and langage,
In good estate was drawe forth.
And whan he was so mochell worth
To stonden in a mannes stede,
Circes his mother hath hym bede,
That he shall to his father go:
And tolde hym all to geder tho,
What man he was, that hym begate.
And whan Thelegonus of that
Was ware, and hath full knowlechynge,
Howe that his fader was a kynge:
He prayth his moder fayre this
To go, where that his fader is.
And she hym graunteth that he shall:
And made hym redy forth with all.
It was that tyme suche vsance,
That euery man the conysaunce
Of his contre bare in his honde,
Whan he went in to straunge londe.
And thus was euery man therfore
Well knowe where that he was bore,
For espyall and myskrowynges

They

Thei did than suche thynges,
That euery man might other knowe.
So it be felle in that throwe,
Telegonus as in this cas,
Of his contrei the signe was
Thre fisshes, whiche he shulde beare
Upon the pinon of a speare:
And whan that he was thus arraide,
And hath his harneis all assaide,
That he was redy euerydele,
His moder bad him, fare wele,
And saide hym, that he shulde swithe
His fader griete a thousand sith.
Telegonus his moder kist,
And toke his leue, and where he wist
His fader was, the waie name,
Tyll he vnto Nachaie came,
Whiche of that londe the chiefe citee
Was cleped, and there asketh he,
Where was the kynge, and how he ferde,
And whan that he the sooth herde,
Where that the kynge Vlysses was
Alone vpon his hors great pas
He rode hym forth, and in his honde
He bare the signall of his londe,
With fisshes thre, as I haue tolde.
And thus he went vnto that holde,
Where that his owne fader dwelleth.
The cause why he came, he telleth
Unto the kepars of the gate,
And wolde haue comen in there ate.
But shortely thei hym sayde naie.
And he als fayre as euer he maie
Besought, and tolde hem of this,
Howe that the kynge his fader is.
But thei with proude wordes great
Began to manace and threte,
But he go fro the gate fast,
Thei wolden hym take and set fast.
Fro wordes vnto strokes thus
Thei felle, and so Telegonus
Was sore hurte, and well nighe dede
But with his sharpe speares hede:
He maketh defence, howe so it falle,
And wan the yate vpon hem all,
And hath slayne of the best fiue.
And thei askriden als blithe
Through oute the castell all aboute.
On euery side men come oute
Wherof the kynges herte afflight:
And he with all the hast he might
A speare caught, and forthe he gothe,
As he that was right woode for wrothe.
He sighe the gates full of bloode,
Telegonus and where he stoode
He sighe also, but he ne knewe,
What man it was, but to hym threwe
His speare, and he sterte oute a side:
But destine, whiche shall betide,
Befell that ilke time so:
Telegonus knewe nothynge tho,
What man it was, that to hym caste:
And while his owne speare laste,
With all the signe therupon,
He cast vnto the kynge anon,
And smote hym with a dedly wounde,
Vlysses felle anone to grounde.
Tho euery man, the kynge the kynge
Began to crie, and of this thynge
Telegonus whiche sigh the caas,
On knes he felle, and saide alas,
I haue myn owne fader slayne,
Nowe wolde I dede wonder fayne,
Nowe slea me, who that euer wille.
For certes it is right and skill.
He crieth, he wepeth, he seith therfore
Alas that euer was I bore,
That this vnhappie destinee
So wofully comth in by mee.
This kynge, whiche yet hath like enough,
His herte ayen vnto hym drough,
And to that boyce an eare he layde,
And vnderstode all that he saide,
And gan to speke, and sayde on high:
Bringe me this man: and whan he sigh
Telegonus, his thought he sette
Upon the sweuen, whiche he mette,
And asketh, that he might see
His speare, on whiche the fisshes three
He sigh vpon the pensell wrought.
Tho wist he well, it failed nought,
And bad hym, that he tell sholde,
Fro whens he came, and what he wolde.
Telegonus in sorowe and wo,
So as he might, tolde tho
Unto Vlysses all the cas,
How that Circes his mother was:

And

And so forth talde hym euery dele,
Howe that his moder griete hym wele,
And in what wise she hym sent.
Tho wist Vlysses what it ment,
And toke hym in his armes softe,
And all bledend kist hym ofte,
And said: Sonne while I liue,
This infortune I the forgeue.
After his other sonne in haste
He sente, and he began hym haste,
And cam vnto his fader tite.
But whan he sigh hym in suche plite,
He wolde haue ronne vpon that other
Anone, and slayne his owne brother,
Ne had ben that Vlysses
Betwene hem made a forde and pees.
And to his heire Thelemachus
He had, that he Telegonus
With all his power shuld kepe,
Till he were of his woundes depe
All hole, and than he shulde hym yeue
Londe, where vpon he might liue.
Thelemachus whan he this herde,
Vnto his fader he answerde,
And seide: he wolde doone his wille.
So dwelle thei togeder stille
These bretherne, and the fader serueth.
Lo wherof sorcerie serueth:
Through sorcerie his lust he wan,
Through sorcerie his wo began,
Through sorcerie his loue he chese,
Through sorcerie his life he lese.
The childe was gete in sorcerie,
The whiche did all his felonie.
Thing which was ayen kinde wrought,
Vnkyndliche it was abought,
The childe his owne fader slough,
That was vnkyndship enough.
For thy take hede howe that it is,
So for to wynne loue amis,
Whiche endeth all his ioye in wo.
For of this arte I finde so,
That hath be do for loues sake,
Wherof thou might insample take
A great cronicke Emperiall,
Whiche euer in to memorial
Amonge the men, howe so it wende,
Shall dwelle to the worldes ende

¶ Hic narrat exemplum super eodem, qualiter Nectanabus de Egypto in Macedoniā fugitiuus Olimpiadem Philippi regis ibidem tunc absentis sponsē arte magica decipiens, cum ipsa concubuit, magnusq; ex ea Alexādrū sortelegus genuit, qui natus postea cum ad erudiendū sub custodia Nectanabi cōmendatus fuisset, ipsum Nectanabū patrē suū ab altitudine cuiusdā turris in fossam profundam precipitēs interfecit, Et sic sortilegus pro suo sortilegio infortunij sortem sortitus est.

¶ The high creatour of thynges,
Whiche is the kynge of all kynges,
Full many wonder worldes chance
Let slide vnder his sufferance,
There wote no man the cause whye,
But he, the whiche is almightye,
And that was proued whilom thus
Whan that the kynge Nectanabus,
Whiche had Egypte for to lede.
But for he sigh tofore the dede,
Through magike of his sorcerie,
wherof he couth a great partie,
His ennies to hym comende,
From whom he might hym not defende:
Out of his owne londe he fledde.
And in the wise, as he hym dredde,
It felle, for all his witchecrafte:
So that Egypte hym was berafte,
And he desguised fledde awaie
By ship, and helde the right waie
To Macedoyne, where that hee
Arriueth at the chiefe citee.
Thre yomen of his chambre there
All only for to serue hym were,
The whiche he trusteth wonder wele.
For thei were trewe as ony stele,
And hapneth, that thei with hym ladde
Parte of the best good he hadde.
Thei take lodgynge in the towne
After the disposicion,
Where as hym thought best to dwell.
He areth than, and herde telle,
Howe that the kynge was out go
Vpon a werre he had tho.
But in that citee than was
The quene, whiche Olympias
Was hote, and with solempnitee
The feste of hir natiuitee,
As it befell, was than holde

And

And for hir lufk to be beholde
And preised of the people about,
She hope hir for to riden out
At after meate all openly.
Anone all men were redie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie.
This lusky quene in good araie
Was sette vpon a mule white,
To sene it was a great delite,
The ioye that the citee made.
With freshe thynges, and with glade
The noble towne was all behonged,
And euery wight was fore alonged
To see this lufkie ladie ride.
There was great myrth on all side,
Where as she palseth by the streate,
There was ful many a tymbre beate,
And many a maide carolende.
And thus through out the towne plaiende
This quene vnto the pleine rode,
Where that she houed and abode,
To se diuers games plaie.
The lufkie folke iufk and tournaye,
And so forth euery other man,
Whiche pley couth, his play began,
To plese with this noble quene.
Nectanabus came to the grene
Amonges other, and dzough hym nigh:
But whan that he this ladie sigh,
And of hir beautee hede toke,
He couth not withholde his loke
To see nought els in the felde:
But stode, and only hir beheldе.
Of his clothyng, and of his gere
He was vnliche all other there,
So that it happeneth at laste,
The quene vpon hym hir eie caft,
And knewe, that he was straunge, anone.
But he beheldе hir euer in one,
Without blenchynge of his chere.
She toke good hede of his manere,
And wondzeth, why he did so,
And bad men thulde for hym go.
He came, and did hir reuerence.
And she hym asketh in silence,
From whens he cam, and what he wolde.
And he with sobre wordes tolde.
He saith: Madame a clerke I am,
To you and in message I cam,
The whiche I maie not tellen here:
But if it liketh you to here,
It mote be saide so priuely,
Where none shall be, but ye and I.
Thus for the tyme he toke his leue.
The daie gothe forthe till it was eue,
That euery man mote leue his werke,
And she thought euer vpon this clerke,
What thyng it is, that he wolde mene.
And in this wise abode the quene,
And ouerpaseth thilke night,
Till it was on the morowe light.
She sende for hym, and he came,
With hym his Astrolabe he name
With pointes and cercles meruellous,
Whiche was of fine golde precious.
And eke the heuenly figures
Wrought in a boke full of peintures
He toke this ladie for to shewe,
And tolde of eche of hem by rewe
The cours and the condicion.
And she with great affection
Sate still and herde what he wolde.
And thus whan he seeth tyme, he tolde,
And feigneth with his wordes wise
A tale, and seith in suche a wise.
Madame but a while a go,
Where I was in Egypte tho,
And radde in schole of this science,
It fell in to my conscience,
That I vnto the temple went,
And there with all my holle entent,
As I my sacrifice dede,
One of the goddes hath me bede,
That I you warne priuely,
So that ye make you redy,
And that ye be nothyng agaft.
For he surhe loue hath to you caft,
That ye shall bene his owne dere,
And he shall be your bedfere,
Till ye conceiue and be with childe.
And with that worde she wex all milde,
And somdele redde became for shame,
And asketh hym the goddes name,
Whiche so woll doone hir companye.
And he seide Amos of Lubie.
And she saith, that maie I not leue:

And

But if I see a better preue.
Madame quod Nectanabus,
In token that it shall be thus,
This night for enformacion
Ye shall haue a vision,
That Amos shall to you appere,
To shewe and teche in what maners
The thynge shall afterwarde befall.
Ye oughten well abouen all
To make ioye of suche a lorde.
For whan ye be of one accorde,
He shall a sonne of you begete,
Whiche with his swerde shall win and gete
The wide worlde in lengthe and brede.
All erthely kynges shall hym drede.
And in suche wise I you behote
The god of erth he shall be hote.
If this be sothe, tho quod the quene,
This night (thou seyest) it shall be sene:
And if it fall in to my grace,
Of god Amos that I purchace,
To take of hym so great worship:
I woll do the suche ladiship,
Wherof thou shalt for euermo
Be riche. And he hir thanketh tho,
And toke his leue, and forthe he wente,
She wist litell, what he ment.
For it was gyle and forcerie,
All that she toke for prophecie.
Nectanabus through out the daie,
Whan he cam home, where as he laie,
His chambre he him selfe betoke,
And ouertorneth many a boke:
And through the crafte of artemage,
Of were he forged an ymage:
He loketh his equacions,
And eke the constellacions,
He loketh the coniunctions,
He loketh the receptions,
His signe, his houre, his ascendent,
And draweth fortune of his assent.
The name of quene Olimpias
In thilke image written was
Amiddes in the front aboue.
And thus to winne his lust of loue,
Nectanabus this werke hath dight,
And whan it came within night,
That euery wight is fall a slepe,
He thought he wolde his time kepe,
As he, whiche hath his houre appointed.
And than fyrste he hath anoynted,
With sondrie herbes that figure:
And therupon he gan coniure,
So that through his enchantement,
This ladie, whiche was innocent,
And wiste nothynge of this guile,
Mette, as she slepte thilke while,
Howe fro the heauen came a light,
Whiche all hir chambre made light:
And as she loketh to and fro,
She sigh, hir thought, a dragon tho,
Whose scherdes shynen as the sonne,
And hath his soft pas begonne,
With all the chere that he maie,
Towarde the bedde there as she laie,
Till he came to the beddes side,
And she laie still, and nothyng cride.
For he did all his thynges faire,
And was courteis, and debonaire.
And as he stode hir fast by,
His forme he chaungeth sodeinly,
And the figure of man he nome:
To hir and in to bedde he come,
And such thing ther of loue he wrought,
Wherof, so as hir than thought,
Through likenes of this god Amos,
With childe anone hir wombe aros,
And she was wonder glad withall.
Nectanabus, whiche causeth all,
Of this metred the substance,
Whan he seeth tyme his nycromance
He stynt, and nothyng more seyde
Of his caretre, and she abreyde
Out of hir slepe, and leueth wele,
That it is soth than euery dele,
Of that this clerke hir had tolde,
And was the gladder many folde,
In hope of suche a glad metrede,
Whiche after shall befalle in dede.
She longeth sore after the daie
That she hir swenen telle maie
To this gylour in priuitee,
Whiche knewe it also well as shee.
And netheles on morowe soone,
She lefte all other thinge to doone,
And for him sent: and all the cas

She tolde hym pleynely, as it was,
And sayde: howe than well she will,
That she his wordes might trist.
For she fonde hir auision
Right after the condicion,
Whiche he hir had tolde to fore,
And prayde hym hertely therfore,
That he hir holde couenant
So forth of all the remenant,
That she maie through his ordinance
Towardes god do suche plesance,
That she wakende might hym kepe
In suche wise, as she met a slepe.
And he that couth of gile enough,
Whan he this herde, for ioye he lough,
And seyth: Madame it shall be do.
But this I warne you therto
This night, whan that he comth to plaie
That there be no liefe in the waie,
But I, that shall at his likynge
Ordeine so for his comynge
That ye ne shall not of hym fayle.
For this madame I you counsayle,
That ye it kepe so priuee,
That no wight els, but we three
Haue knowlechynge, howe that it is.
For els might it fare amis,
If ye did ought, that shuld him greue.
And thus he maketh hir to beleue,
And feigneth vnder guile feith.
But netheles all that he seyth,
She troweth: and ayene the night
She hath within hir chambre dight
Where as this guiler shall by,
Upon this god shall priuely
Awaite, as he maketh hir to wene.
And thus this noble gentill quene,
Whan she most trusted, was deceyued.
¶ The night cam, the chãbre is weiued.
Nectanabus hath take his place,
And whan he sigh tyme and space,
Through the discrete of his magike,
He put hym out of mans like,
And of a dragon toke the forme,
As he, whiche wolde hym all conforme
To that she sawe in sweuenyng this.
And thus to chambre comen he is
The queene laie a bed, and sighe,
And hopeth euer, as he came nighe,
That he the god of Lubie were,
So hath she well the lesse fere.
But for he wolde hir more allure,
Yet efte he changeth his figure,
And of a wether the likenesse
He toke in signe of his noblesse,
With large hornes for the nones
Of fine golde and riche stones
A crowne on his head he bare,
And sodeinliche, er she was ware,
As he whiche all guile can,
His forme he forneth in to man,
And came to bedde, and she laie still,
Where as she suffreth all his will,
As she, whiche wende not misdo.
But netheles it happeth so,
All though she were in parte deceiued,
Yet for all that she hath conceiued
The worthiest of all kithe,
Whiche euer was tofore or sith,
Of conquest, and of chiualrie,
So that through gile and sorcerie
There was that noble knight begonne,
Whiche all the worlde hath after wonne,
Thus fell the thyng, whiche fall shulde
Nectanabus hath that he wolde,
With gyle he hath his loue sped,
With gyle he came in to the bed,
With gyle he goth hym out ayene,
He was a shrewed chamberleyne,
So to begyle a worthy quene,
And that on hym was after sene.
But netheles the thynge is do,
This fals god was soone go
With his deceite, and helde hym close,
Till morow cam, that he arose:
And tho whan tyme and leiser was,
The quene tolde hym all the cas,
As she, that gyle none supposeth,
And of two pointes she hym apposeth.
One was, if that this god no more
Will come ayene: and ouermore,
Howe she shall stonden in accorde
With kynge Philip hir owne lorde,
When he comth home, and seeth hir grone.
¶ Madame, he seith, let me alone,
As for the god I vndertake,

That

That whan it liketh you to take
His companie at any throwe,
If I a date to fore it knowe,
He shall be with you on the night:
And he is welle of suche a might
To kepe you from al blame.
For thy comforte you madame,
There shall none other cause bee.
Thus toke he leue, and forth goth hee.
And tho began he for to muse,
Howe he the quene might excuse
Towarde the kinge, of that is falle,
And founde a crafte amonges alle,
Through which he hath a sea foule danted
With his magike and so enchanted,
That he flewe forth, whan it was night
Unto the kinges tent right,
Where that he laie amidde his hoste.
And whan he was a slepe moste,
With that the sea foule to him brought
An other charme, whiche he wrought
At home within his chamber stille.
The kynge he torneth at his wille,
And maketh him for to dreame and see
The dragon, and the priuetee,
Which was betwene him and the quene.
And ouer that he made him wene
In sweuen, howe that the god Amos,
Whan he vp fro the quene aros,
Toke forth a ringe, wherin a stone
Was set, and graue therupon
A sonne, in whiche whan he came nighe,
A lion with a swerde he sigh.
And with that prente, as he so mette,
Upon the quenes wombe he sette
A seale, and goth him forth his waie,
With that the sweuen went awaie.
And tho began the kinge awake,
And sighed for his wiues sake
Where as he lay within his tent,
And hath great wonder, what it mente.
With that he hasted him to rise,
Anone and sent after the wise.
Amonge the whiche there was one
A clerke, his name is Amphion:
Whan he the kinges sweuen herde,
What it betokeneth he answerde,
And saith, as sekerly as the lyfe
A god hath layne by thy wife,
And gotte a sonne, whiche shall wynne
The worlde, and all that is within.
As the lion is kinge of beastes,
So shall the worlde obeie his hestes,
Which with his swerde shal al be wonne,
Als ferre as shineth any sonne.
The kynge was doutife of this dome,
But netheles whan that he come
Ageyne into his owne londe,
His wife with childe great he founde,
He might not him selfen stere,
That he ne made hir heute chere.
But he whiche couth of all sorowe,
Nectanabus vpon the morowe,
Through the deceite of Nicromance,
Toke of a dragon the semblance,
And where the kynge sat in his halle,
Cam in rampende amonge hem all,
With such a noise, and suche a rore,
That they agaste were all so sore,
As though they shulde die anone:
And netheles he greueth none,
But goth towarde the deise on hie:
And whan he cam the quene nie,
He stint his nopse, and in his wise,
To hir he profreth his seruice,
And laieth his head vpon hir barme.
And she with goodly chere hir arme
About his necke apenewarde layde.
And thus the quene with him playde,
In sight of all men about:
And at last he gan to loute,
And obeysance vnto hir make,
As he that wolde his leue take.
And sodenlie his lothly forme
In to an egle he gan transforme,
And flewe, and set him on a rayle,
Wherof the kynge had great meruaile.
For there he pruneth hym and piketh,
As doth an hauke, whan him well liketh:
And after that him selfe he thoke,
Wherof that all the halle quoke,
As it a terremote were.
They seyden all, god was there.
In suche a rees and forth he sigh.
The kyng, which all this wonder sigh,
Whan he cam to his chambre alone,

Unto the quene made his mone,
And of forȝeues he hir praide.
For than he knewe well, as he sayde,
She was with childe with a god.
Thus was the kinge without rod
Chastised, and the quene excused,
Of that she had ben accused.
And for the greatter euidence,
Yet after that in the presence
Of kynge Philip, and other mo,
Whan they yode in the fildes tho,
A serpant came before hir eie,
The whiche anone, as they hir seie
Fleende, let an neie downe falle
And it to brake tofore hem alle.
And as they token therof kepe,
They sigh out of the shelle crepe
A litell serpent on the grounde,
Whiche rampeth all aboute rounde,
And in ayene he woll haue wonne,
But for the brenning of the sonne
It might not, and so he deide:
And therupon the clerkes seide,
As the serpent, when it was out,
Went environ the shelle aboute,
And might not torne in ayene.
So shall it fall in certeyne.
This childe the worlde shall environe,
And aboue all, the crowne
Hym shall befall, in his ponge age,
He shall desire in his corage,
Whan all the worlde is in his honde.
To turne ayene vnto the londe,
Where he was borne, and in his weye
Homewarde he shall with poyson deye.
The kynge, whiche al this sigh & herde,
Fro that date forth, howe so it ferde,
His iclouste hath all forȝete:
But he, whiche hath the childe begete,
Nectanabus, in priuetee,
The tyme of his natiuitee.
Upon the constellacion
Awayteth, and relacion
Maketh to the quene, how he had do,
And euery houre appoynteth so,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due tyme is bore
This childe: and forthwith therupon
There fell wonders many one
Of terremote vniuersele.
The sonne tok colloure of stele,
And lost his light, the wyndes blewe,
And many strengthes ouerthrewe,
The sea his prope kynde changeth,
And all the worlde his forme strangeth.
The thunder with his firie leuen
So cruell was vpon the heuen,
That euery erthly creature
Tho thought his life in auenture.
The tempest at last setteth,
The childe is kepte, his age encreceth:
And Alisander his name is hote,
To whom Calisthene, and Aristote,
To techen him philosophie
Entenden: and astronomie
(With other thinges, which he couth,
Also to teche him in his youth)
Nectanabus tok vpon honde,
But euery man maie vnderstonde
Of sorcery howe that it wende,
It wolle him selfe prone at ende
And namely for to begile
A ladie whiche without gyle
Supposeth trouthe all that she hereth:
But often he, that euill stereth,
His ship is dreint therin a midde:
And in this cas right so betydde.
Nectanabus vpon a night,
Whan it was faire and sterre light,
This ponge lorde lad vpon highe
Aboue a towre, where as he sighe
The sterres, suche as he accounteth,
And saieth, what eche of hem amounteth,
As though he knewe of all thynge,
Yet hath he no knowlechinge
What shall vnto him selfe befall.
Whan he hath tolde his wordes all,
This ponge lorde than him appoleth,
And aſketh, if that he suppoleth,
What deth he shuld him selfe dese,
He seith, or fortune is awete,
And euery sterre hath lost his wonne,
Or els of mine owne sonne
I shall be slain, I maie not flee.
Thought Alisander in priuetee,
Herof this olde dotarde lieth.

And

And er that other ought aſpieth,
All ſodeinliche his olde bones
He ſhoke ouer the walle at ones,
And ſaith hym: Lie downe there a parte,
Wherof nowe ſerueth all thyn arte?
Thou knewe all other mens chance,
And of thy ſelfe haſt ignorance,
That thou haſt ſayd amonges all,
Of thy perſone is not befall.
¶Nectanabus whiche hath his death,
Yet whiles hym lafteth life and breethe,
To Aliſander he ſpake, and ſeyd:
That he with wrong blame on him leid.
Fro poynt to poynt and all the cas
He tolde, howe he his ſonne was.
Tho he, whiche ſorie was enough,
Out of the diche his father drough,
And tolde his mother, howe it ferde
In counſaile. And when ſhe it herde,
And knewe the tokens, whiche he tolde,
She nift what ſhe ſaie ſholde,
But ſtode abaſſhed, as for the whyle,
Of this magike, and all the gile,
She thought, how that ſhe was deceiued,
That ſhe hath of a man conceiued,
And wende a god it had bee.
But netheleſſe in ſuche degree
So as ſhe might hir honour ſaue,
She ſhope th body was begraue.
And thus Nectanabus abought
The ſorcerie, whiche he wrought,
Though he vpon the creatures,
Through his caractes and figures
The maiſtrie and the power had,
His creatour to nought hym lad,
Ageyne whoſe lawe his craft he vſeth,
When he for luſt his god refuſeth,
And toke hym to the deuils craft:
Lo what profite is hym belafte:
That thynge, through which he wend haue
Firſt him exiled out of londe, (ſtonde,
Which was his owne, and from a kynge
Made hym to be an vnderlynge:
And ſythen to deceyue a quene,
That tourneth hym to mochell tene,
Through luſt of loue he gat hym hate,
That ende couth he nought abate,
His olde ſleightes, whiche he caſt,
Ponge Aliſandre hym ouercaſt.
His fader, whiche hym miſbegat
He ſloughe, a great miſhappe was that.
But for o mys, an other mis
Was yolde, and ſo full ofte it is.
Nectanabus his craft miſwent,
And ſo it miſfell hym, er he went.
I not what helpeth that clergie,
Whiche maketh a man to do folie,
And nameliche of Nicromance,
Whiche ſtont vpon the miſcreance.

¶Nota qualiter rex Zoroaſtes ſtatim cum a vtero matris ſue naſceretur gaudio magno riſit, in quo prenoſticum doloris ſubſequentis ſignum figurabatur. Nam et ipſe deteſtabilis artis magice primus fuit inuentor, quē poſtea rex Surrie dira morte trucidauit, et ſic opus operatum cōſumpſit.

¶And for to ſee more euidence
Zoroaſtes, whiche therperience
Of arte magike firſt forth drough,
Anone as he was bore he lough,
Whiche token was of wo ſupnge.
For of his owne controupnge
He fond magik, and taught it forth,
But all that was him litell worth.
For of ſurry a worthy kynge,
Him ſlewe, and that was his endynge.
But yet through him this craft is vſed,
And he through all the worlde excuſed.
For it ſhall neuer well acheue,
That ſtont not right with the beleue,
But liche to wolle is euill ſponne,
Who leſeth hym ſelfe hath litell wonne.
An ende proueth euery thyng.
¶Saul, whiche was of Jewes kynge,
Vp peyne of deth forbad this arte:
And yet he toke therof his parte.
The phitoniſſe in Samarie
Pafe hym counſaile by ſorcerie,
Whiche after felle to moche ſorowe.
For he was ſlayne vpon the morowe.
To conne mochell thynge it helpeth,
But of to moche no man yelpeth.
So for to loke on euery ſide,
Magike maie not well betide.
For thy my ſonne I woll the rede,
That thou of theſe enſamples drede,
That for no luſt of erthly loue

Thou seche so to come aboue,
Wherof as in the worldes wonder,
Thou shalt for euer be put vnder.
¶My good fader graunt mercy.
For euer I shall beware therby,
Of loue what me so befalle,
Suche sorcery abouen all,
Fro this day forth I shall eschewe,
That so ne wyll I not pursewe
My lust of loue for to seche.
But this I wolde you beseche,
Beside that me stant of loue,
As I you herd speke aboue,
Howe Alisandre was betaught
Of Aristotle, and so well taught
Of all that to a kynge belongeth,
wherof my herte sore longeth
To witte what it wolde mene.
For by reason I wolde wene,
But if I herde of thynges strange,
Yet for a tyme it shuld change
My peyne, and lisse me somdele.
¶My good sonne thou sayest wele.
For wisedome howe that euer it stonde,
To hym that can it vnderstonde,
Doth great profite in sondrie wise:
But touchend of so highe a prise,
Whiche is not vnto Venus knowe,
I mate it not my selfe knowe,
whiche of hir courte am all forth drawe
And can nothyng but of hir lawe.
But netheles to knowe more,
As well as thou, me longeth sore:
And for it helpeth to commune,
All be thei nought to me commune
The scholes of philosophie:
Yet thinke I for to specifie,
In bokes as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mightest ben amended.
For though I be not all counninge,
Upon the forme of this writinge,
Some part therof yet I haue herde,
In this mater howe it hath ferde.

¶Explicit liber Sextus.

Omnibus in causis sapiens doctrina salutem
Consequit, nec habet quis nisi doctus opē.
Naturā superat doctrina viro quod & ortus,
Ingenij docilis non dedit, ipsa dabit.
Non ita discretē hominū per climata regnat,
Quin magis vt sapiat, indiget ipse scholæ.

¶QVIA OMNIS DOCTRIna bona humano regimini salutē confert, Inhoc septimo libro ad instantiam amantis languidi intendit Genius istam, ex qua philosophi et Astrologi philosophie doctrinam regem Alexandrum imbuerunt, secundum aliquid declarare. Dividit enim philosophiam in tres partes, quarum prima Theorica, secunda Rhetorica, tercia Practica nuncupata est, de quarum condicionibus subsequenter per singula tractabit.

¶Incipit liber Septimus,



Genius the preest of loue,
My lon as thou hast praid aboue,
That I the schole shall declare
Of Aristotle, and eke the fare
Of Alisander, howe he was taught,
I am somdele therof distraught.
For it is not the matere
Of loue, why we sitten here
To shrine, so as Venus badde.
But netheles for it is gladde,
So as thou saist for thyn aprise,
To here of suche thynges wise,
Wherof thou might thy tyme lisse,
So as I can, I shall the wisse.
For wisedome is at euery throwe,
Aboue all other thyng to knowe,
In loues cause and els where.
For thy my sonne vnto thyn eare,
Though it be not in the registre
Of Venus, yet of that Calisthre
And Aristotle whilom writte
To Alisander, thou shalt witte.
But for the lores ben diuers,
I thynke first to the reherce
The matter of philosophie,
Whiche Aristotle of his clergie,
Wise and experte in the science,
Declared thilke intelligence,
As of the poyntes principalle.
Wherof the first in specialle
Is Theorike, whiche is grounded

On hym, whych al the worlde hath fouded,
whyche comprehended al the lore.
And for to loken ouermore
Next of science the seconde
Is Rhetoric, whose facounde
Aboue all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in iudgement,
So well can no man speke as her.
The last science of the three,
It is practike, whose office
The vertu trieth fro the vice,
And techeth vpon good thewes
To fle the companie of shrewes,
whyche stant in disposicion
Of mannes fre election.
Practike enforceth eke the rewle,
Howe that a worthie kynge shall rule
His realme, both in werre and pees.
Lo thus dane Aristoteles
These thre sciences hath deuided,
And in nature also decided,
wherof that eche of hem shall serue.
The firste, whyche is the conserue
And keper of the remenante,
As that, whyche is most suffisante,
And chiefe of the philosophie.
If I therof shall specifie,
So as the philosopher tolde,
Nowe herke, and kepe that thou it holde.

Prima creatorem dat scire scientia summum,
Qui capit, agnoscit, sufficit illud ei.
Plura viros quandoq; iuuat nescire, sed illud,
Quod vidit expediens sobrius ille sapit.

¶ Hic tractat de prima parte philosophie, quæ Theorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata est scientia, scilicet Theologia, Phisica, et Mathematica, Sed primo illā partē Theologice declarabit.

¶ Of Theorike principalle
The philosopher in specialle
The proprtees hath determined,
As thilke whyche is enlumined
Of wisdome, and of high prudence,
Aboue all other in his science,
And stant departed vpon three.
The firste of whyche in his degree
Is cleped in philosophie,
The science of Theologie.
That other named is physike,
The thirde is seide Mathematike.
Theologie is that science,
whyche vnto man yeueth euidence
Of thyng, whyche is not bodily,
wherof men knowe redily
The high almighty trinitee,
whyche is o god in vnitee,
Withouten ende and begynnynge,
And creature of all thynge,
Of heuen, of erthe, and of hell,
wherof (as olde bokes tell)
The philosopher in his reason
Wrote vpon this conclusion:
And of his writynge in a clause
He cleped god the firste cause,
whyche of hym selfe is thilke good,
Withouten whom nothyng is good,
Of whyche that euery creature
Hath his beyng, and his nature.
After the beyng of the thynges
There ben thre formes of beynges.

¶ Nota quod tripliciter dicitur essentia. Prima est prorsanea, quæ incipit & desinit: Secunda perpetua, que incipit, et non desinit, Tertia sempiterna, que nec incipit, nec desinit.

¶ Thyng, whyche began, and ende shall,
That thyng is cleped temporall.
There is also by other weye
Thyng, whyche began and shall not dey,
As soules, that ben spirituell,
Her beynge is perpetuell.
But there is one aboue the sonne,
whose tyme neuer was bigenne,
And endles shall euer bee:
That is the god, whose magestee
All other thynges shall gouerne,
And his beinge is sempiterne.
The god, to whom all honoure
Belongeth, he is creatoure.
And other ben his creatures,
He commaundeth the natures,
That thei to him obeien all.
Withouten hym, what so befalle
Her might is none, and he mate all:
The god was euer and euer shall
And thei begonne of his assente.
The times al ben present

To god, and to hem all vnknowe,
But what hym liketh, that thei knowe.
Thus both an angel and a man,
The whiche of all, that god began,
Ben chief, obeien goddes might:
And he stont endeles vp right.
To this science ben prince
The clerkes of diuinitee,
The whiche vnto the people preche
The feith of holy churche and teche,
Whiche in one cas vpon beleue
Stant more than thei can preue
By wey of argument sensible,
But netheles it is credible,
And doth a man great mede haue,
To hym that thinketh hym self to saue,
Theology in suche a wise
Of highe science and highe aprise,
Aboue all other stant vnlike,
And is the first of theorike.

¶ Nota de secunda parte Theorice, que Phisica dicitur.

¶ Whiche is after the seconde,
Through which the philosophre hath fonde.
To teche sondrie knowlechynges
Upon the bodeliche thynges
Of man, of beast, of herbe, of stone,
Of fisshe, of fowle, of euerichone,
That ben of bodily substance,
The nature and the circumstance.
Through this science it is full sought
Which vailleth and whiche vailleth nought.

¶ Nota de tertia parte Theorice, que Mathematica dicitur, cuius condicio quatuor in se continet intelligentias, scilicet Arithmeticam, Musicam, Geometriam, et Astronomiam, Sed primo de Arithmetice natura dicere intendit.

¶ The third point of Theorike,
Whiche cleped is Mathematike,
Deuided is in sondrie wise,
And stant vpon diuers aprise.
The first of whiche is Arthmetike,
And the second is said Musike,
The third is eke Geometrie,
Also the forth Astronomie.
¶ Of Arthmetike the matere
Is that of whiche a man mate lere,
What Algorisme in nombre amounteth,
When that the wise man accounteth
After the formel proprete
Of Algorismes a,b,c.
By whiche multiplication
Is made, and diminucion
Of sommes by therperience
Of this arte, and of this science.

¶ Nota de musica, que secunda pars artis mathematice dicitur.

¶ The seconde of mathematike,
Whiche is the science of musike,
That teacheth vpon harmonie
A man to maken melodie
By voice and soune of instrument,
Through notes of accordement,
The whiche men pronounce aloste,
Nowe sharpe notes, and nowe softe,
Nowe hie notes, and nowe lowe.
As by Gam vt, a man may knowe,
Whiche techeth the prolacion
Of note, and the condicion.

¶ Nota de tertia specie artis Mathematice, quam Geometriam Vocant.

¶ Mathematike of his science
Hath yet the thirde intelligence,
Full of wisedome and of clergie,
And cleped is Geometrie:
Through which a man hath the sleighe
Of length, of brede, of depth, of heighe
To knowe the proporcion
By very calculacion
Of this science: and in this wise
These olde philosophres wise,
Of all this worldes erth rounde
Nowe large, nowe thicke was the grounde,
Contriued by the experience
The Cercle, and the circumference
Of euery thynge vnto the heuen,
Thei setten point and measure euen.
Mathematike aboue the erth
Of high science aboue the ferth,
Whiche speketh vpon Astronomie,
And techeth of the sterres hie,
Begynnyng vpwarde fro the moone.
But first, as it was for to doone,

This

This Aristotle in other thynge,
Unto this worthy ponge kynge
The kynde of euery element,
Whiche stant vnder the firmament,
Howe it is made, and in what wise,
Fro point to point he gan deuise.

Quatuor omnipotens elementa creauit origo:
Quatuor & ventis partibus ora dabat.
Nostra quadruplici cõplectio sorte creatur.
Corpore sicq; suo stat variatus homo.

¶ Hic tractat de creatione quatuor elementorum, scilicet terre, aque, aeris, et ignis. Nec non et de eorum naturis. nam et singulis proprietates singule attribuuntur.

¶ Tofore the creacion
Of ony worldes station,
Of heuen, of erthe, or eke of hell,
So as these olde bokes tell,
As soone to fore the longe is set,
And yet thei ben to gether knet:
Right so the high purueance
Tho had vnder his ordenance
A great substance, a great mattere,
Of whiche he wolde in his manere
These other thynges make and forme.
For yet withouten any forme
Was that matere vniuersall,
Whiche hight Ilem in speciall.
Of Ilem, as I am enformed,
These elementes ben made and formed.
Of Ilem elementes thei hote,
After the schole of Aristote,
Of whiche if more I shall reherse,
Foure elementes there ben diuerse.

¶ Nota de terra, quod est primum elementum.

¶ The first of hem, men erthe call,
Whiche is the lowest of hem all:
And in his forme is shape rounde,
Substantiall, stronge, sad and sounde
As that, whiche made is sufficiant,
To beare vp all the remenant.
For as the point in a compas
Stant euen amiddes, right so was
This erthe set, and shall abide,
That it maie swerue to no side.
And hath his centre after the lawe
Of kinde: and to that Centre drawe
Desireth euery worldes thynge:
If there ne were no letynge.

¶ Nota de aqua, quod est secundum elementum.

¶ Aboue the erthe kepeth his bounde
The water, whiche is the seconde
Of elementes: and all without
It enuironneth therthe about.
But as it sheweth nought for thy
The subtile water mightily,
Though it be of hym selfe lofte,
The strength of the erth passeth ofte.
For right as veines ben of bloud
In man, right so the water stoud
Therth of his cours maketh ful of veines,
Als well the hilles as the pleines:
And that a man maie seen at eie.
For wher the hilles ben most hie,
There maie men well stremes finde.
So preueth it by waie of kinde,
The water higher than the londe.
And ouer this nowe vnderstonde.

¶ Nota de aere, quod est tertium elementum.

¶ Ayer is the thirde of elementes,
Of whose kinde his aspirementes
Taketh euery liuisshe creature,
The whiche shall vpon erth endure.
For as the fisshe, if it be drie,
Mote in defaute of water die:
Right so without aier on liue.
No man, ne beast, might thriue,
The whiche is made of flesshe and bone,
There is out take of all none.

¶ Nota quod aer in tribus periferiis diuiditur.

¶ This aier in peryferis three
Deuided is of suche degree:
Beneth is one, and one amidde,
To whiche aboue is the thridde.
And vpon the deuisions,
There ben diuers impressions,
Of moyst, and eke of drie also,
Whiche of the sonne both two
Ben drawe, and haled vpon hie,
And maken cloudes in the skie,

And

And shewed is at mans sight,
Wherof by daie, and eke by night,
After the tymes of the yere,
Amonge vs vpon erth here,
In sondrie wise thynges falle.

¶ Nota de prima aeris periferia.

¶ The firste periferie of all
Engendreth mist, and ouermore
The dewes, and the frostes hore,
After thilke interdiction,
In whiche thei take impression.

¶ Nota de secunda aeris periferia.

¶ Fro the seconde, as bokes seyne,
The moyst droppes of the reyne
Descenden in to the middel erth,
And tempreth it to sede and erth,
And doth to springe gras and floure:
And ofte also the great shoure
Out of suche place it maie be take,
That it the forme shall forsake
Of reyne, and in to snowe be torned.
And eke it maie be so sojourned,
In sondrie places vp alofte,
That in to hayle it tourneth ofte.

¶ Nota de tertia aeris periferia.

¶ The thirde of aier, after the lawe,
Through suche matere as is vp drawe
Of drie thynge, as it is ofte,
Amonge the cloudes vpon lofte,
And is so close, it maie not out:
Than is it chased sore about,
Till it to fire and leyte falle,
And than it breketh the cloudes all,
The whiche of so great noyse craken,
That thei the fearefull thonder maken.
The thonder stroke smit, er it leyte,
And yet men sene the fire and leyte,
The thonder stroke er that men here.
So maie it well be proued here
In thynge, whiche shewed is fro ferre,
A mans eie is there nerre,
Than is the sounde to mans eare.
And netheles it is great feare
Both of the stroke, and of the fire,
Of whiche is no recouerire
In place where that thei discende,
But if god wolde his grace sende.

¶ Nota quakiter ignes, quos mouentur in aere, discurrere videmus, secundū varias apparētie formas, varia gestāt nomina, quorū primus Assub, Secundus Capra saliens, tertius Eges, Et quartus Daaki in libris philosophorū nuncupatus est.

¶ And for to speaken ouer this,
In this parte of the aire it is,
That men full ofte sene by night
The fire in sondrie forme alight:
Somtyme the fire drake it semeth,
And so the lewde people it demeth,
Somtyme it semeth as it were
A sterre, whiche that glideth there.
But it is nether of the two,
The philosophre telleth so,
And seith: that of impressions,
Through diuers exaltations
Vpon the cause and the matere,
Men sene diuerse forme appere
Of fire, the whiche hath sondrie name.
Assub, he saith, is thilke same,
The whiche in sondrie place is founde,
Whan it is fall downe to grounde
So as the fire it hath aneled,
Like vnto slime, whiche is congeled.
Of exaltation I finde
Fire kenled of the same kinde,
But it is of an other forme,
Wherof, if that I shall conforme
The figure vnto that it is,
These olde clerkes tellen this:
That it is like a gote skipende:
And for that it is suche semende,
It is hote Capra saliens.
And eke these Astronomiens
An other fire also by night,
Whiche sheweth hym to mans sight,
Thei clepen Eges, the whiche brenneth
Like to the currant fire, that renneth
Vpon a corde, as thou hast sene,
When it with poudre is so besene
Of sulphur, and other thynges mo.
There is a nother fire also,
Whiche semeth to a mans eie
By nightes tyme, as though there flie

A dragon bzennyng in the skie,
And that is cleped pzopzely
Daali, wherof men sate full ofte:
Lo where the fyzie dzake a lofte
Fleeth vp in thaire: and so thei demen.
But why the fyzes suche semen
Of sondzy fozme to beholde,
The wise philosophze tolde,
So as to foze it hath ben herde.
Lo thus my sonne it hath ferde
Of aire, the due pzopzetee,
In sondzy wise thou myght see.
And howe vnder the firmament
It is eke the thirde element
Whiche enuironeth both two,
The water and the lande also.

☞ Nota de igne, quod est quartum elementum.

¶ And foz to tell ouer this
Of elementes, whiche the fozthe is
That is the fire in his degree
Whiche enuironeth thother thzee,
And is without moyste all dzie.
But lift nowe, what seythe the clergie.
Foz vpon hem, that I haue sayde
The creatour hath set and leyde
The kynde and the complexion
Of all mennes nation.
Foure elementes sondzie there bee,
Liche vnto whiche of that degree,
Amonge the men therz bene also
Complections foure, and no mo:
Wherof the hpilosophze treteth,
That he nothynge behynde leteth,
And seith, howe that thei bene diuerse,
So as I shall to the reherse.

☞ Nota hic qualiter secundum naturam quatuor elementorū, quatuor in humano corpore cōplexiones scilicet Melācolia, Fleugma, Sāguis, et Colera naturaliter constituuntur, Unde primo de Melancolia dicendum est.

¶ He whiche natureth euery kynde
The myghty god, so as I fynde
Of man, whiche is his creature
Hath so deuyded the nature:
That none till other well accozdeth,
And by the cause it so discozdeth,
The life, whiche feleth the sikenesse
Maie stonde vpon no sikernesse.
¶ Of therthe, whiche is colde and dzie
The kynde of man Melancolie
Is cleped, and that is the fyzste,
The most vngoodlyche, and the werste.
Foz vnto loues werke on night
Hym lacketh both will and might.
No wondze is in luskie place
Of loue though he lese grace.
What man hath that complexion,
Full of imagination,
Of dedes, and of wzathfull thoughte,
He fretetth hym selue all to noughte.

☞ De complexione fleugmatis.

¶ The water, whiche is moyste and colde,
Maketh fleme, whiche is manifolde
Fozyetell, slowe, and wery soone,
Of euery thynge whiche is to doone.
He is of kinde sufficant
To holde loue his couenant:
But that hym lacketh appetite,
Whiche longeth vnto suche delite.

☞ De complexione sanguinis

¶ What man that takth his kinde of their
He shall be light, he shall be fayze.
Foz his complexion is bloode,
Of all there is none so good.
Foz he hath both will and might
To please and pate loue his right.
Where as he hath loue vndertake,
Wzonge is, if that he fozsake.

☞ De complexione colere.

¶ The fyrst of his condicion
Appzopzeth the complexion,
Whose pzoperties ben dzie and hote,
Whiche in a man is coler hote,
It maketh a man ben enginous,
And swifte of fote, and eke pzous.
Of conteke, and foole hastinesse
He hath a right great besinesse,
To thinke on loue and litell maie,
Though he be hote well a daie,
On night whan that he woll assaie,
He maie full euill his dettes paie

Nota

☞ Nota qualiter quatuor complexiones quas tuor in homine habitaciones diuisim possident.

¶After the kynde of thelement
Thus ſtant a mans kynde went,
As touchend his complexion
Upon ſondrie diuiſion,
Of drie, of moyſt, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne ſete
Appropred hath within a man.
And firſt to telle as I began,

☞ Splendomus melancolie.

The ſplen is to Melancolie
Aſſigned for herbergerie.

☞ Pulmo domus ſleugmatis.

¶The moyſt fleume, with the colde
Hath in the longes for his holde
Ordeined him a propre ſtede,
To dwell there as he is bede.

☞ Epar domus ſanguinis.

¶To the ſanguine complexion
Nature of his inſpection
A propre hous hath in the liuer,
For his dwellinge made deliuer.

☞ Fel domus colere. ☜

¶The drie coler, with his hete,
By weie of kynde his propre ſete
Hath in the galle, where he dwelleth,
So as the philoſophre telleth.

☞ Nota de ſtomacho, qui vna cum aliis ſordi ſpecialius deſeruit.

¶Nowe ouer this for to wite,
As it is in phiſike writte,
Of liuer, of longe, of galle, of ſplene,
Thei all vnto the herte bene
Seruantes, and eche in his office
Entenden to don him ſeruice,
As he whiche is chiefe lorde aboue.
The liuer makth him for to loue,
The longe giueth him wey of ſpeche,
The gall ſerueth to do wreche,
The ſplen doth him to laughe and plaie,
Whan all vnclennes is awaie.
Lo thus hath eche of hem his dede
To ſuſteynen hem and fede.
In tyme of recreacion
Nature hath increacion
The ſtomake for a comune koke
Ordeined ſo, as ſaith the boke.
The ſtomake koke is for the hall,
And boyleth meate for hem all
To make hem mightie for to ſerue
The herte, that he ſhall not ſterue,
For as a kynge in his empire
Aboue all other is lorde and ſyre:
So is the herte principall,
To whom reaſon in ſpeciall
Is yeue, as for the gouernance.
¶And thus nature his purueiance
Hath made for man to liuen here.
But god, whiche hath the ſoule dere,
Hath formed it in other wiſe,
That can no man pleynely deuiſe.
But as the clerkes vs enforme,
That liche to god it hath a forme.
Through whiche figure, & whiche likeneſſe,
The ſoule hath many an high nobleſſe
Appropried to his owne kynde.
But oft hir wittes ben made blynde,
All onelich of this like poynte,
That hir abydyng is conioynte
Forth with the body for to dwelle.
That one deſireth towarde helle,
That other vpwarde to the heuen,
So ſhall thei neuer ſtonde in euen.
But if the fleſſhe be ouercome.
And that the ſoule hath holly nome
The gouernante: and that is ſelde,
While that the fleſſhe him maie bewelde.
All erthely thynge, whiche god began,
Was onely made to ſerue man.
But he the ſoule all onely made
Hym ſelven for to ſerue and glade.
All other beſtes that men kynde.
Thei ſeruen vnto their owne kynde.
But to reaſon the ſoule ſerueth,
Wherof the man his thonke deſerueth,
And get hym with his workes goode,
The perdurable liues foode.

¶ Hic loquitur vlterius de diuisione terre: que post diluuium tribus filiis Noe in tres partes, scilicet Asiam, Affricam, et Europam diuidebatur.

¶ Of what matere it shall be tolde,
A tale liketh many folde
The better, if that it be spoke pleyne.
Thus thinke I for to tourne ageyne,
And telle plenerly therfore
Of the erth, wherof now tofore
I spake, and of the water eke,
So as these olde bokes speke,
And set properly the bounde
After the forme of Mappamounde,
Throughout which the groūde by purparties
Departed is in thre parties,
That is Asie, Affrike, Europe,
The whiche vnder the heuen cope
Begripeth all this earth rounde,
As ferre as stretcheth any grounde.
But after that the high wreche,
The water weyes let out seche
And ouergo the hilles hie,
Whiche euery kynde made die,
That vpon middell erth stoode,
Out take Noe, and his bloode,
His sonnes, and his doughters thre
They were saue, and so was he.
Her names, who that rede right,
Sem, Cam, Iaphet, the bretherne hight,
And whan thilke almighty honde
Withdrough the water fro the londe,
And all the rage was awaie,
And erth was the mans waie:
The sonnes thre, of whiche I tolde,
Right after that hem selfe wolde,
This worlde departe they begonne,
Asia, whiche laie to the sonne
Upon the marche of Orient,
Was graunted by commune assent
To Sem, whiche was the sonne eldest.
For that partie was the best,
And double as muche as other two.
And was that tyme bounded so,
Wher as the stoud, which men Nile calleth,
Departed fro his cours, and falleth
In to the sea Alexandrine,
There taketh Asie first seisine
Towarde the weste, and ouer this
Of Canahim, where the floode is
In to the great sea rennende,
Fro that in to the worldes ende
Estwarde Asie it is algates,
Till that men comen to the gates
Of paradise, and there ho.
And shortely for to speake it so,
Of Orient in generall
Within his bounde Asie hath all.

¶ De Affrica et Europa.

¶ And than vpon that other side
Westwarde, as it fell thilke tide
The brother, which was hote Cam,
Vnto his parte Affrike nam.
Iaphet Europe tho toke he,
Thus parten they the worlde on thre,
But yet there ben of londes fele.
In Occident, as for the thele,
In Orient as for the hete,
Whiche of the people be forlete,
As londe deserte, that is vnable.
For it maie not ben habitable.

¶ Nota de mare, quod magnū Oceanum dicitur.

¶ The water eke hath sondry bounds
After the londe, where it is founde,
And taketh his name of thilke londes,
Where that it renneth on the strondes.
But thilke sea, whiche hath no wane,
Is cleped the greate Oceane:
Out of whiche arise and come
The hie flouddes all and some.
Is none so litell well springe,
Whiche there ne taketh his beginninge,
And liche a man that lacketh brethe,
By weie of kynde, so it gethe
Out of the sea, and in ageyne
The water as the bokes seyne.

¶ Nota hic secundum philosophum de quinto elemento, quod omnia sub celo creata infra suum ambitum continet, cui nomen orbis specialiter appropriatum est.

¶ Of elementes the properties
Now that they stonden by degrees,
As I haue tolde, nowe might thou here
My good sonne all the matere

Of

Of erthe, of water, ayre, and fire,
And for thou sayst, that thy desire
Is for to weten ouermore
The forme of Aristotles lore,
He saith in his entendement,
That yet there is an element
Aboue the foure, and is the fifte,
Set of the highe goddes yefte,
The whiche that Orbis cleped is.
And therupon he telleth this,
That as the shelle whole and sounde
Encloseth all aboute rounde
What thynge within a nete belongeth:
Right so this Orbis vnderfongeth
These elementes euerichone,
Whiche I haue spoke of one and one.
But ouer this nowe take good hede
My sonne: for I woll procede
To speake vpon Mathematike,
Whiche grounded is on Theorike.
The science of Astronomie
I thinke for to specifie,
Without whiche to tell playne,
All other science is in vayne
Towarde the schole of erthly thynges.
For as an egle with his wynges.
Fleeth aboue all that men fynde:
So doth this science in his kynde.

Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur
Ista, sed interdum regula fallit opus.
Vir mediãte deo, sapiens dominabitur astris,
Fata nec immerito quod nouitatis agunt.

☞ Hic loquitur de artis Mathematice quarta specie, que astronomia nuncupatur, cui etiam Astrologia socia connumeratur, Sed primo de septem planetis, que inter astra potenciores existunt, Incipiendo a luna seorsum tractare intendit.

Benethe vpon this erthe here
Of all thynges the matere,
As tellen vs they, that ben lerned,
Of thynge aboue it stont gouerned,
That is to seyne of the planetes,
The cheles bothe, and eke the hetes,
The chances of the worlde also,
That we fortune cleped so.
Amonge the mennes nacion
All is through constellacion,
Wherof that some man hath the wele:
And some men haue diseases fele
In loue as well as other thynges.
The state of realmes, and of kynges.
In tyme of pees, in tyme of werre
It is conceiued of the sterre.
And thus seyth the naturien,
Whiche is an Astronomien.
But the diuine saith otherwyse,
That if men were good and wise,
And plesant vnto the godhede,
They shulde not the sterres drede.
For one man, if hym well befalle,
Is more worthe than be they all
Towardes hym, that weldeth all.
But yet the lawe originall,
Which he hath set in the natures,
Mot worchen in the creatures,
That therof maie be none obstacle:
But if it stonde vpon miracle
Through praier of som holy man.
And for thy so as I began
To speke vpon astronomie,
As it is write in the clergie,
To telle howe the planetes fare
Some parte I thynke to declare
My sonne vnto thine audience.
Astronomie is the science
Of wisedome and of high conninge,
Which makth a man of knowlechyng
Of sterres in the fermament,
Figure, circle, and mouement
Of eche of hem in sondrie place:
And what betwene hem is of space,
Howe so they moue or stonde fast,
All this it telleth to the last.
Assembled with astronomie
Is eke that ilke astrologie,
The whiche in iudgement accounteth
The effecte, what euery sterre amounteth.
And howe they causen many a wonder
To the climates, that stond hem vnder.
And for to telle it more pleine
These olde philosophers seyne,
That Orbis, whiche I spake of er,
Is that, whiche we fro therthe a ferre,
Beholde, and firmament it calle,
In whiche the sterres stonden all.

Amonge

Amonge the whiche inspectall
Planetes seuen principalle
There ben, that mans sight demeth
By thorizont as to vs semeth.
And also there ben signes twelue,
whiche haue her cercles by hem selue
Compalled in the Zodiake:
In whiche thei haue her places take.
And as thei stonden in degree,
Her cercles more or lesse bee
Made after the proporcion
Of the erthe, whose condicion
Is set, to be fundament
To sustein vp the firmament.
And by this skille a man male knowe,
The more that thei stonden lowe,
The more ben the cercles lasse,
That causeth why that some passe
Her due cours tofore an other.
But nowe my lieue dere brother,
As thou desyrest for to witte
what I fynde in the bokes writte
To telle of the planetes seuen,
How that thei stonde vpon the heuen:
And in what point that thei ben in,
Take hede: for I woll begyn:
So as the philosopher taught,
To Alisander and it betaught,
wherof that he was fully taught
Of wisdom, which was him betaught.

¶ Nota hic de prima planeta, que aliis inferior luna dicitur.

¶ Benethe all other stont the Moone,
The whiche hath with the sea to doone
Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe.
Upon his chaunge it shall be knowe.
And euery fisshe, whiche hath a shelle,
Mote in his gouernance dwelle
To were and wane in his degree,
As by the Moone a man male see:
And all that stont vpon the grounde,
Of his moisture it mote be founde.
All other sterres, as men fynde,
Ben shinende of her owne kynde:
But take onely the moone light,
whiche is not of him selfe bright,
But as he taketh it of the sonne.
And yet he hath nought all ful wonne
His light, that he nis somdell derke:
But what the lette is of that werke,
In Almagest it telleth this.
The moones cercle so lowe is.
wherof the sonne out of his stage
Ne seeth him not with full visage.
For he is with the grounde beshaded,
So that the moone is somdele faded,
And male not fully shine clere.
But what man vnder his powere
Is borne, he shall his place chaunge,
And seche many londes straunge.
And as of this condicion
The moones disposicion
Upon the londe of Alemayne
Is set, and eke vpon Britayne,
whiche nowe is cleped Englonde.
For thei trauayle in euery londe.

☞ De secunda planeta, que Mercurius dicitur.

¶ Of the planetes the seconde
Aboue the moone hath take his bonde
Mercurie: and his nature is this,
That vnder him who that borne is,
In boke he shall be studious,
And in writinge curious,
And slowe and luskles to trauayle
In thinge, whiche els might auayle:
He loueth ease, he loueth rest,
So is he not the worthiest.
But yet with somdele besinesse
His hert is set vpon richesse.
And as in this condicion
Thessecte and disposicion
Of this planete, and of his chance,
Is mosse in Borgoyne, and in Fraunce.

☞ De tercia planeta, que Venus dicitur.

¶ Nert Mercurie as wolle befalle
Stont that planet, whiche men call
Venus: whose constellacion
Gouerneth all the nacion
Of louers, where thei spede or none.
Of whiche I trowe thou be one.
But whetherward thin happes wende

Shall this planete shewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo.
To some well, to some wo.
And netheles of this planete
The moste partie is softe and swete.
For who that therof takth his birth,
He shall desyre ioy and mirthe,
Gentill curtoys and debonaire
To speke his wordes softe and faire,
Suche shall he be by wey of kynde.
And ouer all where he mate fynde
Pleasaunce of loue, his herte boweth.
With all his might and there he wolweth.
He is so serforth amorous,
He not what thynge is vicious
Tochend loue, for that lawe
There mate no maner man withdrawe,
The whiche Venerien is hore
By wey of kinde, and therfore
Venus of loue the goddesse
Is cleped but of wantonnesse,
The climate of hir lecherie
Is moste comune in Lumbardie.

¶ Nota de sole, qui medio planetarum residens, Astrorum principatum obtinet.

¶ Next vnto this planete of loue
The bright sonne stont aboue,
whiche is the hinderer of the night,
And forther of the daies light:
As he whiche is the worldes eie,
Through whome the lustie companie
Of foules by the morowe singe:
The fresshe floures sprede and springe,
The highe tree the grounde beshaddeth,
And euery mans hert gladdeth.
And for it is the heade planete,
Nowe that he sitteth in his sete,
Of what richesse, of what noblete,
Thise bokes telle: and thus thei sete.

¶ Nota de curru solis, necnon de vario eiusdem apparatu.

¶ Of golde glistrende spoke and whele
The sonne his carte hath faire and wele,
In whiche he sitte, and is croned
With bright stones enuironed:
Of whiche if that I speke shall,
There be fore inspecial
Set in the front of his corone
Thre stones whiche no persone
Hath vpon erth, and the first is
By name cleped Leucachatis.
That other two cleped thus
Astroites and Ceraunus
In his corone, and also behynde,
By olde bokes as I fynde,
There ben of worthie stones three
Set eche of hem in his degree,
Wherof a Christall is that one,
Whiche that corone is set vpon.
The seconde is an Adamant:
The thirde is noble and euenant,
Whiche cleped is Idriades.
And ouer this yet netheles
Vpon the sides of the werke,
After the writynge of the clerke,
There sitten fiue stones mo,
The Smaragdine is one of tho,
Iaspis, and Elitropius,
And Vendides, and Iacinctus.
Lo thus the corone is beset,
Wherof it shineth well the bet.
And in suche wise his light to spreade,
Sit with his Diademe on head,
The sonne shinende in his carte:
And for to lede hym swithe and smarte,
After the bright daies lawe,
There ben ordeined for to drawe,
Four hors his chare, and him withall,
Wherof the names tell I shall.
Eritheus the first is hote,
The whiche is redde and shineth hote:
The seconde Acteos the bright:
Lampes the thirde courser bight:
And Philogeus is the ferth,
That bringen light vnto this erth,
And gone so swifte vpon the heuen,
In foure and twenty houres euen
The carte with the bright sonne
Thei drawe, so that ouer ronne
Thei haue vnder the cercles hie
All midde erthe in suche an hie.
And thus the sonne is ouer all
The chiefe planete imperiall,
Aboue hym and beneth hym thre,

And

And thus betwene hem renneth he,
As he that hath the middel place
Amonge the seuen: and of his face
Ben glad all erthely creatures,
And taken after the natures
Her ease and rerreacion.
And in his conſtellacion
Who that is boze in ſpeciall,
Of good wille and of liberall
He ſhall be founde in all place,
And alſo ſtonde in mochel grace
Toward the lozdes foz to ſerue,
And great pzofite and thonke deſerue.
And ouer that it cauſeth yit
A man to be ſubtil of wit,
To wozch in golde, and to be wiſe
In euery thyng, whiche is of pziſe.
But foz to ſpeken in what coſte
Of all this erth he regneth moſte,
As foz wiſdom it is in Grece,
Where is appzopzed thilke ſpece.

¶ Nota de quinta planeta, que Mars dicitur.

¶ Mars the planete bataillous
Next to the ſonne glozious
Aboue ſtant, and doth meruailles
Upon the foztune of batailes.
The Conquerours by dates olde
Were vnto this planete holde.
But who that his natiuitee
Hath take vpon the pzopirtee
Of Martis diſpoſicion,
By wey of conſtellacion,
He ſhall be fers and full haſtife,
And deſirous of werre and ſtrife.
But foz to tellen redily
In what climate moſt commonly
That this planete hath his effecte.
Saide is, that he hath his aſpecte
Upon the holy londe ſo caſte,
That there is no pees ſtedfaſte.

¶ Nota de ſexta planeta, que Jupiter dicitur.

¶ Aboue Mars vpon the heuen
The ſixte planete of the ſeuen
Stant Iupiter the delicate,
Whiche cauſeth pees, and no debate.
Foz he is cleped the planete
Whiche of his kynde ſofte and ſwete
Attempzeth all that to hym longeth.
And whom this planete vnderfongeth,
To ſtonde vpon his regiment,
He ſhall be meke and patient,
And foztunate to marchandie,
And luſtie to delicacie
In euery thyng, whiche he ſhall do.
This Iupiter is cauſe alſo
Of the ſcience of light werkes,
And in this wiſe tellen clerkes,
He is the planete of delices.
But in Aegypte of his offices
He reigneth moſte in ſpecfall.
Foz there ben luſtes ouer all,
Of all that to this life befalleth.
Foz there no ſtozmie weder falleth,
Whiche might greue man oz beſt:
And eke the londe is ſo honeſt,
That it is plentuous and plaine,
There is no idell grounde in vaine.
And vpon ſuche felicitee
Stant Iupiter in his degree.

¶ De ſeptima planeta, quæ reliquis celſior Saturnus dictus eſt.

¶ The hieſt and abouen all
Stant that planet, whiche men call
Saturnus, whoſe complection
Is colde, and his condicion
Cauſeth malice and crueltee
To hym, whoſe natiuitee
Is ſet vnder his gouernance.
Foz all his werkes ben greuance,
And ennemie to mans hele,
In what degre that he ſhall dele.
His climate is in Dzient,
Where that he is moſt violent.
¶ Of the planetes by and by,
Howe that thei ſtonde vpon the ſkie,
Fro point to point as thou might here,
Was Aliſander made to lere.
But ouer this touchende his lozе
Of thyng, that thei hym taughten mozе
Upon the ſcholes of clergie,
Nowe herken the philoſophie.

¶ Poſtquam dictum eſt de ſeptem planetis, quis ſuus ſingule ſeptimane dies ſingulariter attitua

kantur, dicendum est iam de duodecim signis, per que. xii. menses anni variis temporibus effectus varios assequuntur.

¶ He whiche departeth daie fro night,
That one derke, and that other bright,
Of seuen daies made a weke,
A monthe of foure wekes eke
He hath ordeined in his lawe.
Of monthes twelue, and eke forthrawe
He hath also the longe yere.
And as he sette of his powere
Accordant to the daies seuen,
Planetes seuen vpon the heuen,
As thou toforе hast herde deuise:
To speke right in suche a wise
To euery monthe by hym selue,
Upon the heuen of signes twelue
He hath after his ordinall
Assigned one in speciall,
Wherof so as I shall rehersen,
The tides of the yere diuersen.
But plainly for to make it knowe
How that the signes sit a rowe,
Eche after other by degree,
In substance and in propertee,
The Zodiake comprehendeth
Within his cercle, and it appendeth.

¶ Nota sic de primo signo, quod aries dicitur, cui mensis speciaſiter Marcii appropriatus est.

Quo deus in primo produxit adesse creata.

¶ And as it seith in Almageste
Of sterres twelue vpon this beste
Ben sette, wherof in his degree
The wombe hath two, the head hath three,
The taile hath seuen, and in this wise,
As thou might here me deuise,
Stant Aries, whiche hote and drie
Is of hym selfe, and in partie
He is the recepte and the hous
Of mighty Mars the batailous.
And ouermore eke as I finde,
The creature of all kinde
Upon this signe firste began
The worlde, whan that he made man,
And of this constellation
The very operation
Availeth, if a man therin
The purpose of his werke begin.
For than he hath of propertee
Good spede and great felicitee.
The twelue monethes of the yere
Attitled vnder the powere
Of these twelue signes stonde,
Wherof that thou shalt vnderstonde,
This Aries out of the twelue
Hath Marche attitled for hym selfe,
Whan euery bird shall chese his make,
And euery adder, and euery snake,
And euery reptile, whiche maie moue,
His might assaieth for to proue
To crepen out ayeine the sonne,
Whan Mere his season hath begonne.

☞ Secundum signum dicitur Taurus, cuius mensis est Aprilis.

Quo prius occultas inuenit herba vias.

¶ Taurus the seconde after this
Of signes, whiche figured is
Unto a boolle dre and colde,
And as it is in bokes tolde,
He is the hows appertinant
To Venus somdele discordant.
This boolle is eke with sterres set,
Through whiche he hath his hornes knet
Unto the taile of Aries:
So is he not there sterreles.
Upon his brest eke eightene
He hath, and eke as it is sene,
Upon his taile stande other two,
His month assigned eke also
Is Aueril, whiche of showres
Ministreth wey vnto the floures.

☞ Tertium signum dicitur Gemini, cuius mensis Maius est.

Quo volucrū cātus gaudet de floribus ortis.

¶ The thirde signe is Gemini,
Whiche is figured redily
Liche to two twinnes of man kinde,
That naked stonde: And as I finde,
Thei ben with sterres wel bego,

The

The head hath parte of thilke two,
That thine vpon the boolles tayle,
So ben thei both of o parayle,
But of the wombe of Gemini
Ben fiue sterres not for thy:
And eke vpon the feete ben twey,
So as these olde bokes sey
That wise Ptholomeus wrote.
His propre monthe well I wote
Assigned is the lustie Maie,
Whan euery bryode vpon his laie
Emonge the grene leues singeth,
And lone of his pointure stingeth,
After the lawes of nature,
The pongthe of euery creature.

☞ Quartum signum Cancer dicitur, cuius mensis Junius est.
Quo falcat pratis pabula tonsor equis.

¶ Cancer after the rule and space
Of signes halt the fourth place.
Like to the crabbe he hath semblance,
And hath vnto his retinance
Fyl. sterres, wherof ten,
So as these olde wise men
Discriue, he bereth on him tofore,
And in the middell two before,
And .iiii. he hath vpon his ende:
Thus goeth he sterred in his kende.
And of him selfe is moyste and colde,
And he is the propre hous and holde,
Whiche apperteineth to the Moone,
And doeth what longeth hym to doone.
The month of June vnto this signe
Thou shalte after the rule assigne.

☞ Quintum signum Leo dicitur, cuius mensis Julius est.
Quo magis ad terras expãdit Lucifer ignis.

¶ The fifte signe is Leo hote,
Whose kynde is sharpe dry and hote,
In whome the sonne hath herbergage,
And the semblance of his ymage
Is a lion, whiche in battle
Of sterres hath his purpartie
The foure, whiche as Cancer hath
Vpon his ende Leo tath.
Vpon his head, and than nesse
He hath eke foure vpon his breste.
And one vpon his taile behynde
In olde bokes as I fynde.
His propre month is Jule by name:
In whiche men playen many a game.

¶ Septum signum Virgo dicitur, cuius mensis Augustus est.
Quo vacuata pri⁹ pubes replet horrea messis.

¶ After Leo, Virgo the nexte
Of signes cleped is the sexte:
Wherof the figure is a mayde,
And as the philosopher sayde,
She is the welth and the ryfynge,
The lust, the ioy, and the likynge
Vnto Mercurie: and sothe to saie
She is with sterres well besaie,
Wherof Leo hath lent hir one,
Whiche set on hir hir head vpon:
Hir wombe hath .v. hir fete also
Haue other fiue: and euer mo
Touchende as of complexion,
By kyndly disposicion,
Of drie and colde this maiden is,
And for to tellen ouer this,
Hir month thou shalt vnderstonde,
Whan euery felde hath corne in honde,
And many a man his backe hath plied
Vnto this signe is August applied.

¶ Septimum signum Libra dicitur, cuius mensis September est.
Vinea quo Bacchum pressa liquore colit.

¶ After Virgo to reken in euen
Libra sit in the nombre of seuen,
Whiche hath figure and resemblance
Vnto a man, whiche a balance
Beareth in his honde, as for to weye,
In boke and as it maie be seie,
Diuers sterres to hym longeth,
Wherof on head he vnderfongeth
First thre, and eke his wombe hath two,
And downe benethe .viii. other mo.
This signe is hote and moyst both,
The whiche thynges be not loth
Vnto Venus, so that aloste
She resteth in his hous full ofte,
And eke Saturne often hyed
Is in the signe and magnified.

His proper month is sayd Septembre,
Whiche yeueth men cause to remembre,
If any lore be lefte behynde
Of thynge, whiche greue maie to kynde.

Octauꝰ signū Scorpio dicitur, cuius mēsis Octobris est.
Floribus exclusis hyems qui ianitor extat.

Amonge the signes vpon the height
The signe, whiche is nombred eight,
Is Scorpio, whiche as season
Figured is a Scorpion.
But for all that yet nethelesse
Is Scorpio not sterlesse.
For Libra graunteth him his ende,
Of .viii. sterres, where he wende,
The whiche vpon his head assised
He beareth, and eke there ben deuised
Upon his wombe sterres three,
And .viii. vpon his taile hath he,
Whiche of his kynde is moist and colde,
And vnbehouely many folde.
He harmeth Venus and empeyreth,
But Mars vnto his hous repeireth.
But ware whan thei togeder dwellen.
His proper monthe is, as men tellen,
October, whiche bringeth the kalende
Of winter, that cometh next sewende.

Nonum signum sagittarius dicitur, cuius mēsis Nouembris est.
Quo mustū bibulo linquit sua nomina vino.

The .ix. signe in Nouembre also,
Whiche foloweth after Scorpio,
Is cleped Sagittarius.
The whose figure is marked thus.
A monstre with a bowe on honde,
On whom that sondry sterres stonde,
Thilke .viii. of whiche I spake tofore,
The whiche vpon the taile ben lore
Of Scorpio the hede all sayre
Be spreden of the sagittaire,
And .viii. of other stonden euen
Upon his wombe, and other seuen
There stonden vpon his taile behinde:
And he is hote and dre of kinde.
To Iupiter his house is free,
But to Mercurie in his degree
(For thei be not of one assent)
He worcheth great empeirement.
This signe hath of his propertee
A month, whiche of dewtee,
After the seson that befalleth,
The plough ore in winter stalleth,
And syre into the halle he bringeth,
And thilke drinke, of whiche men singeth,
He turneth must in to the wine:
Than is the larder of the swine,
That is nouembre, whiche I mene,
Whan that the leek hath lost his grene.

Decimum signum Capricornus dicitur, cuius mensis decembris est.
Ipse diem nauo noctem tp giganti figurat.

The tenthe signe dre and colde,
The whiche is Capricornus tolde,
Unto a gote hath resemblance:
For whose loue, and whose aqueintance
Within his house to sojourne,
It liketh well vnto Saturne.
But to the Moone it liketh nought,
For no profit is there wrought.
This signe, as of his proprete,
Upon his head hath sterres three,
And eke vpon his wombe two,
And twey vpon his taple also.
Decembre after the yeres formes,
So as the bokes vs enformes,
With daies shorte and nyghtes longe,
This ilke signe hath vnderfonge.

Undecimum signum Aquarius dicitur, cuius mensis Januarius est.
Quo Ianus vultum duplū conuertit in annū.

Of tho that sitten vpon the heuen
Of signes in the nombre enleuen,
Aquarius hath take his place,
And stant well in Saturnus grace:
Whiche dwelleth in his herbergage.
But to the sonne he doth outrage.
This signe is verayly resembled
Liche to a man, whiche halte assembled
In either honde a water spout,
Wherof the stremes rennen out.
He is of kynde moyst and hote,
And he that of the sterres wote,

Seyth

Saith, that he hath of sterres two
Upon his head, and bene of tho,
That Capricorne hath on his ende,
And as the bokes maken mynde,
That Ptholomeus made hym selue,
He hath eke on his wombe twelue:
And two vpon his ende stonde.
Thou shalt also this vnderstonde,
The frosty colde Ianuere,
Whan comen is the newe yere,
That Ianus with double face.
In his chaire hath take his place,
And loketh vpon bothe sides,
Some dele towarde the winter tides,
Some dele towarde the yere suende:
That is the monthe belongende
Unto this signe, and of his dole
He yeueth the fyrste primrole.

¶ Duodecimam signum Piscis dicitur, cuius mensis Februarius est.
Quo pluuie torrens riparum concitat amnes.

¶The .xii. whiche is last of all
Of signes, Piscis men it call,
The whiche, as telleth the scripture,
Beareth of two fisshes the figure.
So is he colde and moiste of kynde.
And eke with sterres as I fynde
Be set in sondry wise, as thus:
Two of his ende Aquarius
Hath lent, vnto his head, and two
This signe hath of his owne also
Upon his wombe: and ouer this
Upon his ende also there is
A nombre of twenty sterres bright,
Whiche is to sene a wonder sight.
Towarde his signe in to his hous
Comth Iupiter the glorious,
And Venus eke with him acordeth
To dwellen, as the boke recordeth.
The monthe vnto this signe ordeigned
Is Februar, whiche is bereigned
And with londflodes in his rage
At fordes letteth the passage.
¶Nowe hast thou herde the proprietee
Of signes, but in his degree
Albumazare yet ouer this
Saith, so as the erthe parted is
In foure: right so ben deuised
The signes twelue, and stonde assised,
That erthe of hem in his partie
Hath his climate to iustifie:
Wherof the fyrst regiment
Towarde the parte of Orient,
From Antioche, and that countree
Gouerned is of signes thre:
That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo.
And towarde thoccident also,
From Armenie, as I am lerned,
Of Capricorne it stant gouerned,
Of Piscis, and Aquarius.
And after hem I fynde thus,
Southwarde fro Alisander forthe
Tho signes, whiche most ben worth
In gouernance of that Quaire
Libra thei ben, and Sagittaire,
With Scorpio, whiche is conioynt
With hem to stonde vpon that poynt
Of Constantinople the citee
(So as these bokes tellen mee)
The last of this diuision
Stant vntowarde Septemtrion,
Where as by wey of purueiance
Aries hath the gouernance,
Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
Thus ben the signes properly
Deuided, as it is rehersed,
Wherof the londes ben diuersed.
Lo thus my son, as thou might here,
Was Alisander made to lere
Of hem, that weren for his lore.
But nowe to loken ouermore
Of other sterres how thei fare,
I thynke hereafter to declare,
So as kynge Alisander in youth,
Of hym that suche signes couth,
Enformed was tofore his eie
By night vpon the sterres sle.

☞ HIC tractat super doctrina Nectanabi dum ipse iuuenem Alexandrum instruxit de illis precipue quindecim stellis, Una cum earum lapidibus et herbis, que ad artis Magice naturalis operationem specialius conueniunt.

¶Upon sondry creation
Stant sondry operation,
Some worcheth this, some worcheth that,

The

The fire is hote in his estate,
And brenneth what he mate atteyne,
The water mate the fyre restreine,
The whiche is colde and moyst also,
Of other thynge it fareth right so
Upon the erthe amonge vs here.
And for to speake in this manere,
Upon the heuen as men mate fynde,
The sterres ben of sondrie kynde,
And wrechen many sondrie thynges.
To vs, that ben her vnderlynges.
Amonge the whiche forth withall
Nectanabus in speciall,
Whiche was an Astronomien,
And eke a great magicien,
And vndertake hath thilke empryse,
To Alisaunder in his apprise,
As of magike naturele
To knowe enformeth hym somdele
Of certaine sterres what thei mene,
Of whiche he seyth there ben fiftene.
And sondrily to euerichone
A gras belongeth and a stone:
Wherof men wrechen many a wonder
To set thynge both vp and vnder.

☞ Prima stella Vocatur Aldeboran, cuius lapis Carbunculus, et herba anabulla est.

To tell right as he began,
The first sterre Aldeboran,
The clereste and the mosste of all
By right name men it call,
Whiche liche is of condition
To Mars, and of complexion
To Venus, and hath therupon
Carbunculum his propre stone.
His herbe is Annabulla named,
Whiche is of great vertue proclamed.

Secunda stella Vocatur Clota, seu Pliades, cuius lapis Chrisallum, et herba feniculus est.

The seconde is not vertules,
Clota, or els Pliades
It hate, and of the moonees kynde
He is: and also this I fynde,
He taketh of Mars complexion
And liche to suche condition,
His stone appropred is Chrisall.
And eke his herbe inspeciall
The vertuous Fenell it is.

Tercia stella Vocatur, Algol, cuius lapis Diamans, et herba Helleborum nigrum est.

The thirde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algos the clere rede,
Whiche of Saturne, as I mate rede,
His kynde taketh, and eke of Ioue
Complexion to his behoue.
His propre stone is diamant,
Whiche is to hym mosste accordant.
His herbe, whiche is hym betake,
Is hote Eleborum the blake.

Quarta stella Vocatur Alhaiot, cuius lapis Saphirus, et herba Marrubium est.

So as it falleth vpon lotte
The fourth sterre is Alhaiotte,
Whiche in the wise as I saide er,
Of Saturne and of Jupiter
Hath take his kinde, and there vpon
The saphir is his propre stone,
Marrubium his herbe also,
The whiche accorden both two.

☞ Quinta stella Vocatur Canis maior, cuius lapis Berillus: et herba sauina est.

And Canis maior in his like
The fifthe sterre is of magike,
The whole kynde is venerien,
As saith this astronomien.
His propre stone is saide Berille:
But for to wrethe and to fulfille
Thynge, whiche to this science falleth,
There is an herbe, whiche men calleth
Saueyne, and that behoueth nede
To hym, that woll his purpose spede.

Septa stella Vocatur canis minor, cuius lapis Achatis, et herba primula est.

The sixte sewende after this.
By name Canis minor is:
The whiche sterre is Mercurial
By wey of kynde, and forth withall
As it is written in the carte,
Complexion he taketh of Marte:
His stone and herbe (as seith the schole)
Ben Achates and Primerole.

Septi-

¶ Septima stella vocatur Ariak, cuius lapis gazgonza, et herba celidonia est.

¶The seuenth sterre in speciall
Of this science is Ariall,
Whiche sondrie nature vnderfongeth.
The stone, which propre vnto him longeth
Gorgonza propely it hight.
His herbe also, whiche he shall right
Vpon the worchynge as I mene,
Is Celidone freshe and grene.

¶ Octaua stella vocatur Ala corui, cuius lapis Honochinus, et herba kappacia est.

¶Sterre Ala corui vpon height
Hath take his place in nombre of eight,
Whiche of his kinde mote performe
The will of Marte, and of Saturne:
To whom Lappacia the gret
Is herbe, but of no beyete.
His stone is Honochinus hote,
Through which men worchen great riote.

¶ Nona stella vocatur Alaezek, cuius lapis Smaragdus, et herba salgea est.

¶The nynthe sterre faire and wele
By name is hote Alaezele,
Which taketh his propre kinde thus,
Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
His stone is the grene Emeraude,
To whom is geuen many a laude.
Saulge is his herbe appertenant
Abouen all the remenant.

¶Decima stella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis Iaspis, et herba plantago est.

¶The tenthe sterre is Almareth,
Whiche vpon life and vpon deth,
Through kinde of Iupiter and Marte,
He doth what longeth to his parte.
His stone is Iaspe, and of plantaine
He hath his herbe soueraine.

¶ Vndecima stella vocatur Venenas, cuius lapis Adamas, et herba Licoria est.

¶The sterre enleuenth is Venenas,
The whose nature is, as it was
Take of Venus, and of the Moone
In thynge, whiche he hath for to doone
Of Adamant is that perrie,
In whiche he worcheth his maistrie.
Thilke herbe also, which hym befalleth,
Cicorea the boke hym calleth.

¶ Duodecima stella vocatur Alpheka, cui⁹ lapis Topasion, et herba Rosmarinum.

¶Alpheta in the nombre set,
And is the twelfte sterre yet.
Of Scorpio whiche is gouerned,
And taketh his kinde, as I am lerned,
And hath his vertue in the stone,
Whiche cleped is Topasione.
His herbe propre is rosemarine,
Whiche shapen is for his couine.

¶Tertiadecima stella vocatur Cor Scorpionis, cuius lapis Serdis, et herba Astrologia est.

¶Of these sterres, which I mene,
Cor Scorpionis is threttene,
The whos nature Mart and Ioue
Haue yeuen vnto his behoue.
His herbe is Astrologie,
Which foloweth his astronomie.
The stone which that this sterre allowth,
Is Sardis, whiche vnto hym bowth.

¶Quartadecima stella vocatur Botercadet, cuius lapis Crisolitus, et herba saturea est.

¶The sterre, whiche stant next the last,
Nature of him this name cast,
And clepen him Botercadent,
Whiche of his kind obedient
Is to Mercurie and to Venus.
His stone is called Crisolitus.
His herbe is cleped Satureie,
So as these olde bokes seie.

¶Quintadecima stella vocatur Cauda scorpionis, cui⁹ lapis Calcidonis, et herba maiorana est.

¶But nowe the laste sterre of all
The taile of Scorpio men call,
Whiche to Mercurie and to Saturne
By wey of kynde mote returne
After the preparacion
Of due constellacion.
The Calcidone vnto hym longeth,
Whiche for his stone he vnderfongeth.

Of

Of Maioran his herbe is grounded.
Thus haue I said, how thei ben founded
Of euery sterre in speciall,
Whiche hath his herbe and stone withall,
As Hermes in his bokes olde
Withnesse bereth, of that I tolde.

¶ Nota hic de auctoribus istis, qui ad Astronomie scientiam pre cæteris studiosius intendentes, libros super hoc diffinctis nominibus cõposuerũt.

¶The science of Astronomie,
Whiche principall is of clergie
To deme betwene wo and wele
In thynges that bene naturele,
Thei had a great trauaile on honde,
That made it firste ben vnderstonde,
And thei also, whiche ouermore
Her studie set vpon this lore:
Thei weren gracious and wise,
And worthy for to bere a prise.
And whom it liketh for to witte
Of hem that this science writte.
One of the first, whiche it wrote
After Noe, it was Nembrote,
To his disciple Ichoniton,
And made a boke forth therupon,
The whiche Megastre cleped was.
Another auctor in this cas
Is Arachel, the whiche men note,
His boke is Abbateneih hote.
Dane Ptolome is not the lest,
Whiche maketh the boke of Almageste.
And Alfraganus doth the same,
Whose boke is Cathenus by name.
Gebus and Alpetragus eke,
Of palmestry, whiche men seke,
The bokes made. And ouer this,
Full many a worthy clerke there is,
That written vpon this clergie,
The bokes of Altemetrie,
Planemetrie, and eke also,
Whiche as belongeth bothe two,
So as thei bene naturiens,
Unto these astronomiens,
Men seene that Abraham was one.
But whether that he wrote or none,
That finde I not, and Moyses
Eke was an other: but Hermes
Aboue all other in this science
He had a great experience.
Through hym was many a sterre assised,
Whose bokes yet ben auctorised.
I maie not knowen all tho,
That written in the tyme tho
Of this science, but I finde
Of iudgement by waie of kinde,
That in one point thei all accorden
Of sterres, whiche thei recorden,
That men maie see vpon the heuen.
There ben a thousande sterres euen,
And two and twenty to the sight,
Whiche ben of hem selfe so bright,
That men maie deme what thei bee
The nature and the proprete.
Nowe hast thou heard in suche a wise
These noble philosophers wise
Enformeden this ponge kynge,
And made hym haue a knowelechyng
Of thyng, whiche first to the partie
Belongeth of philosophie,
Whiche Theorike cleped is,
As thou tofore hast herde er this.
But nowe to speke of the seconde,
Whiche Aristotle hath also founde,
And techeth howe to speke faire,
Whiche is a thyng full necessaire
To counterpaise the balance,
Where lacketh other sufficiance.

Compositi pulcra sermones verba placere.
Principio poterunt veraq; fine placent.
Herba, lapis, sermo tria sunt virtute repleta:
Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.

¶Hic tractat de secunda parte philosophie, cuius nomen Rhetorica facundos efficit. Loquitur etiam de eiusdem duabus speciebus, scilicet Grãmatica et Logica, quarum doctrina Rhetor sua verba proprinat.

¶Aboue al erthly creatures
The high maker of natures
The worde to man hath youe alone,
So that the speche of his persone,
Or for to lese, or for to winne,
The hertes thought, whiche is withinne,
May shewe, what it wolde mene,
And that is no where els sene

Of

Of kynde with none other beſt,
So ſhulde he be the more honeſt,
To whom god yafe ſo worthy a yifte,
And loke well that he ne ſhifte
His wordes to none wicked vſe.
For worde, the teacher of vertuſe
Is cleped in philoſophie.
Wherof touchende this partie
Is Rhetoric the ſcience
Appropred to the reuerence
Of wordes that ben reaſonable.
And for this arte ſhall be vailable,
With goodly wordes for to like:
It hath Grammer, it hath Logike,
That ſeruen both vnto the ſpeche.
Grammer, firſt hath for to teche
To ſpeake vpon congruitee.
Logike hath eke in his degree
Betwene the trouth and the falſhede
The pleyne wordes for to ſhede:
So that nothyng ſhall go beſide,
That he the right ne ſhall decide:
Wherof full many a great debate
Reformed is to good aſtate,
And peace ſuſteined vp alofte
With eaſy wordes and with ſofte,
Where ſtrengthe ſhulde let it falle.
The philoſophre amonges alle
For thy commendeth this ſcience,
Whiche hath the reule of eloquence,
In ſtone and gras vertue there is:
But yet the bokes tellen this,
That worde aboue all erthly thynges
Is vertuous in his doynges,
Where ſo it be to yuell or good.
For if the wordes ſemen good,
And bene well ſpoke at mans eare.
Whan that there is no trouthe there,
Thei doone full ofte full great deceite.
For whan the worde to the conceite
Diſcordeth in ſo double a wiſe,
Suche Rhetoric is to diſpiſe
In euery place, and for to drede.
For of Vliſſes thus I rede,
As in the boke of Troie is funde,
His eloquence, and his facunde
Of goodly wordes, whiche he tolde,
Hath made, that Anthenor him ſolde
The towne, whiche he with treaſon wan.
Worde hath begyled many a man.
With worde the wilde beaſt is daunted,
With worde the ſerpent is enchaunted.
Of wordes amonge the men of armes
Ben woundes heled with the charmes,
Where lacketh other medicine,
Worde hath vnder his diſcipline
Of ſorcerie the carectes.
The wordes ben of ſondrie ſectes
Of euill, and eke of good alſo.
The wordes maken of frende fo,
And fo of frende, and peace of werre,
And werre of peace, and out of herre
The worde the worldes cauſe entriketh,
And reconcileth who on hym liketh.
The worde vnder the cope of heuen
Set euery thynge or odde or euen.
With worde the highe god is pleaſed.
With worde the wordes ben appeaſed.
The ſofte worde the loude ſtylleth,
Where lacketh good the worde fulfilleth
To make amendes for the wronge.
Whan wordes medlen with the ſonge,
It doth pleſance well the more.
But for to loke vpon this lore,
Howe Tullius his Rhetorike
Compouneth, there a man may pike,
How that he ſhall his wordes ſet.
How he ſhall loſe, how he ſhall knet,
And in what wiſe he ſhall pronounce
His tale pleyne without frounce,
Wherof enſample if thou wilt ſeche,
Take hede and rede whilome the ſpeche.

¶ Nota de eloquentia Tulii in cauſa Catiline cõtra Sylanum et alios tunc Vrbis Romane continentes.

¶ Of Iulius, and Cicero,
Whiche conſull was of Rome tho:
Of Cato eke, and Sillene
Beholde the wordes hem betwene.
Whan the treaſon of Catiline
Diſcouered was and the couine
Of hem, that were of his aſſent
Was knowe and ſpoke in parliament,
And aſked howe, and in what wiſe
Men ſhulde doone hym to Iuwyſe,

Sills

Sillanus firſt his tale tolde
To trouth and as he was beholde
The common profite for to ſaue:
He ſaide howe treaſon ſhulde haue
A cruell dethe. And thus thei ſpeake,
The Conſull both and Cato eke,
And ſaiden, that for ſuche a wronge
There maie no peyne be to ſtronge.
But Iulius with wordes wiſe
His tale tolde all other wiſe,
As he whiche wolde his deth reſpite,
And foundeth howe he might excite
The iudges through his eloquence,
Fro dethe to forne the ſentence
And ſet her hertes to pitee.
Nowe tolden thei, nowe tolde he,
Thei ſpeaken pleyne after the lawe,
But he the wordes of his sawe
Coloureth in an other weie
Spekende. and thus betwene the tweye
To treate vpon this iudgement
Made eche of hem his argument:
Wherof the tales for to here,
There maie a man the ſchole lere
Of Rhetorike the eloquence,
Whiche is the ſeconde of ſcience,
Touchende to philoſophie:
Wherof a man ſhall iuſtifie
His wordes in diſputeſon,
And knitte vpon concluſion
His argument in ſuche a forme,
Whiche maie the pleyne trouth enforme,
And the ſubtile cautele abate,
Whiche euery trewe man ſhall debate.

Practica quæcũq; ſtatũ pars tercia philoſophie
Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe viæ,
Sed quanto maior rex eſt, tanto magis ipſum
Ex ſchola concernit, quo ſua regna regit.

¶Hic tractat de tertia parte philoſophie, que practica vocatur: cuius ſpecies ſunt tres, ſcilicet Ethica, Economia, et Politica, quarum doctrina regia maieſtas in ſuo regimine ad honoris magnificentiam per ſingula dirigitur.

¶The firſte, whiche is Theorike,
And the ſeconde Rhetorike
Sciences of philoſophie,
I haue hem tolde as in partie,
So as the philoſopher telde,
To Aliſandre: and nowe I wolde
Tell of the thirde, what it is,
The whiche Practike cleped is.
Practike ſtont vpon thre thynges
Towarde the gouernance of kynges:
Wherof the firſte Erike is named,
The whoſe ſcience ſtant proclamed
To teche of vertue thilke rule,
Howe that a kynge hym ſelfe ſhall rule
Of his morall condicion,
With worthie diſpoſicion.
Of good liuyng in his perſone,
Whiche is the chiefe of his corone.
It maketh a kynge alſo to lerne
Howe he his bodie ſhall gouerne.
Howe he ſhall wake, how he ſhall ſlepe,
How that he ſhall his hele kepe.
In meate, in drynke, in clothyng eke,
There is no wyſedome for to ſeke,
As for the reule of his perſone,
The whiche that this ſcience all one
He techeth, as by weie of kynde,
That there is nothyng lefte behynde.
That other thynge, whiche to Practike
Belongeth, is Economike,
Whiche techeth thilke honeſtee,
Through whiche a kynge in his degree
His wife and childe ſhall reule and gie,
So forth with all the companie,
Whiche in his houſholde ſhall abide,
And his eſtate on euery ſide
In ſuche manere for to lede,
That he his houſholde ne miſſede,
Practike hath yet the thirde appriſe,
Whiche techeth howe and in what wiſe,
Through his purueid ordinance
A kinge ſhall ſet in gouernance
His realme: and that is Policie,
Whiche longeth vnto regalie,
In tyme of werre, in time of pees
To worſhip and to good encrees
Of clerke, of knight, and of marchant,
And ſo forth all the remenant
Of all the common people aboute,
Within borgh and eke without
Of hem that ben artificers,
Whiche vſen craftes and miſters,

Whoſe

Whose arte is cleped Mechanike:
And though they be not all like,
Yet netheles how so it fall,
O lawe mote gouerne hem all,
Or that they lese, or that they winne
After the state that they ben inne.
¶ Lo thus this worthie yonge kynge
Was fully taught of euery thynge,
Whiche might yeue entendement
Of good rule, and good regiment
To suche a worthy prynce as he.
But of very necessitee
The philosopher hym hath betake
Fiue pointes, which he hath vndertake
To kepe and holde in obseruance,
As for the worthy gouernance,
Whiche longeth to his regalie
After the rule of policie.

Moribus ornat⁹ regit hic, qui regna moderna
Certius expectat sceptra futura poli.
Et quia ueredica virtus supereminet omnes,
Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.

☞ Hic secundum policiam tractare intendit precipue super quinque regularū articulis, que ad principis regimen obseruandū specialiue existunt, quarum prima Veritas nuncupatur, per quam veredicus sit sermo regis ad omnes.

¶ To euery man belongeth lore,
But to no man belongeth more
Than to a kynge, whiche hath to lede
The people, for his kynghed
He maie hem both saue and spille,
And for it stont vpon his wille,
It sit hym well to be auised,
And the vertues which are assised
Vnto a kynges regiment,
To take in his entendement.
Wherof to tellen as they stonde,
Hereafterwarde now woll I fonde.
Amonge the vertues one is chiefe,
And that is Trouth, whiche is liefe
To god, and eke to man also.
And for it hath ben euer so,
Taught Aristotle (as he well couth)
To Alisander howe in his youth
He shulde of Trouth thilke grace
With all his holl herte enbrace:
So that his worde be trewe and pleyne
Towarde the worlde: and so certeyne,
That in hym be no double speche.
For if men shoulde trouthe seche,
And finde it not within a kynge,
It were an vnsittende thynge.
The worde is token of that within,
There shall a worthie kynge begin
To kepe his tonge, and to be trewe,
So shall his price ben euer newe.
Auise hym euery man to fore,
And be well ware, er he be swore:
For afterwarde it is to late,
If that he wolde his worde debate.
For as a kynge in speciall
Aboue all other is principall
Of his power, so shulde he bee
Moste vertuous in his degree.
And that maie well be signified
By his corone and specified.
¶ The golde betoketh excellence,
That men shulde doone hym reuerence,
As to her liege souerayne.
The stones, as the bokes sayne,
Commended bene in treble wise.
Firste they ben harde, and thilke assise
Betokeneth in a kynge constance,
So that there shall no variance
Be founde in his condicion.
And also by description
The vertue, whiche is in the stones,
A very signe is for the nones
Of that a kynge shall be honest,
And holde trewely his behest
Of thynge, whiche longeth to kinghed.
The bright coloure, as I rede,
Whiche is in the stones shinynge,
Is in figure betokenynge.
The cronike of this worldes fame,
Whiche stante vpon his good name.
The circle, whiche is rounde aboute,
Is token of all the londe aboute,
Whiche stant vnder his hierarchie,
That he it shall well kepe and gie.
And for that trouthe howe so it falle
Is the vertue souerayne of alle,
That longeth vnto regiment,
A tale, whiche is euident,

Of trouthe in commendacion,
Towarde thyn enformacion
My ſonne hereafter thou ſhalt here
Of a cronike in this matere.

¶Hic narrat qualiter Darius, filius Itapſis, ſol
danus Perſie, a tribus ſuis cubicularibus, quorū
nomina Harpages, Monachas, et Zorobabel,
dicta ſunt nomina, queſtionis ſigillatim interroga-
uit, Vtrum rex aut mulier, aut Vinum maioris
fortitudinis Vim optineret, Ipſis vero Darie opi-
nione reſoldentibus, Zorobabel vltimus aſſerit,
quod mulier ſui amoris complacentia tam regis
quam vini potenciam excellit, Addidit inſuper fi-
nali concluſioni dicens, quod veritas ſuper omnia
vincit. Cuius reſponſio ceteris laudabilior ac-
ceptabatur.

¶As the cronike it doth reherce,
A ſoldan whilome was of Perſe,
whiche Dares highte, and Itapſis
His fader was: and ſothe it is,
Of his lignage, as by diſcente,
The regne of thilke empire he hent.
And as he was him ſelfe wiſe,
The wiſe men he helde in prize:
And ſought hem oute on euery ſide,
That towarde him they ſhulde abide.
Amonge the whiche thre there were,
That moſt ſeruice vnto him bere.
As they, whiche in his chamber lighen,
And all his counceile herde and ſighen.
Her names ben of ſtrange note,
Harpages was the firſt hote,
And Monachas was the ſecounde,
Zorobabel, as it is founde
In the cronike was the thride,
This Soldan what ſo him betide,
To hem he trift moſt of all,
wherof the caſe is ſo befalle.
This lorde, whiche hath conceites depe,
Upon a night whan he hath ſlepe,
As he whiche hath his wit diſpoſed
Touchende a poynt hem hath oppoſed.
The kinges queſtion was this,
Of thinges thre whiche ſtrongeſt is
The wine, the woman, or the kynge,
And that thei ſhulde vpon this thinge
Of her anſwere auiſed bee,
He yeue hem fully dayes three.
And hath bihote hem by his feyth,
That who the beſt reaſon ſeyth,
He ſhalle receiue a worthy mede.
Upon this thinge thei token hede,
And ſtoden in diſputeſion:
That by diuers opinion
Of argumentes, that thei haue holde,
Harpages fyrſt his tale tolde,
And ſaide, howe that the ſtrength of kinges
Is mightieſt of all thinges.
For kinge hath power ouer man.
And man is he, whiche reaſon can,
As he whiche is of his nature
The moſt noble creature
Of all tho that god hath wrought,
And by that ſkille it ſemeth nought
(He ſaith) that any erthly thinge
Maie be ſo mightie as a kynge.
A kynge maie ſpille, a kynge maie ſaue,
A kynge maie make a lorde a knaue,
And of a knaue a lorde alſo,
The power of a kynge ſtont ſo,
That he the lawes ouerpaſſeth.
what he will make leſſe, he laſſeth.
what he will make more, he moreth.
And as a gentill faucone foreth,
He fleeth, that no man hym reclaimeth.
But he alone all other tameth.
And ſtante hym ſelfe of lawe free.
Lo thus a kynges might, ſaith he,
(So as his reaſon can argue)
Is ſtrongeſt, and of moſt value.
¶But Monachas ſaith other wiſe,
That wine is of the more imprize,
And that he ſheweth by this waie.
The wyne full ofte taketh awaie
The reaſon fro the mans herte.
The wine can make a creple ſterte,
And a deliuer man vnwelde.
It maketh a blynde man to behelde,
And a bright eied ſeme derke.
It maketh a leude man a clerke,
And fro the clerke the clergie
It taketh awaie, and rowardie
It tourneth in to hardineſſe,
Of auarice it maketh largeſſe.
The wine maketh eke the good blood,
In whiche the ſoule, whiche is good,

Hath

Hath chosen hir a restyng place,
While that the lyke hir woll enbrace.
And by this skille Monachas
Answerd hath vpon this cas,
And seith, that wine by wey of kinde
Is thinge, whiche male the hertes binde
Wele more than the regalie.
Zorobabell for his partie
Seid, as him thought for the best,
That women ben the mightiest.
The kynge and the vinour also
Of women comen both two.
And eke he said: howe that manhede,
Through strengthe vnto the womandede
Of loue, where he wyll or none,
Obeie shall, and therupon
To shew of women the maistrie,
A tale, whiche he sighe with eie,
As for ensample he tolde this.

¶ Nota hic de Xigore amoris, qui inter Cirum regem Persarū et Apemen Besasis filiam ipsius regis cōcubinā spectāte tota curia experiebatur.

¶ Howe Apemen of Besasis
Whiche doughter was, in the paleis
Sittende vpon his high deis
Whan he was hotest in his ire
Towarde the great of his empyre,
Cirus the kinge tyran she toke,
And only with hir goodly loke
She made him debonaire and meke,
And by the chin, and by the cheke
She luggeth him right as hir lift,
That now she iapeth, and nowe she kift,
And doth with him what euer hir liketh,
Whan that she loureth, than he siketh,
And whan she gladeth, he is glad,
And thus this kinge was ouerlad
With hir, whiche his lemman was.
Amonge the men is no solas,
If that there be no woman there.
For but if that the woman were,
This worldes ioye were awey.
This is trouthe, that I you seye.
To knighthode, and to worldes fame,
Thei make a man to drede shame,
And honour for to be desired.
Through the beautee of hem is fired
The darte, the whiche Cupide throweth,
Wherof the tolike peyne groweth,
Whiche all the worlde hath vnderfote.
A woman is the mans bote
His lyfe, his deth, his wo, his wele.
And this thynge male be shewed wele,
Howe that women ben good and kynde,
For in ensample this I fynde.

¶ Nota de fidelitate coniugis, qualiter Alceſta vpor Admeti, Et maritum suum vinificaret seipsā morti spontanee subegit.

¶ Whan that the duke Admetus laie
Sicke in his bedde, that euery daie
Men waiten, whan he shulde dey,
Alcest his wife goth for to prey,
As she whiche wolde thonke deserue,
With sacrifice vnto Minerue,
To witte answere of the goddesse,
Howe that hir lorde of his sickenesse,
Wherof he was so wo beseyne,
Recouer might his hele ayene.
Lo thus she cride, and thus she praide,
Till at last a voyce hir saide,
That if she wolde for his sake
The maladie suffre and take,
And die hir selfe, he shulde liue.
Of this answere Alcest hath yeue
Vnto Minerue great thonkynge,
So that hir dethe, and his liuynge
She chese with all hir hole entent,
And thus accorded home she went.
In to the chambre whan she came,
Hir housbande anone she name
In bothe hir armes, and hym kiſt,
And spake vnto hym, what hir list.
And therupon within a throwe,
The good wife was ouerthrowe,
And died, and he was holle in hast.
So male a man by reason taste,
Howe nexte after the god aboue
The trouth of women and the loue,
In whome that all grace is founde,
Is mightiest vpon this grounde,
And most behouely manyfolde.
Lo thus Zorobabell hath tolde
The tale of his opinion:
But for finall conclusion,
What strengest is of erthly thynges,

The wine, the women, or the kynges,
He saith, that trouthe aboue hem all
Is mightiest, howe euer it fall.
The trouthe howe so it euer come,
Maie for nothynge ben ouercome.
It maie well suffre for a throwe,
But at last it shall be knowe.
The prouerbe is, who that is trewe,
Hym shall his while neuer rewe.
For how so that the cause wende,
The trouth is shameles at ende.
But what thynge that is trouthles,
It maie not well be shameles.
And shame hyndereth euery wight.
So proueth it, there is no might
Without trouthe in no degree
And thus for trouthe of his decree
Zorobabell was most commended.
wherof the question was ended,
And he receiued hath his mede.
For trouthe, (whiche to mannes nede)
Is most behoueliche ouer all.
For thy was trouthe in speciall
The fyrste poynt in obseruance
Betake vnto the gouernance
Of Alisandre, as it is sayde,
For therupon the grounde is layde
Of euery kynges regiment,
As thynge, whiche moste conuenient
Is for to set a kynge in euen,
Bothe in this worlde, and eke in heuen.

Absit auaricia, ne tangat regia corda,
Cuius enim spoliis excoriatur humus.
Fama colit largum volutans per secula regē,
Dona tamen licitis sunt moderanda modis.

¶ Hic tractat de regie maiestatis secūda policia: quam Aristoteles largitatem vocat, cuius virtute non solum prohibetur auaricia, regis nomen magnificum exhibetur, sed et sui subditionum diuiciarum habundancia iocundiores efficiuntur.

¶ Merte after Trouth the seconde,
In policie, as it is founde,
Whiche serueth to the worldes fame,
In worship of a kynges name,
Largesse it is, whose priuilege
There maie no auarice abrege.
The worldes good was first commune
But afterwarde vpon fortune
Was thilke common profit cessed,
For whan the people stode encressed,
And the lignages woren great,
Anone for singuler beyete
Drough euery man to his partie,
wherof come in the fyrste enuie,
With great debate and werres stronge,
And last amonge the men so longe,
Till no man wist, who was who,
Ne whiche was frende, ne whiche so,
Till at laste in euery londe
Within hem selfe the people fonde,
That it was good to make a kynge,
whiche might appesen all this thynge,
And yeue right to the lignages,
In partyng of her heretages.
And eke of all her other good.
And thus aboue hem all stode
The kynge vpon his regalie,
As he whiche hath to iustifie
The worldes good fro couetise.
So sit it well in all wise,
A kynge betwene the more and lesse
To sette his herte vpon largesse
Towarde hym selfe, and eke also
Towarde his people: and if not so:
That is to sayne: if that he bee
Towarde hym selfe large and free,
And of his people take and pille:
Largesse by no wey of skylle
It maie be saide, but auarice,
whiche in a kynge is a great vice.

¶ Nota super hoc quod Aristot ad Alexandrum exemplificant de exactionibus regis Chaldeorū

¶ A kynge behoueth eke to flee
The vice of prodigalitee,
That he measure in his expence
So kepe, that of indigence
He maie be saufe: for who that nedeth,
In all his werke the wers he spedeth.
As Aristotle vpon Caldee
Ensample of great auctorite
Vnto kynge Alisaunder taught
Of thilke folke, that were vnraught
Towarde her kynge for his pillage.
wherof he had in his courage,
That he vnto thre poyntes entende,

where

Where that he wolde his good dispende.
First shulde he loke howe that it stood,
That all were of his owne good
The yeftes, whiche he wolde yeue,
So might he well the better liue.
And eke he must taken hede,
If there be cause of any nede,
Whiche ought for to be defended,
Er that his goodes ben dispended.
Ye mote eke as it is befall
Amonges other thynges all,
Se the decertes of his men,
And after that thei bene of ken,
And of astate, and of merite
Ye shall hem largelich acquite,
Or for the warre, or for the pease,
That none honour fall in discrease,
Whiche might torne in to diffame,
But that he kepe his good name,
So that he be not holde vnkynde.
For in cronike a tale I fynde,
Whiche speaketh somdele of this matere,
Herafterwarde as thou shalte here.

Hic secundū gesta Julii exemplū ponit, qualiter rex suorum militum, quos ꝓbos agnouerit, indigētiam largitatis sue beneficio releuare tenetur.

¶ In Rome to pursue his right
There was a worthie poore knight,
Whiche came alone for to seyne
His cause, whan the courte was pleyne,
Where Iulius was in presence:
And for him lacketh of dispense,
There was with hym none aduocate
To make plee for his astate.
But though hym lacke for to plede,
Hym lacketh nothinge of manhede.
Ye wist well his purse was pouer,
But yet he thought his right recouer,
And openly pouerte alayed
To the emperour, and thus he sayed.
O Iulius lorde of the lawe,
Beholde my counceyll is withdrawe
For lacke of golde, to thine office.
After the lawe of Justice,
Helpe, that I had counseyle here
Upon the trouthe of my matere,
And Julius with that anone
Assigned him a worthy one.
But he him selfe no worde ne spake.
This knight was wroth, & fonde a lake
In the Emperour: and saide thus.
O thou vnkynde Iulius,
Whan thou in thy batayle were
Up in Aufrike, and I was there,
My might for thy rescous I dyd,
And put no man in my stede.
Thou wost what woundes there I had:
But here I fynde the so bad,
That the ne list speake o worde
Thyne owne mouthe, or of thyn horde
To yeue a storeyn me to helpe,
Howe shulde I than me be yelpe
Fro this day forth of thy largesse,
Whan suche a great vnkyndenesse
Is founde in suche a lorde as thou?
This Iulius knewe well enowe,
That all was soth, whiche he hym tolde:
And for he wolde not ben holde
Unkynde, he toke his cause on honde,
And as it were of goddes sonde
Ye yaue hym good enough to spende
For euer vnto his liues ende.
And thus shulde euery worthie kynge
Take of his knightes knowlegynge,
When that he sigh they hadden nede.
For euery seruice axeth mede.
But other, whiche haue not deserued
Through vertue, but of iapes serued,
A kynge shall not deserue grace,
Though he be large in suche a place.

¶ Hic ponit exemplum de rege Antigono, qualiter dona regia secundum maius et minus, equa discrecione moderanda sunt.

¶ It sitte well euery kynge to haue
Discretion, whan men hym craue,
So that he make his gyfte wite,
Wherof I fynde a tale write,
Howe Cinichus a powre knight,
A somme, whiche was ouer might
Prayed of his kinge Antigonus.
The kinge answerd to him thus,
And saide, howe suche a yefte palleth
His poore estate: and than he lasseth,
And asketh but a litell peny,
If that the kynge wolde yeue hym ony.

The kinge answerd, it waes to smalle
For him, whiche was a lorde rialle,
To yeue a man so litell thinge.
It were vnworschip in a kynge.
By this ensample a kynge maie lere,
That for to yeue is in manere.
For if a kinge his tresour lasteth
With out honour, and thankeleſſe passeth.
Whan he him selfe will so begile,
I not who shall compleine his while,
Ne who by right him shall releue.
But netheles this I beleue,
To helpe with his owne londe
Belongeth euery man his honde
To set vpon necessitee.
And eke his kinges rialtee
Mote euery liege man comforte
With good and bodie to supporte,
Whan thei see cause resonable.
For who that is not entendable
To holde vp right his kinges name,
Him ought for to be to blame.

¶ Nota hic secundum Aristotelem qualiter prin cipium prodigalitas, paupertatē inducit cōmunē

¶ Of policie and ouer more
To speke in this mater more,
So as the philosophre tolde,
A kinge after the reule is holde
To modifie, and to adresse
His yeftes vpon suche largesse,
That he measure nought excede.

☞ Sal. Sic aliis benefacito, Vt tibi non nocias.

¶ For if a kinge falle in to nede,
It causeth ofte sondry thinges
Whiche are vngoodly to the kinges.
What man wille not him selfe mesure,
Men seen full ofte, that measure
Him hath forsake: and so doth hee,
That vseth prodigalitee,
Whiche is the mother of pouerte,
Wherof the londes ben deserte,
And namely whan thilke vice
A boue a kinge stant in office,
And hath with holde of his partie:
The couetous flaterie:
Whiche many a worthy kynge deceiueth,
Er he the fallace perceiueth
Of hem, that seruen to the glose.
For thei that conne please and glose,
Ben as men tellen, the norices
Unto the fostringe of the vices,
Wherof full ofte netheles
A kynge is blamed gylteles.

¶ Qualiter in principum curiis adulatores tri plici granitate offendunt.

¶ A philosopher, as thou shalt here,
Spake to a kynge of this matere,
And seyd hym well how that flatours
Coulpable were of thre errours.
One was towarde the goddes hie,
That weren wroth of that they sie
The mischiefe, whiche befall shulde
Of that the fals flatour tolde
Towarde the kynge. An other was:
Whan thei by sleight and by fallas
Of feigned wordes, make hym wene,
That blacke is white, and blew is grene,
Touchende of his condition.
For whan he doth extorcion,
With many an other vice mo,
Men shall not synde one of tho
To grutche or speake there ageine,
But holden vp his ople, and seyne:
That all is well, what euer he doth.
And thus of fals thei maken soth,
So that her kynges eie is blent,
And wote not howe the worlde is went.
The thirde errour is harme cōmune,
With whiche the people mote commune
Of wronges, that thei bringen inne.
And thus they werchen treble sinne,
That ben flatours about a kynge.
There might be no werse thynge
About a kynges regalie,
Than is the vice of flaterie.
And netheles it hath ben vsed.
That it was neuer yet refused,
As for to speke in courte riall.
For there it is most speciall,
And maie not longe be forbore.
But when this vice of hem is bore,
That shulde the vertues forth bringe,

And

And tronthe is torned to leſynge:
It is, as who ſeith againſt kynde,
Wherof an olde enſample I fynde.

Hic loquitur ſuper eodē, et narrat, q̄ cū Diogenes et Ariſtippus philoſophi a ſcolis Athen. ad Cartaginem, vnde orti fuerunt, reuertiſſent, Ariſtippus Curie principis ſui familiaris adheſit: Diogenes vero in quodam manciunculo ſuo ſtudio vacans permanſit: et contigit, q̄ cum ipſe quodā die ad finem ozti ſui ſuper ripam herbas quas ekegerat, ad olera lanaſſet, Superueuit eo caſu Ariſtippus, dixitq; ei: O Diogenes, certe ſi principi tuo placere ſcires, tu ad olera tua lauanda non indigeres. Cui ille reſpondit: O Ariſtippe, Certe ſi tu olera tua lauare ſcires, te in blandiciis et adulationibus principi tuo ſeruire non oporteret.

Amonge theſe other tales wiſe
Of philoſophers in this wiſe
I rede howe whilome two there were,
And to the ſchole for to lere
Unto Athenes fro Cartage
Her frendes whan they were of age,
Hem ſende: and there they ſtuden longe,
Till thei ſuche lore haue vnderfonge,
That in her tyme they ſurmounte
All other men: that to accounte
Of hem was tho the great fame.
The firſte of hem his right name
Was Diogenes than hote,
In whom was founde no riote.
His felawe Ariſtippus hight,
Which mochel couthe, and mochel might.
But at laſt ſoothe to ſeyne
They both turnen home ayene
Unto Carthage, and ſchole lete.
This Diogenes no beyete
Of worldes good, or laſſe or more
Ne ſought for his longe lore,
But toke hym only for to dwelle
At home: and as the bokes telle,
His houſe was nigh to a riuere
Beſide a brigge as thou ſhalte here.
There dwelleth he, and taketh his reſt,
So as it thought hym for the beſt
To ſtudie in his philoſophie,
As he, which wolde ſo deſie
The worldes pompe on euery ſide.

But Ariſtippe his boke a ſide
Hath leyde: and to the courte he wente
Where many a wyle, and many a wente
With flaterie and wordes ſofte
He caſte, and hath compaſſed ofte
Howe he his prince might pleaſe.
And in this wiſe he gate hym eaſe,
Of vayne honour and worldes good,
The londes rule vpon hym ſtoode.
The kynge of hym was wonder glad,
And all was do, what thynge he bad,
Both in the courte, and eke without.
With flaterie be brought about
His purpos of the worldes werke,
Whiche was ayene the ſtate of clerke:
So that philoſophie he lefte,
And to riches hym ſelfe vp lefte.
Lo thus had Ariſtippe his will.
But Diogenes dwelte ſtill
At home, and loked on his boke,
He ſought not the worldes croke
For vayne honour, ne for richeſſe,
But all his hertes beſineſſe
He ſette to be vertuous.
And thus within his owne hous
He liueth to the ſufliſance
Of his hauinge, and fell perchance
This Diogene vpon a daie,
And that was in the month of maie,
Whan that theſe herbes ben holſome,
He walketh for to gether ſome
In his gardeine, of whiche his ſoutes
He thought to haue, and thus aboutes
Whan he hath gadred what him liketh,
He ſet him than downe and piketh,
And wiſhe his herbes in the floode,
Upon the whiche his garden ſtoode
Nigh to the brigge, as I tolde ere,
And hapneth while he ſitteth there,
Cam Ariſtippus by the ſtreate
With many hors and routes greate,
And ſtraught vnto the brigge he rode,
Where that he houed and abode.
For as he caſt his eie nigh,
His felawe Diogene he ſigh,
And what he dede he ſigh alſo,
Wherof he ſaide to him tho.
O Diogene god the ſpede.

It were certes litel nede
To sitte here and worstes pike,
If thou thy prince coudest like,
So as I can in my degree.
O Aristippe (agaeyne quod he)
If that thou coudest so as I
Thy worstes picke truely,
It were as litell nede or lasse,
That thou so worldly woll compasse
With flaterie for to serue:
Wherof thou thynkest for to deserue
Thy princes thonke, and to purchace
How thou might stonde in his grace,
For gettynge of a littell good.
If thou wolt take in to thy mode
Reason: thou might by reason deme,
That so thy prince for to queme,
Is not to reason accordant.
But it is greatly discordant
Unto the scholes of Athene.
Lo thus answerde Diogene
Ageyne the clerkes flaterie.
But yet men seyne thexamplarie
Of Aristippe is well receiued,
And thilke of Diogene is weyued.
Office in courte, and golde in coffer
Is nowe, men seyn, the philosopher,
Whiche hath the worship in the hall.
But flaterie palleth all
In chambre, whom the court auanceth.
For vpon thilke lotte it chanceth
To be beloued nowe a daie.

Nota exemplum cuiusdam poete de Italia, qui Dantes vocabatur.

I not if it be ye or naie,
Nowe Dante the poete answerde
To a flatour, the tale I herde.
Upon a strife betwene hem two,
He said hym, there ben many mo
Of thy seruantes than of myne.
For the poete of his couine
Hath none, that wil hym cloth and fede:
But a flatour maie rule and lede
A kynge with all his londe about.
So stant the wise man in dont
Of hem, that to foly drawe.
For suche is nowe the common lawe
And as the commune bayre it telleth,
Where nowe that flaterie dwelleth
In euery londe vnder the sonne,
There is full many a thinge begonne,
Whiche were better to be lefte,
That hath be shewed nowe and efte.
But if a prince him wolde rule
Of the Romayns after the reule,
In thilke tyme as it was vsed,
This vice shulde be refused,
Wherof the princis ben assoted.
But where the playne trouth is noted,
There maie a prince wel conceyue,
That he shall nought him selfe deceyue
Of that he hereth wordes playne.
For him ther nought by reason playne,
That warned is, er hym be wo,
And that was fully proued so,
Whan Rome was the worldes chiefe,
The sooth sayer tho was leefe,
Whiche wolde not the trouth spare,
But with his worde, playne and bare,
To themperour his sothes tolde,
As in cronike it is witholde,
Here afterwarde as thou shalt here,
Accordend vnto this matere.

☞ Hic etiam contra vicium adulationis ponit exemplum: et narrat, qd cum nuper Romanorum imperator contra suos hostes victoriã obtinuisset, et cum palma triumphi in Vrbem redire debuisset, ne ipsum inanis glorie actitudo super extolleret, licitum fuit pro illo die, quod vnus quisq; peioza, que sue conditionis agnosceret, in aures suas ac cius exclamaret: Et sic gaudium cum dolore cõ pesceret, et adulantum voces, si que fuerant, pro minimo computaret.

To see this olde enlamplarie,
That whilom was no flaterie
Towarde the princis, wel I finde,
Wherof so as it comthe to mynde
My sonne a tale vnto thin ere
(While that the worthy princes were
At Rome) I thinke for to telle.
For whan the chances so befelle,
That any emperour as tho
Victorie had vpon his fo,
And so forth came to Rome agayne,
Of treble honour he was certayne.

Where

Wherof that he was magnified.
The firſte, as it is ſpecified,
Was, whan he cam at thilke tide,
The chare, in whiche he ſhuld ride,
Foure white ſtedes ſhulde it drawe.
Of Iupiter by thilke lawe
The cote he ſhulde were alſo.
His priſoners eke ſhulden go
Endlonge the chare on eyther honde.
And all the nobleſſe of the londe
Toforе and after with him come
Ridend, and broughten him to Rome,
In token of his chiualrie:
And for none other flaterie.
And that was ſhewed forth with all,
Where he ſatte in his chare riall,
Beſide him was a ribaud ſet,
Whiche had his worde ſo beſet
To themperour in all his glorie
He ſaide: take in to memorie,
For all this pompe, and all this pride
Let no iuſtice gon a ſide,
But knowe thy ſelfe, what ſo befalle.
For men ſeen often tyme falle
Thinge, whiche men wende ſiker ſtonde.
Though thou victorie haue on honde,
Fortune maie not ſtonde alway:
The whele perchaunce another daye
Maie turne, and thou ouer throwe,
There lacketh no thinge but a throwe.
With theſe wordes and with mo,
This ribaulde, whiche ſate with him tho,
To themperour his tale tolde.
And ouermore what euer he wolde,
Or were it euyll, or were it good,
So playnly as the trouth ſtood,
He ſpareth not, but ſpeketh it oute.
And ſo might euery man aboute
The date of that ſolemnitee
His tale tell as wele as hee,
To themperour all openly.
And all was this the cauſe why,
That whyle he ſtode in his nobleſſe,
He ſhulde his vanitee repreſſe
With ſuche wordes as he herde.

☞ HIC PONIT EXEMPLVM ſuper eodem, et narrat, q eodem die, quo imperator introniſatus in palacio ſuo regio ad conuiuia in maiori letitia ſedisſet, miniſtri ſui ſculptores procederant alta voce dicentes: O imperator dic nobis, cuius forme, et vbi tumbam ſculpture tue faciemus: Vt ſic morte remorſus huius vite blandicias obtemperaret.

¶ So nowe howe thilke tyme ferde
Towarde ſo highe a worthy lorde,
For this I finde eke of recorde,
Whiche the cronike hath auctorized,
What emperour was entronized,
The fyrſt day of his corone,
Where he was in his royall throne,
And held his feſt in the paleis,
Sittend vpon his hie deis,
Withall the luſte that male be gete,
Whan he was gladeſt at his mete,
And euery minſtrell had plaide,
And euery diſcour had ſaide
What moſt was pleſant to his ere:
Than at laſt came in there
His maſons, for thei ſhulde graue,
Where that he wolde be begraue,
And of what ſtone his ſepulture
Thei ſhulden make, and what ſculpture
He wolde ordeigne therupon.
Tho was there flatterie none,
The worthy prince to beiape,
The kynge was otherwile ſhape
With good counſaile: and otherwiſe
Thei were hem ſelfe than wiſe,
And vnderſtoden well and knewen,
Whan ſuche ſofte wyndes blewen
Of flatterie in to her eare,
Thei ſetten nought her hertes there.
But whan thei herde wordes feigned,
The playne trouth it hath diſdeigned
Of hem that weren ſo diſcrete.
Tho toke the flaterer no beyete
Of hym, that was his prince tho.
And for to prouen it is ſo
A tale, whiche befell in dede,
In a cronike of Rome I rede.

Hic inter alia geſta Ceſaris narrat Vnū exemplū precipue cōtra iſtos, qui cum in aſpectu principis aliis ſapientiores apparere vellent, quandoque tamē ſimulate ſapiencie talia committunt, per que ceteris ſtultiores in fine comprobantur.

Cesar

¶Cesar vpon his royall trone,
Where that he sat in his persone,
And was hielt in all his pris,
A man, whiche wolde make hym wise,
Fell downe knelende in his presence,
And did him suche a reuerence,
As though the highe god it were.
Men hadden great meruaile there
Of the worshipp, whiche he dede.
This man aros fro thilke stede,
And forth with all the same tide
He goth him vp, and by his side
He set hym downe, as pere and pere,
And saide: If thou that sittest here
Arte god, whiche all thynges might,
Than haue I worshipped a right,
As to the god: and other wise
If thou be not of thilke assise,
But art a man, suche as am I,
Than maie I sit the fast by,
For we be bothe of o kynde.
Cesar answerde, and saide: O blynde
Thou art a fole, it is well sene
Vpon thy selfe. For if thou wene
I be a god, thou dotte amis
To sit, where thou seest gods is.
And if I be a man also,
Thou hast a great foly do,
Whan thou to suche one as shall dese,
The worshipp of thy god alwele
Hast yeuen so vnworthily.
Thus may I proue redily,
Thou art not wise. And thei that hered,
Howe wisely that the kynge answerde,
It was to hem a newe lore,
Wherof thei dreden hym the more,
And brought nothynge to his ere,
But if it trouthe and reason were.
So ben there many in suche a wise,
That feignen wordes to be wise
And all is veraie flatterie
To hym, whiche can it well aspie.

¶ Nota qualiter isti circa principem adulatores potius a curia expelli quam ad regie maiestatis munera acceptari policia suadente, deberent.

¶The kynde flatterour can not lone,
But for to bring hym selfe aboue.
For howe that euer his maister fare,
So that hym selfe stonde out of care,
Him retcheth nought. And thus full ofte
Deceiued bene with wordes softe
The kynges, that ben innocent.
Wherof as for chastement
The wise philosophre saide:
What kynge that so his treasure laide
Vpon suche folke, he hath the lesse,
And yet ne doth he no largesse,
But harmeth with his owne honde
Hym selfe, and eke his owne londe:
And that many a sondry weye,
Wherof if that a man shall seye,
As for to speake in generall,
Where suche thynge falleth ouer all,
That any kinge him selfe misrule,
The philosophre vpon his reule
In special a cause set,
Whiche is and euer hath be lette
In gouernance, aboute a kinge
Vpon the mischiefe of the thinge,
And that, he seith, is flaterie:
Wherof to fore as in partie,
What vice it is, I haue declared.
For who that hath his wit bewared
Vpon a flatour to beleue,
Whan that he weneth best achieue
His good worlde, it is moste fro.
And for to proven it is so,
Ensamples there be many one,
Of whiche if thou wolt knowe one,
It is behouely for to here,
What whilom fell in this matere.

¶Hic loquitur Valerius de consilio adulantis, quod tum fabulis principis aures organizate veritatis audire capere nequeunt, Et narrat exemplu de rege Achab, primo, quod ipse prophecias fidelis Michee recusauit, blandicijs, que adulantis Zedechie adhesit, rex Syrie Benedab in campo belicatos ipsum diuino indicio denictum interfecit.

¶Amonge the kynges in the bible
I fynde a tale, and is credible,
Of hym that whilom Achab highte
Whiche had all Israel to righte.
But who that coude glose softe,
And flatter, suche he sette alofte
In great estate, and made hem riche:

But

But they that speken wordes liche
To trouthe, and wolde it not forbeare,
For hem was none estate to beare,
The courte of suche toke none hede,
Till at last vpon a nede
That Benedad kinge of Surrie
Of Israel a greate partie,
Whiche Ramoth Galaad was hote,
Hath seised: and of that riote
He toke counceyle in sondry wise,
But not of hem, that weren wise.
And netheles vpon this cas
To strenghthen him, for Iosephas
Whiche than was kynge of Judee,
He sende for to come, as hee,
Whiche through frendship and alliance
Was nerte to hym of acqueintance.
For Ioram sonne of Iosaphath,
Achabs doughter wedded hath,
Whiche hight faire Goodelie.
And thus cam into Samarie
Kynge Iosaphat and he founde there
The kynge Achab: and when thei were
Together spekende of this thyng,
This Iosaphat saieth to the kynge,
Howe that he wolde gladly here
Some true prophet in this matere,
That he his counsaile might yeue,
To what poynt it shall be dreue.
And in that tyme so befelle
There was suche one in Israel,
Whiche sette hym all to flaterie,
And he was cleped Sedechie:
And after hym Achab hath sent.
And he at his commandement
Tofore hym cam: and by a sleighe
He hath vpon his head on heighe
Two large hornes set of brass
As he whiche all a flattrour was,
And goth rampende as a lion,
And cast his horne vp and downe:
And bad men ben of good eipetre.
For as the hornes persen the eire,
He saith, withouten resistence,
So wist he well of his science,
That Benedad is discomfite.
When Sedechie vpon this plite
Hath tolde this tale vnto his lorde
Anone thei were of his acorde
Prophetes false many mo,
To beare vp oyle, and al tho
Affermen that, whiche he hath tolde:
Wherof the kynge Achab was bolde,
And yaue hem yeftes all aboute.
But Iosaphat was in great doubte,
And helde fantosme all that he herde.
Praiende Achab howe so ferde,
If there were ony other man,
The whiche of prophecie can,
To here hym speke er that thei gone.
Quod Achab than, there is one,
A brothel, whicht Micheas highte:
But he ne cometh nought in my sight,
For he hath longe in prisone leyn,
Him liked neuer yet to seyn,
A goodly worde to my pleasance.
And netheles at thine instance
He shall come out: and than he maie
Saie, as he saide many a daie.
For yet he saide neuer wele.
Tho Iosaphat began some dele
To gladen hym in hope of trouthe,
And bade withouten any slouthe,
That men hym shulde sette anone.
And thei that were for hym gone,
Whan that thei comen where he was,
Thei tolden vnto Micheas
The maner howe that Sedechie
Declared hath his prophecie.
And therupon thei praien hym faire,
That he will saie no contraire.
Whereof the kynge maie be displeased,
For so shall euery man be eased.
And he maie helpe hym selfe also.
Micheas vpon trouthe tho
His herte set, and to hem saithe:
All that belonged to his faithe
(And of none other feigned thinge)
That woll he tell vnto the kynge,
As ferre as god hath yeue hym grace.
Thus came this prophete in to place,
Where he the kynges will herde.
And he therto anone answerde,
And saide vnto hym in this wise:
My liege lorde for my seruice,
Whiche trewe hath stonde euer yit,

Thos

Thou hafte with prisone me acquite.
But for all that I shall not glose
Of trouthe as far as I suppose,
And as fouthende of thy batayle.
Thou shalte not of the sothe fayle.
For if it like the to here,
As I am taught in that matere,
Thou myght it vnderstonde soone.
But what is afterwarde to doone
Auise the, for this I sie,
I was tofore the trone on hie,
Where all the worlde me thought stode,
And there I herde and vnderstode
The voyce of god with wordes clere,
Arende, and sayde in this manere:
In what thinge maie I best begyle
The kynge Achab, and for a whyle
Vpon this poynt they speken fast.
Tho sayd a spirite at last,
I vndertake this empryse.
And god hym areth in what wise.
I shall (quod he) deceiue and lie
With flaterende prophecie,
In fuche mouthes, as he leueth.
And he, whiche all thinge acheueth,
Bad hym go forth, and do right so.
And ouer this I sigh also
The noble people of Israel
Dispers, as shepe vpon an hille
Without a keper vnarayed:
And as they wenten about affrayed
I herde a voyce vnto hem seyne:
Goth home in to your hous ayene,
Til I for you haue better ordeined.
Quod Sedechi thou hast feigned
This tale, in angrinse of the kynge,
And in a wrathe vpon this thinge
He smote Miche vpon the cheke.
The kinge him hath rebuked eke,
And euery man vpon him cride.
Thus was he shente on euery side,
Ayene and in to prisone ladde.
For so the kinge him selfe badde.
The trouth might nought ben herde,
But afterward as it hath ferde
The dede proueth his entent.
Achab to the batayle went.
Where Benedad for all his shelde
Him slough, so that vpon the felde
His people goth aboute a strale.
But god, whiche all thinges male,
So doth, that they ne mischiefe haue.
Her kynge was dead, and they be saue,
And home ageyn in goddes pees
They wente, and all was founde ses,
That Sedechie hath saide tofore:
So sit it well a kynge therefore
To loue them, that trouth mene,
For at last it wille be sene,
That flaterie is nothinge worthe.
But nowe to my matter forthe,
As for to speken ouer more,
After the philosophers lore,
The thirde poynte of politie
I thinke for to specifie.

Propter trãſgreſſos leges ſtatuuntur in orbe,
Vt viuant iuſti regis honore viri.
Lex ſine iuſticia, populũ ſub principis vmbra
Deuiat, vt rectum nemo videbit iter.

☞ Hic tractat de tertia principum legis policie, que iuſticia nominata eſt, cuius condicio legibus incorrupta vbicunque quod ſuum eſt equo pondere diſtribuit.

¶ What is a londe, where men be none?
What ben the men, whiche are allone,
Without a kinges gouernance?
What is a kynge in his ligeance,
Where that there is no lawe in londe?
What is to take lawe on honde,
But if the Juges ben trewe?
These olde worldes with the newe
Who that will take in entendre,
There maie he se experience,
What thinge it is to kepe lawe,
Through which wronges be withdrawe,
And right wilfenes ſtante commended,
Whereof the reignes ben amended.
For where the lawe maie commune
The lordes forth with the commune,
Eche hath his proper dentee,
And eke the kinges realtee
Of bothe his worſhip vnderfongeth,
To his eſtate as it belongeth:
Whiche of his high worthineſſe
Hath to gouerne right wiſneſſe,

As

As he whiche shall the lawe guide.
And netheles vpon some side
His power stant aboue the lawe,
To yeue both and to withdrawe
The forfet of a mannes life.
But thinges, whiche are excessife
Ayen the lawe, he shall not do
For loue, ne for hate also.

¶ Imperatoriam maiestatem non solum armis sed etiam legibus oportet esse armatam.

¶ The mightes of a kinge be gret:
But yet a worthie kinge shall let
Of wronge to done, all that he might.
For he whiche shall the people right,
It sit well to his regalie
That he him selfe first iustifie
Towardes god in his degree.
For his estate is elles free
Towarde all other in his persone,
Saue onely to the god alone,
Whiche will hym selfe a kynge chastise,
Where that none other maie suffise.
So were it good to taken hede,
That fyrst a kynge his owne dede,
Betwene the vertue and the vice,
Redresse, and than of his iustice
To set in euen the balance
Towardes other in gouernance,
That to the poore, and to the riche
His lawes mighten stonden liche,
He shall excepte no persone.
But for he maie not all hym one
In sondry places do iustice,
He shall of his riall office
With wise consideration
Ordeine his deputation
Of suche iudges, as ben lerned,
So that his people be gouerned
By hem, that true ben and wise.
For if the lawe of couetise
Be set vpon a iudges honde:
Wo is the people of thilke londe.
For wronge maie not hym seluen hide.
But els on that other side,
If lawe stonde with the right,
The people is glad, and stont vpright,
Where as the lawe is reasonable
The common people stant menable.
And if the lawe torne a mis,
The people also misturned is.

¶ Nota hic de iusticia Maximini imperatoris, qui cum alicuius prouincie custodem sibi constituere volebat, primo de sui nominis fama proclamacione facta ipsius condicionem diligencius inuestigabat.

¶ And in ensample of this matere
Of Maximin a man maie here,
Of Rome whiche was emperour:
That whan he made a gouernour
By weie of substitucion,
Of prouince or of region,
He wolde first enquire his name,
And lete it openly proclame
What man he were, or euill or good.
And vpon that his name stoode
Enclined to vertue or to vice,
So wolde he set him in office:
Or elles put hym all aweye.
Thus helde the lawe his right weye,
Which sonde no let of couetise,
The worlde stode than vpon the wise,
As by ensample thou might rede,
And holde it in the minde I rede.

¶ Hic ponit exemplum de iudicibus incorruptis: et narrat qualiter Caius Fabricius nuper Rome consul aurum a Sampnitibus sibi oblatum renuit dicens, quod nobilius est aurum possidentes dominio subiugare, q̄ ex auri cupiditate dominii libertatem amittere.

¶ In a cronike I fynde thus,
Howe that Caius Fabricius,
Whiche whilome was consul of Rome,
By whome the lawes yede and come.
Whan the Samnites to hym brought
A somme of golde, and him besought
To don hem fauour in the lawe.
Toward the golde he gan him drawe,
Wherof in all mennes loke
Parte vp in his honde he toke,
Whiche to his mouth in all haste
He put it for to smelle and taste,
And to his eie, and to his ere:
But he ne founde no comforte there.
And than he gan it to despise,
And tolde vnto hem in this wise:

I not what is with golde to thriue,
whan none of all my wittes fiue
finde fauour ne delite therin.
So is it but a nice sinne
Of golde to ben to couetouse.
But he is riche and glorioufe,
whiche hath in his subiection
Tho men, whiche in possession
Ben riche of golde, and by this skill,
For he maie all daie whan he will,
Or be hem lefe or be hem lothe
Iustice done vpon hem both.
Lo thus he sayd, and with that worde
He threwe tofore hem on the borde
The golde out of his honde anone:
And sayd hem, that he wolde none.
So that he kepte his libertee
To do Iustice and equitee,
without lucre of suche richesse.
There ben nowe fewe of suche I gesse.
For it was thilke tymes vsed,
That euery Iudge was refused,
whiche was not frende to common right,
But thei that wolden stonde vp right,
For trouthe only to do Iustice
Preferred were in thilke office,
To deme and iudge common lawe,
which nowe men sayn is all withdrawe.
¶ To sette a lawe and kepe it nought,
There is no commune profite sought.
But aboue all netheles
The lawe, whiche is made for pees,
Is good to kepe for the beste.
For that setteth all men in reste.

¶Hic narrat de iusticia nuper Conradi imperatoris, cuius tempore alicuius reuerencia persone aliqua seu precum interuencione quacunq; vel auri redempcione legum statuta commutari seu redimi nullatenus potuerunt.

¶The rightful emperor Conrade
To kepe peas suche lawe made,
That none within the citee
In disturbance of vnitee
Durst ones meuen a matere.
For in his tyme, as thou myght here,
what poynte that was for lawe sette,
It shulde for no good be lette,
To what persone that it were:
And this brought in the common fere,
why euery man the lawe drad.
For there was none, whiche fauour had.

¶Nota exemplum de constantia iudicis, vbi narrat de Carmidotiro Rome nuper consule, qui cū sui statuti legem nescius offendisset, Romanis super hoc penam sibi remittere volentibus, ipse propria manu, vbi nullus alius in ipsum vindex fuit, sui criminis vindictam executus est.

¶So as these olde bokes sayne
I fynde write, howe a romayne
whiche consul was of the pretoire
whose name was Carmidotoire
He sette a lawe for the pees,
That none but he be wepenles
Shall come into the counseyle hous,
And elles as malicious
He shall ben of the lawe dede.
To that statute, and to that rede
Accorden all, it shall be so,
For certeyne cause whiche was tho.
Nowe list what fill therafter soone.
This Consul had for to doone,
And was in to the feldes ridde.
And thei hym had longe abidde,
That lordes of the counseyle were,
And for hym sende, and he cam there
with swerde begirde, and hath forgete,
Till he was in the counseyle sete.
Was none of hem that made speche,
Till he hym selfe it wolde serche.
And fonde out the defaut hym selfe.
And than he sayde vnto the twelfe,
whiche of the senate weren wise.
I haue deserued the guise
In haste that it were do.
And thei hym sayden all no.
For well thei wist it was no vice:
whan he ne thought no malice
But oneliche of a litell slouth.
And thus thei lefte as for routh
To do iustice vpon his gylte,
For that he shulde not be spylte.
And whan he sigh the maners howe
Thei wolde him saue, he made auowe
with manfull herte, and thus he sayde.
That Rome shulde neuer abrayde

That

His heires, whan he were of dawe,
That her auncestre brake the lawe.
For thy er that thei weren ware
Forthwith the same swerde he bare
The statute of his lawe kepte,
So that all Rome his dethe bewepte.

☞ Nota quod falsi iudices mortis pena puniendi sunt. Narrat enim qualiter Cambyses rex Persarum quendam iudicem corruptum excoriari fecit, eiusq; pelle cathedram iudicialem operiri constituit. Ita quod filius suus super patris pellem postea pro tribunali sessurus, iudicii equitatem euidencius memoraretur.

¶ In other place also I rede,
Where that a Judge his owne dede
Ne woll nought venge of lawe broke,
The kynge hath him selfe wroke.
The greate kynge, it whiche Cambyses
Was hote, a Judge lawles
He founde, and in to remembrance,
He did vpon him suche vengeance.
But of his skin he was beflaine
All quicke: and in that wise slaine,
So that his skin was shape all mete,
And nailed on the same sete,
Where that his sonne shulde sitte,
Anise him if he wolde flitte
The lawe for the couetise,
There sawe he redie his Juise.
Thus in defalte of other Judge
The kynge mote otherwhile iudge,
To holden vp the right lawe.
And for to speke of the olde dawe,
To take ensample of that was tho,
I finde a tale written also,
Howe that a worthie prince is holde
The lawes of his londe to holde.
Fyrst for the high goddes sake,
And eke for that him is betake
The people for to guide and lede.
Whiche is the charge of his kinge hede.

¶ Hic ponit exemplum de principibus istis, non solum legum statuentes illam conseruant, sed vt commune bonum adaugeant, propriam facultatē diminuūt. Et narat, quod cum Artaxerxes princeps subditos suos in omni prosperitatis habundantia diuites et vnanimes congruis legibus stare fecisse volens, ad vtilitatem reipublice leges istas firmius obseruari peregre profecisse finxit, sed prius iuramentum solempne a regiis suis sub hac forma exegit, quod ipsi vsque in reditum suum leges suas nullatenus infringerent, quibus iuratis peregrinationem suam in exilium absq; reditu perpetuo delegauit.

¶ In a cronike I rede thus
Of the rightfull Lycurgus,
Whiche of Athenes prince was,
How he the lawe in euery cas,
Wherof he shulde his people rule,
Hath set vpon so good a rule,
In all this worlde that citee none
Of lawe was so well begone,
Forthwith the trouthe of gouernance,
There was amonge hem no distance,
But euery man hath his encrees.
There was without werre pees,
Without enuie loue stoode,
Richesse vpon the commune good,
And not vpon the singuler,
Ordeined was, and the power
Of hem, that weren in estate,
Was sauf, wherof vpon debate
There stode nothinge, so that in reste
Might euery man his herte reste.
And whan this noble rightfull kynge
Sigh how it ferde of all this thinge,
Wherof the people stode in ease,
He whiche for euer wolde please
The high god, whose thonke he sought,
A wonder thinge than he bethought,
And hope, if that it might be,
Howe that his lawe in the citee
Might afterwarde for euer laste.
And therupon his witte he caste,
What thinge hym were best to feyne,
That he his purpose might atteine.
A parlement and thus he sette
His wisdome where that he be set
In audience of great and smale,
And in this wise he tolde his tale:
¶ God wote, and so ye woten all,
Here afterwarde howe so it fall,
Yet in to nowe my will hath ben
To do Justice and equitee,
In forderinge of commune profite,
Suche hath ben euer my delite,

But of one thinge I am be knowe,
The whiche my will is that ye knowe.
The lawe, whiche I toke on honde,
Was all togeder of goddes sonde,
And nothinge of myne owne wit,
So mote it nede endure yit,
And shall do lenger, if ye wil.
For I wol tell you the skil.
The god Mercurius, and no man,
He hath me taught, all that I can
Of suche lawes as I made,
Wherof that ye ben all glade:
It was the god, and nothinge I,
Which did all this: And nowe for thy
He hath commanded of his grace,
That I shall come in to a place,
Which is forein out in an yle,
Where I mote tarie for a while
With him to speke, and he hath bede,
For as he saieth, in thilke stede
He shall me suche thinges telle,
That euer while the worlde shall dwell,
Athenes shall the better fare.
But first er that I thider fare,
For that I wolde that my lawe
Amonges you ne be withdrawe,
There whiles that I shall be oute,
For thy to setten oute of doubte
Both you and me, thus woll I praie,
That ye me wolde assure and saie
With suche an othe, as ye will take,
That eche of you shall undertake
My lawes for to kepe and holde.
They sayden all, that they wolde.
And there upon thei swore there othe,
That fro that tyme, that he gothe,
Till he to hem come ageyne,
They shuld his lawes well and pleyne
In euery poynt kepe and fulfill.
Thus hath Lycurgus his wille:
And toke his leue, and forth he went.
But lift nowe well to what entent
Of rightwisnesse he did so.
For after that he was ago,
He shope him neuer to be founde,
So that Athenes, which was bounde,
Neuer after shuld be releced,
Ne thilke good lawe lered,
Whiche was for commune profit sette,
And in this wise he hath it knette.
He whiche the commune profite sought
The kynge his owne estate ne rought.
To do profite to the commune
He toke of exile the fortune,
And lefte of prince thilke office
Onely for loue and for iustice,
Through which he thought, if that he might
For euer after his deth, to right
The citee, whiche was him betake,
Wherof men ought ensample take,
The good lawes to auance,
With hem whiche under gouernance
The lawes haue for to kepe.
For who that wolde take kepe
Of hem that first lawes founde,
Als ferre as lasteth any bounde
Of londe, her names yet ben knowe.
And if it like the to knowe
Some of her names, howe they stonde,
Nowe herken, & thou shalte understonde.

☞ Hic ad eorum laudem, qui inficie causa leges statuerunt aliquorum nomina specialius cõmemorat.

Of euery benefite the merite
The god hym selfe it wol acquite.
And eke full ofte it falleth so,
The worlde it woll acquite also.
But that maie not ben euen liche,
The god he yeueth the heuen riche,
The worlde yefth onely but a name,
Whiche stont upon the good fame
Of hem, that done the good dede.
And in this wise double mede
Receiuen thei, that done well here,
Wherof if that the lyst to here,
After the fame as it is blowe,
There might thou well the soth knowe,
Howe thilke honest besynesse
Of hem, that first for rightwisenesse
Amonge the men the lawes made,
Maie neuer upon this earthe fade.
For euer while there is a tonge,
Her name shall be redde and songe,
And holde in the cronike write:
So that the men it shulden wite

To speaken good, as thei well oughten
Of hem, that firste the lawes soughten,
In forthynge of the worldes pees.
Unto the Hebrewes was Moyses
The fyrste: and to the Aegyptciens
Mercurius: and to Troiens
Fyrst was Numa Pompilius:
To Athenes Lycurgus
Yaue fyrst the lawe, vnto gregoys
Foroneus hath thilke voyce,
And Romulus of romayns:
For suche men that ben vilayns
The lawe in suche a wise ordeineth,
That what man to the lawe pleyneth,
Be so the iudge stande vpright,
He shall be serued of his right.
And so forthy it is befall,
That lawe is come amonge vs all.
God leue it mote well bene holde,
As euery kynge therto is holde.
For thynge, whiche is of kynges sette,
With kynges ought it not be lette.
What kynge of lawe taketh no kepe,
By lawe he maie no royalme kepe.
Do lawe awaie, what is a kynge?
Where is the right of any thynge
If that there be no lawe in londe?
This ought a kynge well vnderstonde,
As he whiche is to lawe swore,
That if the lawe be forlore
Withouten execution,
It makth a londe turne vp so doun,
Whiche is vnto the kynge a sclaundre.
For thy vnto kynge Alisandre
The wise philosophre badde,
That he hym selfe fyrste be ladde
Of lawe, and forth than ouer all
To do iustice in generall:
That all the wyde londe aboute:
The iustice of his lawe doubte:
And than shall he stonde in rest.
For therto lawe is one the best
Aboue all other erthly thynge
To make a liege drede his kynge.
But howe a kynge shall gete hym loue
Towarde the highe god aboue,
And eke amonge the men in erthe,
This nexte poynt, whiche is the ferthe
Of Aristotles lore, it techeth,
Wherof who that the schole secheth
What policie that it is,
The boke reherseth after this.

Nil rationis habens, vbi velle tyrãnica regna
Stringit amor populi, transiet exul ibi:
Sed pietas, regnũ quæ conseruabit in æuum
Non tantum populo, sed placet illa deo.

¶ Hic tractat de quarta principum regiminis policia, que pietas dicta est, per quam principes erga populum misericordes effecti, misericordiam altissimi gracius consequuntur.

¶ It nedeth not, that I delate
The price, whiche preised is algate,
And hath bene euer, and euer shall,
Wherof to speake in speciall,
It is the vertue of Pitee,
Thrroughe whiche the hie maieste
Was stered, whan his sonne alight,
And in pitee the worlde to right,
Toke of the mayde flesshe and blood:
Pitee was cause of thilke good,
Wherof that we ben all saue.
Well ought a man pitee to haue,
And the vertue to set in price
Whan he hym selfe, whiche is all wise
Hath shewed, why it shall be preised.
Pitee maie not be counterpeised
Of tyrannie with no peise.
For pitee makth a kynge curteise
Both in his worde and in his dede.
It sit well euery liege drede
His kinge, and to his hest obeye,
And right so by the same weie
It sit a kynge to be pitous
Towarde his people and gracious
Upon the reule of gouernance,
So that he worche no vengeance,
Whiche maie be cleped crueltee.
Justice whiche doth equitee,
Is dredfull, for he no man spareth.
But in the londe where pitee fareth,
The kynge maie neuer fayle of loue.
For pitee through the grace aboue,
So as the holy boke affermed,
His reigne in good estate confermed,
Thapostell Iames in this wise
Seyth, what man shulde do Iuise,

And hath no pitee forth with all,
The dome of hym, whiche demeth all,
Ye maie him selfe full sore drede,
That him shall lacke vpon the nede
To fynde pitee, whan he wolde.
For who that pitee woll beholde,
It is a poynte of Christes lore.
And for to loken ouermore
It is behouely, as we fynde,
To reason and to lawe of kinde.
Cassodore in his appryse telleth,
The reigne is saufe, where pitee dwelleth.
And Tullius his tale auoweth,
And sayth, what kinge to pitee boweth,
And with pitee stont ouercome,
Ye hath that shelde of grace nome,
Whiche the kynges yeueth victorye.
¶Of Alisandre in his historye
I rede, howe he a worthy knight,
Of sodeyn wrath, and not of right,
Foriudged hath: and he appeleth.
And with that worde the kynge quareleth,
And saith, None is aboue me.
That wote I well my lorde (quod he)
Fro thy lordship appele I nought,
But fro thy wrath in all my thought
To thy pitee stant myn appele.
The kynge, which vnderstode him wele,
Of pure pitee yaue him grace.
And eke I rede in other place,
Thus saide whilome Constantine:
what emperour that is encline
To pitee for to be seruant,
Of all the worldes remenant
Ye is worthy to ben a lorde.
¶In olde bokes of recorde
Thus finde I write of ensamplaire,
Traian the worthy debonaire,
By whome that Rome stode gouerned:
Upon a tyme, as he was lerned
Of that he was to familier,
Ye sayde vnto that counceller,
That for to be an emperour
His will was not for vaine honoure,
Ne yet for reddour of iustice,
But if he might in his office
His lordes and his people please,
Him thought it were a greatter ease
With loue her hartes to him drawe,
Than with the drede of any lawe.
For whan a tyrnge is done for doubte,
Full ofte it comth the wers aboute.
But where a kynge is pitous,
Ye is the more gracious:
That mochell thrifte him shall betide,
Whiche els shulde torne a side.

Qualiter Judeus pedester cum pagano equis tante itinerauit per desertum, et ipsum de fide sua interrogauit.

¶To do pitee, supporte, and grace
The philosophre vpon a place
In his writynge of daies olde,
A tale of great ensample tolde
Unto the kynge of Macedoyne,
Howe betwene Cair and Babyloyne:
Whan comen is the somer hete,
It hapneth two men for to mete,
As thei shulde entre in a paas,
where that the wilderneſſe was,
And as thei went forth spekende
Under the large wodes ende,
That o man asketh of that other,
What man arte thou my liefe brother?
Thiche is thy creance and thy feyth?
I am painim, that other sayth:
And by the lawe, whiche I vse,
I shall not in my feyth refuse
To louen all men yliche,
The poore bothe and eke the riche.
Whan thei be glad I shall be glad,
And sorie whan thei ben bestad.
So shall I liue in vnitee
With euery man in his degree.
For right as to my selfe I wolde,
Right so towarde all other sholde
Be gracious and debonaire.
Thus haue I tolde the softe and faire
My faith, my lawe, and my creance.
And if the list for acquaintance
Nowe telle what maner man thou art.
And he answerde vpon his parte,
I am a iewe, and by my lawe
I shall to no man be felawe
To kepe hym trouth in worde ne dede:
But if he be without drede

A very iewe right as am I
For els I may trewly
Bereue hym both life and good.
The paynym herde, and vnderstoode,
And thought it was a wonder lawe.
And thus vpon their sondrie sawe
Talkende both forth thei went.
The daie was hote, the sonne brent,
The paynim rode vpon an asse,
And of his catell more and lasse
With hym a riche trusse he lad.
The iewe, whiche all vntrouth had,
And went vpon his fete beside,
Bethought hym howe he might ride,
And with his wordes slie and wise
Vnto the paynim in this wise
He sayde: O nowe it shall be sene
What thynge it is, thou woldest mene.
For if thy lawe be certeyne,
As thou hast tolde, I dare well seyne,
Thou wolt beholde my distresse,
Whiche am so full of werinesse,
That I ne maie vneth go,
And let me ride a myle or two.
So that I maie my body ease.
The paynim wold hym not displease
Of that he spake, but in pitee
It list him for to knowe and see
The pleynt, whiche that other made:
And for he wolde his herte glade
He light, and made him nothyng straūge.
Thus was there made a newe chaunge.
The paynim goth, the iewe alofte
Was sette, vpon his asse softe.
So gone thei forth carpende talke,
On this, on that, till at laste
The paynim might go no more,
And prayed vnto the iewe therfore
To suffre hym ride a litell while.
The iewe, whiche thought him to begyle,
Anone rode forthe a great pase,
And to the paynim in this case
He sayde: Thou hast do thy right
Of that thou hadst me behight
To do succour vpon my nede,
And that accordeth to the dede,
As thou art to the lawe holde.
And in suche wise, as I the tolde,
I thynke also for my partie
Vpon the lawe of Jewrie
To worthe and do my duetee.
Thin asse shall go forth with mee,
With all thy good, whiche I haue sesed,
And that I wote thou art diseased,
I am right glad, and not misspaide.
And whan he hath these wordes saide,
In all haste he rode awaie.
This paynim wote none other waie,
But on the grounde he kneleth euen,
His handes vp to the heuen,
And saide: O highe sothfastnes,
That louest all rightwisenesse,
Vnto thy dome lorde I appele,
Beholde and deme my quarele,
With vmble herte I the beseche,
The mercy bothe and eke the wreche
I set all in thy iudgement.
And thus vpon his marrement
This paynim hath made his prelere.
And than he rose with drery chere,
And goth hym forth, and in his gate,
He caste his eie aboute algate,
The iewe if that he might see.
But for a tyme it might not bee,
Till at last ayene the night,
So as god wolde he went aright,
As he, whiche helde the highe weye.
And than he sighe in a valeye,
Where that the iewe liggende was
All bloody dead vpon the gras,
Whiche strangled was of a lion,
And as he loked vp and down.
He fonde his asse fast by,
Forthe with his harneis redily
All hole and sounde as he it lefte,
Whan that the iewe it hym bereste.
Wherof he thanked god knelende.
Lo thus a man maie knowe at ende,
Howe the pitous, pitee deserueth.
For what man that to pitee serueth,
As Aristotle it bereth witnesse,
God shall his fomen so redresse,
That thei shall aie stonde vnder fote,
Pitee men seyne is thilke roote,
Wherof the vertues springen all,
What infortune that befall

In

In any londe, lacke of pitee
Is cause of thilke aduersitee.
And that aldaie maie shewe at eie,
Who that the worlde discretely sie.
Good is that euery man therfore
Take hede of that is saide tofore.
For of this tale, and other enowe
These noble princes whyom drowe
Her euidence and her apprise,
As men maie synde in many wise,
Who that these olde bokes rede.
And though thei ben in erthe dead,
Her good name maie not dete,
For pitee, whiche thei wold obete
To do the dedes of mercy.
And who this tale redily
Remembreth, as Aristotle it tolde,
He maie the wille of god beholde
Upon the poynt as it was ended,
Wherof that pitee stode commended,
Whiche is to charitee felawe,
As thei that kepen bothe o lawe.

¶ Nota hic de principis pietate erga populum, vbi narrat, quod cum Codrus rex Athenis contra Dorences bellum gerere deberet, consulto prius Apolline responsum accepit, quod vnum de duobus, videlicet aut seipsum in prelio interfici, et populum suum saluare, aut seipsum salui fieri, et populum interfici eligere oporteret, Super quo rex pietate motus plebis q̄ sue magis quam proprii corporis salutem affectans, mortem sibi preelegit, Et sic bellum aggrediens pro vita multorum solus interiit.

¶ Of pitee for to speake pleyne,
Whiche is with mercie wel beseyne,
Full ofte he woll hym selfe peyne
To kepe an other fro the peyne.
For Charitee the mother is
Of pitee, whiche nothynge amis
Can suffre, if the it maie amende.
It sit to euery man liuende
To be pitous, but none so wele
As to a kynge, whiche on the whele
Fortune hath set abouen all.
For in a kynge, if so befalle
That his pitee be ferme and stable,
To all the londe it is vaillable
Onely through grace of his persone.
For the pitee of hym alone
Maie all the large royalme saue.
So sit it well a kynge to haue
Pitee. For this Valerie tolde,
And sayd: howe that by daies olde
Codrus, whiche was in his degree
Kynge of Athenes the citee,
A werre he had ayenst Dorence,
And for to take his euidence,
What shall befalle of the bataile,
He thought he wolde him first counsaile
With Apollo, in whom he trifte,
Through whose answere thus he wifte,
Of two poyntes, that he might chese,
Or that he wolde his body lese,
And in bataile him selfe deye:
Or els the seconde weie
To seen his people discomfite.
But he, whiche pitee hath perfite.
Upon the poynte of his beleue,
The people thought to releue,
And chese hym selfe to be dead.
Where is nowe suche an other head
Whiche wolde for the lymmes die?
And netheles in somme partie
It ought a kynges herte stere,
That he his liege men forbere.
And eke towarde his enemies
Full ofte he maie deserue prise
To take of pitee remembrance,
Where that he might do vengeance.
For whan a kinge hath the victoire,
And than he drawe in to memoire
To do pitee in stede of wreche,
He maie not faile of thilke speche,
Wherof arifte the worldes fame
To yeue a prince a worthie name.

☞ HIC PONIT EXEMPLVM de Victorioſi principis pietate erga aduerſarios ſuos, Et narrat, quod cum Pompeius Romanorū Imperator regem Armenie aduerſariū ſuum in bello victum cepiſſet, captum q̄ vinctis ac ligatum Rome tenuiſſet, tyrannidis iracundie ſtimulo poſtponens, pietatis manſuetudinem operatus eſt: dixit enim, quod nobilius eſt regem facere q̄ deponere. ſuper quo dictum regem abſq; vlla redemptione non ſolum a vinculis abſoluit, ſz ad ſui regni culmen gratuita voluntate coronatum reſtituit.

¶I rede howe whilome that Pompeie
To whom that Rome make obeie,
A warre had in Iupartie
Ayenst the kynge of Armenie,
Whiche of longe tyme had hym greued,
But at last it was achieued:
That he this kynge discomfite hadde,
And forthe with hym to Rome ladde
As prisoner, where many a daie
In sorie plite and poore he laie.
The corone on his head deposed,
Within walles fast enclosed.
And with full great humilitee
He suffreth his aduersitee.
Pompeie sigh his patience,
And toke pitee with conscience,
To that vpon his high deys
So fore all Rome in his paleys,
As he that wolde vpon hym rewe,
Lette yeue hym his corone newe,
And his astate all full and playne,
Restoreth of his reigne againe.
And saide: it was more goodly thynge
To make than vndone a kynge
To hym, whiche power had of bothe.
Thus thei that weren bothe wrothe,
Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet iustice netheles
Was kepte, and in nothinge offended.
Wherof Pompeie is yet commended.
There maie no kynge hym selfe excuse,
But if iustice he kepe and vse,
Whiche for to eschewe crueltee
He mote attempre with pitee.
Of crueltee the felonie
Engendred is of tyrannie,
Ayene the whole condicion
God is hym selfe the champion.
Whose strength no man maie withstonde.
For euer yet it hath so stonde,
That god a tyranne ouer ladde.
But where pitee the raigne ladde,
There might no fortune last,
Whiche was greuous, but at last
The god hym selfe it hath redressed.
Pitee is thilke vertue blessed,
Whiche never let his maister fall.
But crueltee thoughe it so fall,
That it maie reigne for a throwe,
God woll it shall be ouerthrowe
Wherof ensamples ben enowe
Of hem, that thilke merell drowe.

☞ Hic loquitur contra illos, qui tyrannica potestate principatum optinentes, iniquitatis sue malicia gloriantur, Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter Leontius tyrannus pium Iustinianū non solum a solio imperatorie maiestatis fraudulenter expulsit, sed Vt ipse inhabilis ad regnū in aspectu plebis efficeretur naso et labris abscisis, ipsum tyrannice mutilauit: deus tamen, qui super omnia pius est, Tyberio superueniente una cum adiutorio Therbellis Bulgarie regis Iustinianum interfecto Leoncio, ad imperiū restitui misericorditer procurauit.

¶Of crueltee I rede thus,
Whan the tyranne Leoncius
Was to thempire of Rome arriued,
Fro whiche he hath with strength priued
The pietous Iustinian,
As he whiche was a cruell man,
His nose of and his lyppes both
He cutte, for he wolde him lothe
Vnto the people, and make vnable.
But he whiche all is merciable,
The high god ordeineth so,
That he within a tyme also,
Whan he was strengest in his yre,
Was thouen oute of his empyre.
Tiberius the power hadde,
And Rome after his will he ladde.
And for Leonce in suche a wise
Ordeineth that he toke Iuise
Of nose and lippes both two:
For that he did another so,
Which more worthy was than hee
Lo whiche a falle hath crueltee,
And pitee was sette vp ageyne.
For after that the bokes seyne,
Therbellis kynge of Bulgarie,
With helpe of his chiualrie,
Iustinian hath vnprisonned,
And to thempire ageyne corroned.

☞ Hic loquitur vlterius de crudelitate Sisinnii tyranni, necnon et de Verillo eiusdem consiliario: qui ad tormentum populi quendam tauri eneum tyrannica coniectura fabricari constituit, in quo tñ ipse prior proprio crimine illud exigente

Vlque

vsq; ad sui interitus expirationem indicialiter torquebatur.

¶ In a cronike I finde also
Of Siculus, whiche was eke so
A cruell kynge like the tempest,
The whom no pitee might arest.
He was the firste, as bokes sete,
Upon the sea whiche founde galete,
And let hem make for the werre,
As he, whiche all was out of herre
Fro pitee and misericorde.
For therto couthe he not accorde,
But whom he might seyne, he slough,
And therof was he glad enough.
He had of councell many one,
Amonge the whiche there was one,
By name whiche Berillus hight,
And he bethought hym, how he might
Unto this tyranne do likynge.
And of his owne imaginynge
Lete forge and make a bulle of bras,
And on the syde eall there was
A dore, where a man maie in,
Whan he his payne shall begin
Thrugh fire, which that men put under.
And all this did he for a wonder.
That whan a man for payne cride,
The bull of bras, whiche gapeth wyde,
It shulde seme, as though it were
A belowinge in a mans ere,
And not the crienge of a man.
But he, whiche all sleightes can,
The diuell, that lieth in hell fast,
Hym that it eall hathe ouercast,
That for a trespas, whiche he dede,
He was put in the same stede.
And was hym selfe the first of all,
Whiche was in to that peyne fall,
That he for other men ordeyneth.
There was no man that hym compleineth.
Of tyrannie and crueltee
By this ensample a kynge maie see
Hym selfe, and eke his councell bothe,
Howe they ben to mankynde lothe,
And to the god abhominable.
Ensamples that ben concordable
I fynde of other princes mo,
As thou shalte here of tyme ago.

¶ Nota hic de Dionysio tyranno, qui mire crudelitatis seueritate etiam hospites suos ad deuorandum equis suis tribuit, cui hercules tandem superueniens victum impium impietate sua pari morte conclusit.

¶ The greate tyranne Dionyse,
Whiche mans life set of no prise,
Unto his horse full ofte he yaf
The men, in stede of corne and chaf.
So that the hors of thilke stode
Deuoureden the mannes bloode,
Till fortune at laste came,
That Hercules hym ouercame.
And he right in the same wise,
Of this tyranne toke the Juise,
As he tyll other men hath do,
The same deth he died also.
That no pitee hym hath socourde,
Tyll he was of his hors deuourde.

¶ Nota hic de cõsimili Lycaonis tyrannia qui carnes hoim̃ hominibus in suo hospicio ad vescendum dedit, cuius formam condicioni similem coequans ipm̃ in lupum transformauit.

¶ Of Lychaon also I synde,
How he ayene the lawe of kynde
His hoste slough, and in to meate
He made her bodies to ben eate
With other men within his hows.
But Iupiter the glorious,
Whiche was commeued of this thynge.
Wengeance upon this cruel kynge
So toke, that he fro mannes forme
In to a wolfe he let transforme.
And thus the crueltee was kid,
Whiche of longe tyme he had hid.
¶ A wolfe he was than openly,
The whose nature priuely
He had in his condicion.
And unto this conclusion
That tyrannie is to despise
I synde ensample in sondrie wise,
And nameliche of hem full ofte,
The whom fortune hath set alofte
Upon the werres for to wynne.
But howe so that the wronge begynne

Of

Of tyrannie it male not lafte,
But fuche as thei done at laſte
To other men, fuche on hem falleth.
For ayene fuche, pitee calleth
Wengeance to the god aboue.
For who that hath no tender loue
In fauynge of a mans life,
He ſhall be founde ſo giltife,
That whan he wolde mercie craue
In tyme of nede he ſhall none haue.

¶ Nota qualiter leo hominibus ſtratis parcit.

¶ Of the nature this I fynde
The fiers lion in his kynde,
Whiche goth rampende after his praie,
If he a man fynde in his waie,
He will hym fleyen, if he withſtonde.
But if the man couthe vnderſtonde
To fall anone tofore his face,
In ſigne of mercie and of grace,
The lion ſhall of his nature
Reſtreigne his Ire in ſuche meaſure,
As though it were a beſte tamed,
And torne aweie halfyng aſhamed,
That he the man ſhall nothyng greue.
Nowe ſholde than a prince acheue
The worldes grace, yf that he wolde
Deſtroie a man, whan he is yolde,
And ſtante vpon his mercy alle?
But for to ſpeake in ſpecialle,
There haue be fuche, and fuche there bee
Tyrannes, whoſe hertes no pitee
Male to no poynt of mercie plie,
That thei vpon her tyrannie
Ne gladen hem the men to ſlea.
And as the rages of the ſea
Ben vnpitous in the tempeſte:
Right ſo male no pitee areſte
Of crueltee the great bitrage,
Whiche the tyranne in his corage
Engendred hath, wherof I fynde
A tale whiche comth now to mynde.

¶ Hic loquitur precipue contra tyrannos illos, qui cum in bello vincere poſſit, humani ſanguinis effuſionem ſaluari nequeunt: et narrat in exemplum de quodam Perſarum rege, cuius nomen Spartacus erat, qui pre ceteris tunc in oriente bellicoſus et victorioſus, quoſcunq; gladio vincere poterat, abſq; pietate interfici conſtituit. Sed tandem ſub manu Tomiris Maſagetarum regine in bello captus, q. a diu queſiuit, ſeueritatem pro ſeueritate finaliter inuenit. Nam et ipſa quoddam vas de ſanguine Perſarum plenum ante ſe afferre decreuit, in quo caput tyrani vſque ad mortem mergens dixit: O tyrannorum crudeliſſime ſemper eſuriens ſanguinem ſitiſti, ecce iam ad ſaturitatem ſanguinem bibe.

¶ I rede in olde bokes thus,
There was a duke, whiche Spartacus
Men clepe, and was a warriour,
A cruell man a conquerour
With ſtronge power, the whiche he lad.
For this condition he had,
That where hym hapneth the victoire,
His luſt and all his moſt gloire
Was for to ſlee, and not to ſaue.
Of raunſome wolde he no good haue
For ſauynge of a mans life,
But all gothe to the ſwerde and knife,
So leefe hym was the mans bloode.
And netheles yet thus it ſtoode,
So as fortune aboute went,
He fell right heire, as by diſcent
To Pers, and was corouned kynge.
And whan the worſhip of this thynge
Was fall: and he was kynge of Pers,
If that thei weren fyrſt diuers
The tyrannies, whiche he wrought,
A thouſand folde well more he ſought
Than afterwarde to do malice,
Till god vengeance ayene the vice
Hath ſhape: For vpon a tide,
Whan he was hielle in his pride,
In his rancour, and in his hete,
Ayene the quene of Maſagete,
Whiche Tomiris that tyme highte
He made warre all that he might.
And ſhe whiche wolde hir londe defende,
Hir owne ſonne ayene him ſende,
Whiche the defence hath vndertake:
But he diſcomfite was and take.
And whan this kinge hym had in honde,
He woll no mercy vnderſtonde,
But dyd hym ſlea in his preſence.
The tidynge of this violence
Whan it cam to the mothers eare,
She ſende anone ale wide where

To

To suche frendes as she had,
A great power till that she lad.
In sondrie wise and tho she cast,
Howe she this kynge maie ouercast.
And at last accorded was,
That in the daunger of a pas,
Through whiche this tyranne shuld pas,
She shope his power to compas
With strength of men, by suche a wey,
That he shall not escape awey.
And when she had thus ordeined,
She hath hir owne body feigned
For feare as though she wolde flee
Out of hir londe: And whan that hee
Hath herde, howe that this ladie fledde,
So fast after the chase he spedde,
That he was founde out of araye.
For it betid upon a daie,
In to the paas whan he was fall,
The enbusshementes to breaken all,
And hym berlipte on euery side,
That flee ne might he not aside.
So that there weren dead and take
Two hundred thousande for his sake,
That weren with hym of his hoste.
And thus was leyed the great boste
Of hym, and of his tyrannie.
It halpe no mercy for to crie
To hym, whiche whilome did none.
For he unto the quene anone
Was brought: and whan that she him se,
This worde she spake, and said on hie:
O man, whiche out of mans kynde,
Reason of man hast lefte behynde,
And liued worse than a beste,
Whom pitee might none arestе
The mannes blode to shede and spille:
Thou hadst neuer yet thy fille.
But nowe the laste tyme is come
That thy malice is ouercome,
As thou till other men hast do,
Nowe shall be do to the right so.
Tho bad this lady that men shulde
A bellell brynge, in whiche she wolde
Se the vengeance of his Juise,
Whiche she began anone deuise,
And toke the princis, whiche he ladde,
By whom his chiefe councell he hadde,
And whyle hem lasteth any breth
She made hem blede to the deth
Into the bellell where it stoode.
And whan it was fulfild of bloode,
She cast this tyranne therin,
And sayde him: Lo thus might thou winne
The lustes of thine appetite,
In bloode was whilom thy delite,
Nowe shalte thou drinken all thy fille
And thus oneliche of goddes wille
He whiche that wolde hym selfe straunge
To pitee, londe mercy so straunge,
That he without grace is lore.
So maie it well shewe the more,
That cruelitee hath no good ende,
But pitee howe so that it wende,
Makth that god is merciable,
If there be cause reasonable,
Why that a kynge shall be pitous,
But els if he be doubtous
To sleen in cause of rightwisenesse,
It maie be saide no pitousnesse,
But it is pusillanimitee,
Whiche euery prince shulde flee.
For if pitee measure excede,
Knighthode maie not alwey procede
To do iustice upon the right.
For it belongeth to a knight,
As gladly for to fight as reste,
To set his liege people in reste,
Whan that the warre upon hem falleth.
For hem he mote, as it befalleth,
Of his knighthode, as a lion
Be to the people a champion
Without any pitee feigned.
For if manhode be restreigned,
Or be it pees, or be it warre,
Iustice goth all out of herre,
So that knighthode is set behynde.
¶ Of Aristotles lore I synde,
A kynge shall make good visage,
That no man knowe of his courage
But all honour and worthinesse.
For if a kynge shall upon gesse,
Without veray cause drede,
He maie be liche to that I rede.
And though that be like a fable,
Thensample is good and reasonable.

Hij

Hic loquitur secundum philosophum dicens, quod sicut non decet principes tyrannica impetuositate esse crudeles, ita nec decet timorosa pusillanimitate esse vecordes.

¶As it by olde dates fille
I rede whilome that an hille
Up in the londes of Archade
A wonder dredfull noyse it made.
For so it fil that like date
This hille on his childinge late.
And whan the throwes on him come,
His noyse liche the date of dome
Was ferefull in a mannes thought
Of thinges, which that thei se nought:
But well thei herden all aboute
The noise, of which thei were in doubte,
As thei that wenden to be lore
Of thinge, whiche than was vnbore.
The nere this hil was vpon chance
To take his deliuerance,
The more vnboromly he cride:
And euery man was fledde aside
For drede, and lefte his owne hows,
And at last it was a mows,
The whiche was bore, and to norice
Betake: and tho thei helde hem nice.
For they withouten cause dradde.
Thus if a kynge his herte ladde
With euery thinge that he shall here,
Full ofte he shulde change his chere,
And vpon fantasie drede,
Whan that there is no cause of drede.

¶Nota hic secundum Horacium de magnanimo Iacide, et pusillanimo Thersite.

¶Horace to his prince tolde,
That him were leuer, that he wolde
Vpon knighthode Achilles sewe
In tyme of warre, than eschewe
So as Thersites did at Troie.
Achilles all his hole ioye
Set vpon armes for to fight.
Thersites sought all that he might
Vnarmed for to stonde in reste.
But of the two it was the beste,
That Achilles vpon the nede
Hath do, wherof his knightlyhede
Is yet commended oueralle.
Kynge Salomon in special
Saith, As there is a tyme of pees,
So is a tyme netheles
Of warre, in whiche a prince algate
Shall for the common right debate,
And for his owne worship eke.
But it behoueth not to seke
Onely the warre for worship:
But to the right of his lordship,
Whiche he is holde to defende:
Mote euery worthye prince entende
Betwene the simplesse of pitee,
And the foole hast of cruelte.
Where stonte the very hardinesse,
There mote a kynge his herte adresse.
Whan it is tyme, to forsake,
And whan tyme is, also to take
The deadly warres vpon honde,
That he shall for no drede wonde,
If rightwisenes be withall.
For god is mighty ouer all
To forther euery mans trouthe,
But it be through his owne slouthe,
And namely the kinges nede
It mate not fayle for to spede.
For he stante one for hem all,
So mote it well the better fall.
And well the more god fauoureth,
Whan he the commune righte socoureth.
And for to see the soth in dede
Beholde the bible, and thou might rede
Of great ensamples many one,
Wherof that I will tellen one.

¶Hic dicit, quod princeps iusticie causa bellum nullo modo timere debet. Et narrat qualiter duo Gedeon cum sotis trecentis viris quinque reges scilicet Madianitarum, Amalechitarum, Amonitarum, Amorreorum et Iebuseorum, cum eorum exercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratus est, gracia cooperante diuina, victoriose in fugam conuertit.

¶Upon a tyme as it befelle
Ayenst Jude and Israell,
Whan sondry kynges come were
In purpos to doskroie there
The people, whiche god kepte tho,
And stoode in thilke dates so,
That Gedeon, whiche shulde lede
The goddes folke, toke him to rede,

And lende in all the londe aboute,
Tyl he assembled hath a route
With .xxx. thousande of defence
To fight and make resistence,
Ageyne the whiche hem wolde assayle.
And netheles that one batalle
Of thre, that weren enemis,
Was double more than was all his,
Wherof that Gedeon him dred,
That he so litell people had.
But he whiche all thinge may helpe,
Where that there lacketh mannes helpe,
To Gedeon his angell sente,
And bad, er that he forther wente,
All openly that he do crie
That euery man in his partie,
Whiche wolde after his owne wille
In his delite abide stille
At home in any maner wise,
For purchace, or for couetise,
For lacke of loue, or lacke of herte,
He shuld nought aboute sterte,
But holde him stille at home in pees.
Wherof vpon the morowe he lees
Well .xx. thousande men and mo,
The whiche after the crie ben go.
Thus was with him but onely lefte
The thride parte, and yet god efte
His angel sende and said this
To Gedeon: If it so is,
That I thyn helpe shall vndertake,
Thou shalt yet lesse people take,
By whom my wil is that thou spede.
For thy to morowe take good hede,
Vnto the flood whan ye be come,
What man that hath the water nome
Vp in his hande, and lappeth so,
To thy parte these oute all tho
And him whiche wery is to swinke,
Vpon his wombe and lieth to drynke.
Forsake and put hem al aweye.
For I am mightie all weye,
Where as me lift my helpe to shewe
In good men, though thei be fewe.
This Gedeon awaiteth wele
Vpon the morowe, and euery dele,
As god him bad, right so he dede.
And thus there lefte in that stede
With him thre hondred, and ns mo,
The remenant was all ago.
Wherof that Gedeon meruelleth,
And theron with god counselleth
Plesinge, as ferforth as he dare.
And god, whiche wolde he were ware
That he shulde spede vpon his right,
Hath bede him go the same night,
And take a man with him to here
What shall be spoke in this matere
Amonge the hethen enemis,
So may he be the more wise,
What afterwarde him shall befalle.
This Gedeon amonges alle
Phara, to whom he trist mocke,
By night toke towarde thilke hocke,
Whiche lodged was in a valeie,
To here what thei wolden seie.
Vpon his foote and as he ferde,
Two saracines spekende he herde:
Quod one, arede my swenen aright,
Whiche I met in my slepe to night.
Me thonght I sigh a barly cake,
Whiche fro the hille his wey hath take,
And com rollende downe at ones,
And as it were for the nones,
Forth in his cours so as it ran,
The kynges tente of Madian,
Of Amaleche, of Amorie
Of Amon, and of Iebusie
And many another tente mo,
With great ioye as me thought tho,
It threwe to grounde and ouer calt,
And all his hoft so fore agaste,
That I awoke for pure drede.
This sweuen can I well arede,
Quod the other saracine anone,
The barly cake is Gedeon,
Whiche fro the hille downe sodenlie
Shall come, and set suche a skrie
Vpon the kinges, and vs both,
That it shall to vs all lothe.
For in suche drede he shall vs bringe,
That if we haden slight of wynge,
The weye one foote in dispaire
We shull leue, and flee in the ayre.
For there shal nothing him withstonde.
Whan Gedeon hath vnderstonde

This

This tale, he thonketh god of all,
And priuelithe ageyne he stalle,
So that no life him hath perceiued.
And than he hath fully conceiued.
That he shall spede: and therupon
The night sewend he shope to gone
This multitude to assaile.
Nowe shalt thou here a great meruaile,
With what wisdome that he wrought.
The litell people, whiche he brought,
Was none of hem that he ne hath
A potte of erthe, in whiche he hath
A light brennyng in a cressel,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other honde beside.
And thus upon the nightes tide
Duke Gedeon whan it was derke,
Ordeineth hym unto his werke,
And parted than his folke in thre,
And chargeth hem, that thei ne flee.
And taught hem how thei shulde askrie
All in o voice par companie.
And what worde thei shulde eke speke,
And howe thei shulde her pottes breke
Echeone with other, whan thei herde
That he hym selfe fyrst so ferde.
For whan thei cam into the stede,
He bad hem do right as ye dede.
And thus stalkende forth a paas
This noble duke whan tyme was
His potte to brake, and loude ascride,
And tho thei breke on euery side.
The trompe was nought for to seke,
He blewe, and so thei blewen eke
With suche a noyse amonge hem all,
As though the heuen shulde fall.
The hill unto her voyce answerde.
This hoste in the valey it herde,
And sighe how that the hill a light,
So what of herynge and of sight,
Thei caught suche a sodeine fere,
That none of hem be lefte there.
The tentes holly thei forsoke,
That thei none other good ne toke,
But onely with her body bare
Thei fledde, as doth the wilde hare.
And euer upon the hille thei blewe,
Till that thei sigh tyme and knewe,
That thei be fled upon the rage.
And whan thei wiste their auantage,
Thei fill anone upon the chace.
Thus might thou se, how gods grace
Unto the good men auaileth
But els oft tyme it faileth
To suche as be not well disposed.
This tale needeth not to be glosed.
For it is openly shewed,
That god to hem that ben well thewed,
Hath yeue and graunted the victoire,
So that thensample of this histoire
Is good for euery kynge to holde.
Firste in hym selfe that he beholde,
Yf he be good of his liuynge:
And that the folke, whiche he shall brynge,
Be good also, for than he maie
Be glad of many a mery daie,
In what that euer he hath to doone.
For he whiche sitte aboue the moone,
And all thynge maie spille and spede,
In euery cas, and euery nede,
His good kynge so well adresseth,
That all his so men he represseth:
So that there maie no man hym dere,
And also well he can forbere,
And suffre a wicked kynge to falle
In handes of his fomen all.

¶ Hic dicit, quod Dei et quando causa et tempus requirunt, princeps illos sub potestate sua, quos iusticie aduersarios agnouerit occidere de iure tenetur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter propheta, quod Saul regem Agag in bello deiectum iuxta Samuelis consilium occidere noluit, ipse diuino iudicio non solum a regno Israel priuatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.

¶ Nowe ferthermore if I shall seyn
Of my matere, and tourne ageyn
To speke of Iustice and Vitee,
After the rule of rialtee.
This maie a kynge well understonde,
Knighthode mote be take on honde
Whan that it stont upon the nede,
Ne shall no rightfull cause drede,
No more of warre than of pees,
If he wyll stonde blameles.
For suche a cause a kynge maie haue,
Better it is to slee than saue.

Wherof thou might enſample kynde,
The high maker of mankynde
By Samuel to Saul badde,
That he ſhall nothynge ben adrad
Agayne kynge Agag for to fight.
For this the godhede hym behight,
That Agag ſhall be ouercome.
And whan it is ſo ferforth come,
That Saul hath hym diſcomfite,
The god bad make no reſpite,
That he ne ſhulde hym ſlea anone.
But Saul let it ouergone,
And did not the gods heſte.
For Agag made a great beheſte
Of raunſome, whiche he wold giue,
Kynge Saul ſuffreth hym to liue,
And feigneth pitee forth withall.
But he, whiche ſeeth and knoweth all,
The hie god, of that he feigneth,
To Samuel vpon hym pleyneth,
And ſende hym worde: for that he lefte
Of Agag that he ne berefte
The lyfe, he ſhall not onely die
Hym ſelfe, but fro his regalie
He ſhall be put for euermo,
Nought he, but eke his heyre alſo,
That it ſhall neuer come ageyn.

¶Hic narrat vlteriꝰ ſuper eodē, qualiter Dauid in extremis iuſticie cauſa Vt Ioab occideretur, abſque vlla remiſſione filio ſuo Salomoni iniunxit.

¶Thus might thou ſee the ſoth pleyne,
That of to muche, and of to lite,
Vpon the princes ſtant the wite.
But euer it was a kynges right
To do the dedes of a knight.
For in the hondes of a kynge
The dethe and life is all o thynge,
After the lawes of iuſtice.
To ſleen it is a deedly vice,
But if a man the dethe deſerue.
And if a kynge the life preſerue
Of hym, whiche ought for to die,
He ſeweth not the enſamplarie,
Whiche in the bible is euident,
Howe Dauid in his teſtament,
Whan he no lenger might leue,
Vnto his ſonne in charge hath geue,
That he Ioab ſhall ſlea algate.
And whan Dauid was gone his gate,
The yonge wiſe Salomone
His fathers heſte did anone,
And ſlewe Ioab in ſuche a wiſe,
That thei that herden the iuiſe,
Euer after dredde hym the more,
And god was eke well payd therfore,
That he ſo wolde his herte plie,
The lawes for to iuſtifie.
And yet he kepte forth withall
Pitee, ſo as a prince ſhall,
That he no tyrannie wrought.
He fonde the wiſdom, whiche he ſought,
And was ſo rightfull netheles,
That all his life he ſtode in pees,
That he no deadly warres had.
For euery man his wiſdom drad.
And as he was hym ſelfe wiſe,
Right ſo the worthy men of priſe
He hath of his counſeyle withholde,
For that is euery prince holde
To make of ſuche his retinue,
Whiche wiſe ben: and remue
The fooles. for there is nothynge,
Whiche maie be better about a kynge
Than counſeyle, which is the ſubſtance
Of all a kynges gouernance.

¶Hic dicit, quod populum ſibi commiſſum bene regere ſuper omnia principi laudabilius eſt. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Salomon, Vt populum bene regeret, ab altiſſimo ſapientiā ſpecialius poſtulauit, omnia bona pariter cum illa ſibi habundancius aduenerunt.

¶In Salomon a man maie ſee,
What thynge of moſt neceſſitee
Vnto a worthy kynge belongeth.
Whan he his kyngdome vnderfongeth,
God bad hym cheſe what he wolde,
And ſayde hym, that he haue ſholde,
What he wolde aſke, as of o thynge.
And he whiche was a newe kynge
Forth therupon his boone prayde
To god, and in this wiſe ſayde:
O kynge, by whom that I ſhall reigne,
Geue me wiſdome, that I my reigne,
Forth with the people, whiche I haue
To thyn honour maie kepe and ſaue.

Whan

Whan Salomon his boone hath tared,
The god of that whiche he hath ared,
Was right well payde, and granteth soone,
Not all onely, that he his boone
Shall haue of that, but of richesse,
Of hele, of pees, of hie noblesse,
For with wysdoone at his askynges,
Whiche stant aboue all other thynges.

¶Hic dicit secundum Salomonem, quod regie magestatis imperium ante omnia sano consilio dirigendum est.

But what kyng will his reigne saue,
First hym behoueth for to to haue,
After the god and his beleue,
Suche counceile, whiche is to beleue,
Fulfilde of trouth, and rightwisenes:
But aboue all in his noblesse,
Betwene the reddour and Pitee,
A kynge shall do suche equitee,
And set the balance in euen,
So that the high god of heuen,
And all the people of his noblete,
Lowenge vnto his name sete.
For most aboue all erthly good,
Where that a kynge hym selfe is good
It helpeth, for in other weye
If so be that a kynge forsweye,

¶Quidquid dekirant reges, plectuntur Achini.

Full ofte er this it hath be seine
The comen people is ouerleyne,
And hath the kynges synne abought,
All though the people agilte nought.
Of that the kynge his god misserueth,
The people takth that he deserueth
Here in this worlde, but elles where
I not howe it shall stonde there.
For thy good is a kynge to trikke,
Fyrst to hym selfe, as he ne wilk
None other helpe but god allone,
So shall the rule of his persone,
Within him selfe through prouidence,
Ben of the better conscience.
And for to finde ensample of this,
A tale I rede, and soth it is.

¶Hic de Lucio imperatore exemplum ponit, qualiter princeps sui nominis famam a secretis consiliariis sapienter inuestigare debet, et si quid in eis sinistrum inuenerit, prouisa discretione ad dexteram conuertat.

¶In a cronike it telleth thus,
The kynge of Rome Lucius
Within his chambre vpon a night
The stewarde of his hous a knight,
Forth with his chamberleine also
To conneile had both two,
And stoden by thy chymnee
To gether spekende all thre.
And hapneth that the kynges koke
Sat by the fire vpon a stole,
As he that with his bable plaide,
But yet he herde all that thei saide,
And therof toke thei no hede.
The kynge hem areth what to rede,
Of suche matere as cam to mouth.
And thei him tolde, as thei couth.
Whan all was spoke, of that thei ment:
The kynge with all his hole entent
Then at laste hem areth this,
What kynge men tellen that he is:
Emonge the folke touchinge his name,
Or it be prise or it be blame,
Right after that thei herden sayne,
He bad hem for to telle it playne,
That they no poynt of soth forbeare
By thilke feyth, that they hym beare.
The stewarde first vpon this thinge
Gafe his answere vnto the kynge:
And thought glose in this matere,
And saide, als ferre as he can here,
His name is good, and honorable.
Thus was the stewarde fauourable,
That he the trouth playne ne tolde.
The kynge than areth, as he sholde,
The chambecleine of his auise.
And he that was subtile and wise,
And somdele thought vpon his feyth,
Hym tolde, howe all the people seyth,
That if his counseyle were trewe,
Thei wist than well and knewe,
That of hym selfe he shulde bee
A worthy kynge in his degree.
And thus the counseyle he accuseth
In party and the kynge excuseth.
The foole, whiche herde of all this cas,

Whan tyme as gods will was
Sigh, that thei sayden not enough,
And hem to scorne both lough.
And to the kynge he sayd tho:
Syr kynge if that it were so,
Of wisdome in thyn owne mode
That thou thy selfe were good,
Thy counceil shuld not be bad.
The kynge therof meruayle had,
Whan that a foole so wisely spake,
And of hym selfe sonde oute the lacke
Within his owne conscience.
And thus the fooles euidence,
Which was of gods grace enspired
Makth good counceile was desired.
He put awaie the vicious,
And toke to him the vertuous.
The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
The londes good is well dispended,
The people was no more oppressed:
And thus stoode euery thinge redressed.
For where a kynge is propre wise,
And hath suche as him selfe is,
Of his counceil, it maie not faile,
That euery thinge ne shall auaile.
The vices than gon awey,
And euery vertue holte his wey:
Wherof the hie god is pleased,
And all the londes folke eased.
For if the common people crie,
And than a kynge list not to plie
To here, what the clamore wolde.
And otherwise than he sholde,
Disdeigneth for to done hem grace,
It hath be seene in many place,
There hath be fall great contraire,
And that I finde of ensamplaire.

☞ Hic dicit, quod seniores magis experti ad principis consilium admittendi potius existunt, Et narrat, qualiter pro eo quod Roboas Salomonis filius et heres, seniuꝫ sermonibus renuncians, dicta iuuenum preelegit, de duodecim tribibus Israel a domino suo decē penitus amisit, et sic cū duabus tantūmodo regnauit.

After the deth of Salomone,
Whan thilke wise kynge was gone,
And Roboas in his persone
Receiue shulde the corone,
The people vpon a parlement
Auised were of one assent,
And all vnto the kynge thei preide
With commune voys and thus thei sayde:
Our liege lorde we the beseche,
That thou receiue our humble speche,
And graunt vs, whiche that reason wil,
Or of thy grace, or of thy skil,
Thy fader while he was aliue,
And might both graunte and prise
Upon the werkes whiche he had,
The common people streicte lad,
Whan he the temple made newe.
Thinge whiche men neuer afore knewe,
He brought vp than of his tallage,
And all was vnder the visage
Of werkes, whiche he made tho,
But nowe it is befall so,
That all is made right as he seide,
And he was riche whan he deid.
So that it is no maner nede,
If thou therof wilt taken hede,
To pillen of the people more,
Whiche longe tyme hath be greued sore.
And in this wise as we the seie,
With tender herte we the preie,
That thou releisse thilke dette,
Whiche vpon vs thy faher sette.
And if the like to doone so,
We ben thy men for euermo
To gone and comen at thy hesse.
The kinge, whiche herde this requeste,
Saith, that he will ben auised,
And hath therof a tyme assised,
And in the while, as he him thought,
Upon this thinge counseil he sought.
And firste the wise knightes olde,
To whome that he his tale tolde,
Counsellen him in this manere,
That he with loue, and with glad chere
Foryeue and graunte all that is asked,
Of that his fader had talked.
For so he maie his reigne acheue
With thing which shall hem litell greue.
The kynge hem herd, and ouer palleth,
And with this other his wit compalleth,
That youge were, and nothinge wise,
And thei these olde men despise,

And

And sayden: Sir it shall be shame
For euer vnto thy worthie name,
If thou ne kepe not thy vyght
(while thou arte in thy yonge might)
Whiche that thyne olde father gate:
But saie vnto the people plate,
That while thou liuest in thy londe,
The leste finger of thine honde
It shall be strenger ouer all,
Than was thy fathers body all.
And thus also shall be thy tale,
If he hem smote with roddes smale,
With scorpions thou shalt hem smite.
And where thy father toke a lite,
Thou thynkest take michell more:
Thus shalte thou make hem drede sore
The great herte of thy corage,
So for to holde hem in seruage.
This yonge kynge hym hath conformed
To done as he was last enformed,
Whiche was to him his vndoynge.
For whan it came to the spekynge,
He hath the yonge counceile holde,
That he the same wordes tolde
Of all the people in audience.
And whan they herden the sentence
Of his malice, and the manace,
Anone tofore his owne face
Thei haue him vtterly refused,
And with full great reproue accused:
So they began for to raue,
That he hym selfe was fayne to saue.
For as the wylde wode rage,
Of wyndes maketh the sea sauage,
And that was caulme bryngeth to wawe,
So for defaut and grace of lawe
The people is stered all at ones,
And forth they gone out of his wones,
So that of the lignages twelfe,
Two tribes onely by hem selfe
With hym abiden, and no mo.
So were thei for euermo
Of no returne without espeire
Departed fro the rightfull heire
Of Israell, with common voyce,
A kynge vpon her owne choyce
Amonge hem selfe anone thei make,
And haue her yonge lorde forsake.
A powre knight Ieroboas
They toke and lefte Roboas
Whiche rightfull heire was by discent,
Lo thus the yonge caule went.
For that the counceile was not good,
The reigne fro the rightfull blood
Euer afterwarde deuided was.
So maie it proven by this cas,
That yonge counceile, which is to warme,
Er men beware doth ofte harme.
Olde age for the counceile serueth,
And lusty youth his thonke deserueth
Vpon the trauelle, whiche he dooth,
And both for to sey a soothe,
By sondrie cause for to haue,
If that he will his reigne saue,
A kynge behoueth euery daie:
That one can, and that other maie,
Be so the kynge hem bothe rule,
Or elles all goth out of rule.

¶ Nota questionem cuiusdam philosophi, vtrum regno conuenientius foret principem cum mala consilio optare sapientem, quam cum sano consilio ipsum eligere insipientem.

¶ And vpon this matere also
A question betwene the two
Thus writtin in boke I fonde.
Where it be better for the londe
A kynge hym selfe to be wise,
And so to beare his owne prise,
And that his counceile be not good,
Or otherwise if it so stoode,
A kynge if he be vicious,
And his counceile be vertuous.
It is answerde in suche a wise,
That better it is, that thei be wise,
By whom that the counceile shall be gone,
For thei ben many, and he is one,
And rather shall an one man
With fals counseile, for ought he can,
From his wisedome be made to fall,
Than he alone shulde hem all
Fro vices vnto vertue change.
For that is well the more strange.
For thy the londe maie well be glad,
Whose kynge with good counseile is lad
Whiche sette hym vnto rightwisnes:

So

So that his high worthinesse
Betwene the rrdoour and pitee,
Doth mercie forth with equitee.
A kinge is holden ouer all
To pitee, but in speciall
To hem, where he is mosse beholde,
They shulde his pitee most beholde,
That ben the lieges of the londe.
For thei ben euer vnder his honde,
After the gods ordenance,
To stonde vpon his gouernance.

¶ Nota adhuc precipue de principum erga suos subditos debita pietate, legitur enim quadam Antonius a Scipione exemplificatus, dixit, quod malet vnum de populo sibi commisso virum saluare, quã centũ ex hostib⁹ alienigenis in bello perdere.

Of themperour Anthonius
I finde, howe that he saide thus:
Howe him were leuer for to saue
One of his liges, than to haue
Of enemies an hundred dede.
And thus he lerned as I rede
Of Scipio, whiche had bee
Consull of Rome, and thus to see
Diuers ensamples howe thei stonde,
A kinge whiche hath the charge on honde
The common people to gouerne,
If that he wil, he maie well lerne.
Is none so good to the plesance
Of god, as is good gouernance.
And euery gouernance is due
To pitee, thus I maie argue,
That pitee is the foundemente
Of euery kynges regimente.
If it be medled with Justice,
Thei two remeuen all vice,
And ben of vertue most vailable
To make a kinges royme stable.
Lo thus the foure poynes tofore
In gouernance, as thei be bore
Of trouth first and of largesse,
Of pitee, forth with rightwisnesse,
I haue hem tolde, and ouer this
The first poynte, so as it is
Set of the rule of policie,
Wherof a kynge shall modifie
The fleshly lustes of nature,
Nowe thinke I telle of suche measure,
That both kinde shall be serued,
And eke the lawe of god obserued.

Corporis et mẽtis regẽ decet õnis honestas,
Nominis vt famam nulla libido ruat.
Omne q̃ est hominis effœminat illa voluptas,
Sit nisi magnanimi cordis vt obstet ei.

¶ Hic tractat secundum Aristotelem de quinta principum policia, que castitatem concernit, cuius honestas impudicitie motus obtemperans tam corporis quam anime mundiciam specialius preseruat.

¶ The male is made for the femele,
But where as one desireth fele,
That nedeth nought by wey of kynde.
For whan a man maie redy finde
His owne wife, what shulde he seche
In strange places to beserche,
To borowe another mans plough,
Whan he hath geare at home enough
Assayed at his owne besse,
And is to hym wel more honeste,
Than other thinge, whiche is vnknowe.
For thy shulde euery good man knowe
And thynke, howe that in mariage
His trouth plite, lieth in morgage,
Whiche if he breke, it is falsehode,
And that disordeth to manhode,
And namely towarde the great,
Wherof the bokes all trete.
So as the philosophre techeth
To Alisander, and him betecheth
The lore, howe that he shall measure
His bodie, so that no measure
Of fleshly lust he shulde excede.
And thus forth if I shall procede
The fyfte poynte, as I sayd ere,
Is Chastitee, whiche selde where
Comth nowe a daies in to place.
And nethelesse but it be grace
Aboue all other in speciall
Is none that thasse maie ben all.
But yet a kynges high estate,
Whiche of his order as a prelate,
Shall be anoynte and sanctified:
Ye mote be more magnified
For dignitee of his corone,
Than shulde another lowe persone,

Whiche

Whiche is not of highe empryse.
Therfore a prince hym shulde aduise,
Er that he fell in suche riote,
And namely that he ne assote
To change for the womanhed
The worthinesse of his manhed.

¶ Nota de doctrina Aristotelis, qualiter præcepit vt animi sui iocunditatem prouocet, mulieres formosas crebro aspicere debet: caueat tamen ne mes voluptuosa torpescens ex carnis fragilitate in vitium dilabatur.

¶ Of Aristotle I haue well radde,
Howe he to Alisander badde,
That for to gladden his corage
He shulde beholden the visage
Of women, whan that thei ben faire;
But yet he set an examplaire,
His body so to guide and rule,
That he ne passe not the rule,
Wherof that he him selfe begyle.
For in the woman is no gyle.
Of that a man him selfe by wapeth,
Whan he is owne witte beiapeth,
I can the woman well excuse.
But what man will vpon hem muse
After the foolisshe impression
Of his imagination,
Within him selfe the fire he bloweth,
Wherof the woman nothyng knoweth,
So may she nothinge be to wite,
For if a man him selfe excite
To drenche, and will nought forbeare.
The water shall no blame beare,
What maie the golde though men toueit:
If that a man will loue streit,
The woman hath hym nothynge bounde,
If he his owne hert wounde,
She maie not let the folie,
And though so full of companie,
That he might any thynge purchace,
Yet maketh a man the first chace.
The woman fleeth, and he purseweth,
So that by wey of skill it seweth,
The man is cause howe so befalle,
That he full ofte sith is falle,
Where that he maie not well arise,
And netheles full many wise
Befooled haue hem selfe er this:
As nowe a daies yet it is
Amonge the men and euer was,
The stronge is feblesse in this taas.
It sit a man by wey of kynde
To loue, but it is not kinde,
A man for loue his wit to lese.
For if the month of Iule shall frese,
And that December shall be hote,
The yere miskoreth well I wote.
To seen a man from his estate
Through his sotie effeminate,
And leue that a man shall dooe,
It is as hole aboue the shooe
To man, whiche oughte not to be vsed,
But yet the worlde hath ofte accused
Full great princes of this dede,
Howe thei for loue hem selfe misledе,
Wherof manhode stoode behinde,
Of olde ensamples as men kynde.

¶ Hic ponit exẽplum, qualiter pro eo quod Sardanapalus Assiriorum princeps, muliebri oblectamento effeminatus sue cõcupiscentie torporem, quasi ex cõsuetudine adhibebat, ab Arbacto rege medorum super hoc insidiante in sui feruoris maiori voluptate subitis mutationibus extinctus est.

¶ These olde gestes tellen thus
That whilome Sardanapalus,
Whiche helde all hole in his empire
The great kyngdome of Assire,
Was through the slouth of his corage
Fall into the ilke firie rage
Of loue, whiche the men assoteth,
Wherof hym selfe he so rioteth,
And wereth so ferforth womannisshe,
That ageyn kynde, as if a fisshe
Abide wolde vpon the londe,
In women suche a lustе he fonde,
That he dwelte euer in chambre stille,
And only wrought after the wille
Of women, so as he was bede,
That seldome whan in other stede,
If that he wolde wenden oute,
To seen howe that it stode aboute.
But there he kisse, and there he plaied,
Thei taughten hym a lace to braied,
And weue a purs, and to entile

A perle: And fell thilke while
One Arbactus, the prince of Mede,
Seeth the kynge in womanhede,
Was falle fro chiualrie,
And gate hym helpe, and companie,
And wrought so, that at laste
This kynge out of his reigne he caste,
Whiche was vndone for euer mo.
And yet men speaken of hym so,
That it is shame for to here,
For thy to loue is in manere.

☞ Nota qualiter Dauid amans mulieres propter hoc probitatem armorum non minus exercuit.

¶ Kynge Dauid had many a loue:
But netheles alwaie aboue
Knighthode he kepte in suche a wise,
That for no fleshely couetise
Of lust to ligge in ladies armes,
He lefte not the lusse of armes.
For where a prince his lustes sueth,
That he the warre not pursueth,
Whan it is tyme to bene armed:
His countre stant full ofte harmed,
Whan the enemies be ware bolde,
That thei defence none beholde,
Full many a londe hath so be lore,
As men maie rede ofte tyme afore,
Of hem that so her eases soughten,
Whiche after thei full dere abouten.

¶ Hic loquitur qualiter regnum lasciuie voluptatibus deditū, de facili vincitur: Et ponit exemplū de Cyro rege Persarum, qui cum Lidos mira probitatis strenuissimos, sibiq; in bello aduersantes nullo modo vincere potuit, cum ipsis tandem pacis tractatum dissimulans, concordiā finaliter stabilire finxit, super quo Lydi postea per aliquod tēpus armis insoluti sub pacis tempore voluptatibus intendebant. Quod Cyrus percipiens in eos armatus subito irruit, ipsos q; inde sensibiles vincens suo imperio tributarios subiugauit.

¶ To mochell ease is nothynge worthe.
For that letteth euery vice forthe,
And euery vertue put a backe,
Wherof price turneth in to lacke.

As in cronike I maie reherse,
Whiche telleth, howe the kynge of Perse
That Cyrus hight, a warre hadde
Ageinst the people, whiche he dradde,
Of a countrey, whiche Lydos hight.
But yet for ought that he do might,
As in batalle vpon the warre,
He had of them alwaie the warre.
And whan he sighe, and wist it wele,
That he by strength wan no dele:
Than at laste he caste a wile
This worthy people to begyle,
And toke with hem a feigned pees,
Whiche shulde lasten endelees,
So as he sayde in wordes wise,
But he thought all in other wise.
For it befell vpon the caas,
Whan that this people in rest was,
Thei token eases many folde,
And worldes ease (as it is tolde)
By waie of kynde is the norice
Of euery luste, whiche toucheth vice.
Thus whan thei were in lustes fall,
The warres bene forgeten all.
Was none, whiche wolde the worship
Of armes, but in idelship,
Thei putten businesse alwaie,
And toke hem to daunce and playe.
But moste aboue all other thynges
Thei token hem to the likynges
Of fleshely lustes, that chastitee
Receiued was in no degree:
But euery man doth what him liste.
And whan the kynge of Perse it wiste,
That thei vnto folie entenden,
With his power, whan thei lest wenden,
More sodeinly than doth the thunder
He came, for euer and put hem vnder.
And thus hath lecherie lore
The londe, whiche had be tofore
The beste of hem, that were tho.

¶ Nota qualiter facta bellica luxus inforsunat. Et narrat, quod cum rex Amoreth hebreis sibi insultantibus resistere nequit, consilio Balaam mulieres regni sui pulcherrimas in castro hebreos cum misit, qui ab ipsis contaminati sunt.

¶And in the bible I finde also
A tale, like vnto this thinge,
Howe Ameleche the painym kynge,
Whan that he might by no weye
Defende his londe, and put aweie
The worthie people of Israell.
This saracin, as it befelle
Through the counceile of Balaam,
A rout of faire women nam,
That luckie were, and of yonge age,
And bad hem go to the linage
Of these hebrewes: and forth thei went,
With eyen grey, and browes bent,
And well arated euerichone.
And whan thei comen were anone
Emonge thebrews, was none in sighe,
But catche who that catche might,
And eche of hem his lukes sought,
Whiche after they full dere abought.
For grace anone began to faile,
That whan thei comen to bataile,
Than afterwarde in sory plite
Thei were take and discomfite.
So that within a litell throwe
The might of hem was ouerthrowe,
That whilome were wont to stonde,
Till Phinees the cause on honde
Hath take, this vengeance last:
But than it ceased at laste.
For god was paide, of that he dede.
For where he fonde vpon a stede
A couple, whiche misferred so,
Throughout he smote hem both two,
And let hem ligge in mens eie,
Wherof all other, whiche hem se,
Ensampled hem vpon the dede,
And prayden vnto the godhede,
Her olde sinnes to amende.
And he whiche wolde his mercy sende,
Restored hem to newe grace.
Thus maie it shewe in sondry place
Of chaskitee howe the clennesse
Accordeth to the worthinesse
Of men of armes ouer all.
But moste of all in speciall
This vertue to a kynge belongeth.
For vponhis fortune it hongeth,
Of that his londe shall spede or spille.
For thy but if a kynge his will
Fro lustes of his flesshe restreyne,
Ageyne hym selfe he maketh a treyne,
Into the whiche if that he slide,
Hym were better go beside.
For euery man maie vnderstonde,
Howe for a tyme that it stonde,
It is a sorie lust to like,
Whose ende maketh a man to sike,
And tourneth ioyes in to sorowe.
The bright sonne by the morowe
Bethineth not the derke night,
The lusty yongth of mans might
In age but it stonde wele,
Mistorneth all the last whele.

¶Hic loquitur qualiter principum irregulata vos luptas eos a semita recta muktotiens deuiare cõs pellit, Et narrat exemplum de Salomone, qui ex sue carnis concupiscentia victus, mulierum blandimẽtis in sui scandalũ deos alienos colere præsumebat.

¶That euery worthy prince is holde
Within hym selfe to beholde,
To see the state of his persone,
And thynke, howe there be ioyes none
Upon this erthe made to laste:
And how the flesshe shall at last
The lustes of his life forsake:
Hym ought a great ensample take
Of Salomon, whose apetite
Was holly sette vpon delite
To take of women the pleasance,
So that vpon his ignorance
The wyde worlde mernaileth yit,
That he, whiche all mens wit
In thilke tyme hath ouerpassed,
With fleshly lustes was so tassed,
That he whiche ledde vnder the lawe
The people of god, hym selfe withdrawe
He hath fro god in suche a wise,
That he worship and sacrifice
For sondrie loue in sondrie stede
Unto the fals gods dede.
This was the wise Ecclesiaste,
The fame of whom shall euer laste,
That he the mightie god forsoke
Ageyn the lawe whan hee toke
His wyues and the concubines

Of

Of hem that were sarasines,
For whiche he did idolatrie.
For this I rede of his sotie,
She of Zidonie so him ladde,
That he knelende his armes spradde
To Asthoreth with great humblesse,
Whiche of her londe was the goddesse.
And she that was of Moabite
So ferforth made hym to delite
Through lust, which all his wit deuoureth,
That he Chamos hir god honoreth.
An other Amonite also
With loue him hath allofed so,
Hir god Moloche that with encence
He sacreth, and doth reuerence
In suche a wise as she hym bad.
Thus was the wysest ouerlad
With blynde lustes, whiche he sought.
But he it afterwarde abought.

¶ Nota hic qualiter Achias prophetа in signum, quod regnum post mortem Salomonis ob eius peccatum suo heredi diminueretur, pallium suum in duodecim partes scidit, unde decem partes Jeroboe filio Nabat, qui regnatur? postea successit, precepto dei tribuit.

¶ For Achias Silonites,
Whiche was prophet er his deces,
While he was in his lustes all,
Betokeneth what shall after falle.
For on a daie, whan that he mette
Ieroboam the knight he grette,
And bad hym, that he shulde abide
To here what hym shall betide.
And forth withall Achias cast
His mantell of, and also fast
He cut it in to peces twelfe,
Wherof two partes vnto hym selfe
He kepte, and all the remenant,
As god hath set his couenant,
He toke vnto Ieroboas,
Of Nabat whiche the sonne was,
And of the kynges courte a knight,
And saide hym, suche is gods might.
As thou hast sene departed here
My mantell, right in suche manere
After the dethe of Salomon
God hath ordeined therupon,
This reigne than he shall deuide,
Whiche tyme eke thou shalt abide,
And vpon that diuision
The reigne as in proporcion,
As thou hast of my mantell take,
Thou shalt receiue I vndertake.
And thus the sonne shall abie
The lustes and the lecherie
Of hym, whiche nowe his father is.
So for to taken hede of this
It sit a kynge well to be chaste:
For els he maie lightly waste
Hym selfe, and eke his reigne bothe,
And that ought euery kynge to lothe,
O whiche a sinne violent,
Wherof so wise a kynge was shent,
That he vengeance of his persone
Was not enough to take alone,
But afterwarde, whan he was passed,
It hath his heritage lassed,
As I more openly tofore
The tale tolde: And thus therfore
The philosopher vpon this thinge
Writte, and counseiled to a kynge,
That he the forfete of lurare
Shall tempre, and rule of suche measure,
Whiche be to kynde sufficant,
And eke to reason accordant.
So that the lustes ignorance
Be cause of no misgouernance,
Through whiche that he be ouerthrowe
As he that will no reason knowe,
For but a mans wit be swerued,
Whan kynde is duliche serued,
It ought of reason to suffise.
For if it fall hym otherwise,
He maie the lustes sore drede.
¶ For of Anthonie thus I rede,
Whiche of Seuerus was the sonne,
That he his life of commune wonne
Paue holly vnto thilke vice,
And ofte tyme he was so nice,
Wherof nature hir hath compleined
Vnto the god, whiche hath disdeigned
The warkes whiche Anthonie wrought
Of lust, whiche he full sore abought.
For god his forfete hath so wroke,
That in cronike it is yet spoke.
But for to take remembrance

Of ſpeciall miſgouernance,
Thꝛough couetiſe and iniuſtice,
Foꝛth with the remenant of vice,
And nameliche of lecherie,
I fynde wꝛite a great partie
Within a tale, as thou ſhalt here,
Whiche is thenſample of this matere.

Hic loquit̃ de Tarquinio Rome nup impatoꝛe, necnõ et de eiuſdẽ filio nole Arrous, qui olim vicioꝛũ varietate repleti tã in hoies q̃ in mulieres in numeꝛ ſcelera perpetrarunt.

So as theſe olde geſtes ſeyne
The pꝛoude tyranniſſhe Romeyne
Tarquinius, whiche was than kynge,
And wꝛought many a wꝛongfull thynge.
Of ſonnes he had many one,
Amonge the whiche Arrous was one,
Liche to his father in maneres,
So that within a fewe yeres,
With treaſon and with tyrannie,
Thei wonne of londe a great partie,
And token hede of no iuſtice,
Whiche dewe was to her office
Upon the rule of gouernance,
But all that euer was pleſance,
Unto the fleſſhes luſt, thei toke.
And fill ſo, that thei vndertoke
A werre, whiche was nought acheued,
But often tyme it had hem greued,
Ageyne a folke, whiche than hight
The Gabiens, and all by night
Thus Arrous whan he was at home
In Rome, a pꝛeuy place he nome
Within a chamber, and bete hym ſelfe,
And made hym woundes .x. oꝛ twelfe
Upon the backe, as it was ſene.
And ſo foꝛth with his hurtes grene
In all the haſte that he maie
He rode, and cam that other daie
Unto Gabie the citee,
And in he went: and whan that he
Was knowe, anone the yates were ſhet,
The loꝛdes all vpon hym ſet
With dꝛawe ſwerdes vpon honde.
And Arrous wolde hem not wiſſonde,
And ſaide, I am here at your wille,
As leſe it is that ye me ſpille
As if myn owne father dede.
And foꝛth within that ſame ſtede
He pꝛaide hem that thei wolde ſee,
And tolde hem in what degree
His father, and his bꝛetherne bothe,
Whiche as he ſayd weren wꝛothe,
Hym had beaten and reuiled,
And out of Rome foꝛ euer exiled.
And thus he made hem to beleue,
And ſaide: if that he might acheue
His purpos, it ſhall well be yolde,
Be ſo that thei hym helpe woled.
Whan that the loꝛdes had ſene,
Howe wokully he was beſene,
Thei toke pitee of his greue.
But yet it was hem wonder leue,
That Rome hym had exiled ſo.
The Gabiens by counſeyle tho
Upon the goddes made hym ſweare,
That he to hem ſhall trouth beare,
And ſtrength hem with all his might.
And thei alſo hym hath behight
To helpen hym in his quarele.
Thei ſhope than foꝛ his hele,
That he was bathed and anoynt
Till that he was in luſty poynt,
And what he wolde than he had,
That he all holle the citee lad
Right as he wolde hym ſelfe deuiſe:
And than he thought hym in what wiſe
He might his tyꝛannie ſhewe,
And toke to his counſeile a ſhꝛewe,
Whom to his father foꝛth he ſent.
And in his meſſage he tho went,
And pꝛaied his father foꝛ to ſaſe
By his auiſe and fynde a waie,
Howe thei the citee might wynne,
While he ſtoode ſo well therin.
And whan the meſſanger was come
To Rome, and hath in counſeile nome
The kynge: it fell purchance ſo,
That thei were in a gardeine tho
This meſſager foꝛth with the kynge,
And whan he had tolde the thynge,
In what maner that it ſtoode:
And that Tarquinius vnderſtoode:
By the meſſage, how that it ferde,
Anone he toke in honde a yerde,
And in the gardeyne as thei gone,

The lilly croppes one and one,
Where that thei weren sprongen out,
He smote of, as thei stoode about:
And saide vnto the messengere,
Lo this thyng, whiche I do nowe here,
Shall be in stede of thyn answere.
And in this wise as I me bere,
Thou shalte vnto my sonne telle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But toke his leue, and goth withall
Unto his lorde, and tolde hym all,
Howe that his father had do.
Whan Arrous herde hym tell so,
Anone he wist what it ment,
And therto set all his entent
Till he through fraude and trecherie
The princes heades of Gabie
Hath smiten of, and all was wonne,
His father cam tofore the sonne
In to the towne with the Romeyns,
And toke and slewe the citezeyns
Without reason or pitee,
That he ne spareth no degree.
And for the spede of his conqueste
He let do make a riche feste,
With a solempne sacrifice
In Phebus temple, And in this wise
Whan the Romaynes assembled were
In presence of hem all there,
Upon the auter when all was dight,
And that the fyres were a light,
From vnder the auter sodeinly
An hidous serpent openly
Cam out, and hath devoured all
The sacrifice, and eke withall
The fyres queynt: and forth anone,
So as he came, so is he gone
In to the depe grounde ayene,
And euery man began to seyne:
A lorde, what maie this signifie?
And therupon thei praie and crie
To Phebus, that thei mighten knowe
The cause: and he the same throwe
With gastli voyce, that all it herde,
The Romains in this wise answerde,
And sayd, how for the wickednes
Of pride, and of vnrightwisenes,
That Tarquine and his sonne hath do,
The sacrifice is wasted so
Whiche might not ben acceptable
Upon suche sinne abhominable.
And ouer that yet he hem willeth,
And saith, whiche of hem first kylleth
His mother, he shall take wreche
Upon the wronge: and of that speche
Thei ben within her hertes glade,
Though thei outward no semblance made,
Ther was a knight, which Brut' highte,
And he with all the halle he might
To grounde fill, and there he kitte:
But none of hem the cause witte,
But wende that he had spourned
Perchance, and so was ouertourned.
But Brutus all an other ment.
For he knewe well in his entent,
Howe therthe of euery mans kynde
Is mother: but they weren blynde,
And sighe not so ferre as hee.
But when thei lefte the citee,
And comen home to Rome ageyn:
Than euery man, whiche was Romeine,
And moder hath, to hir he bende,
And kiste, and eche of hem thus wende
To be the fyrste vpon the chance,
Of Terquine for to do vengeance,
So as thei herden Phebus seyne.
But euery tyme hath his certeyne,
So must it nedes than abide,
Till afterwarde vpon a tide:

Hic narrat, quod cum Tarquinius in obsidione ciuitatis Ardee, vt eam destrueret, intentus fuit, Arrous filius eius Romam secreto adiens in domo collatini hospitatus est, vbi de nocte illam castissimam dominam Lucreciam imaginata fraude vi oppressit, vnde illa pre dolore mortua, ipse cū Tarquinio patre suo, tota clamante Roma, in perpetuum exilium delegati sunt.

Tarquinius made vnskilfully
A werre, whiche was fast by,
Ageyn a towne with walles stronge,
Whiche Ardea was cleped longe,
And cast a sege there aboute,
That there maie no man passen oute,
So it befelle vpon a night
Arrous, whiche had his souper dight,
A parte of the chiualrie

With

with hym to ſuppe in companie
Hath bede: and whan thei comen were,
And ſette at ſupper there,
Amonge her other wordes glade
Arrous a great ſpekynge made,
who had tho the beſt wife
Of Rome, and thus began a ſtrife.
For Arrous ſaith, he hath the beſt.
So ianglen thei withouten reſt,
Till at laſte one Collatine
A worthy knight, and was coſine
To Arrous, ſaide him in this wiſe,
It is (quod he) of none empriſe
To ſpeke a worde, but of the dede,
wherof it is to taken hede.
Anone for thy this ſame tyde
Lepe on thy hors, and let vs ride,
So maie we knowe both two
Unwarely what our wiues do,
And that ſhall be a trewe aſſaie.
This Arrous ſaith not ones naie,
On horſebacke anone thei lepte,
In ſuche manere and nothinge ſlepte
Ridende forth till that thei come
All priuelie within Rome,
In ſtrange place and downe thei light,
And take a chambre oute of ſight.
Thei be diſguiſed for a throwe,
So that no life ſhulde hem knowe.
And to the paleis firſt thei ſought,
To ſe what thynge theſe ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrous made a vaunt,
And thei hir figh of glad ſemblaunt
All full of myrthes and of bordes.
But amonge all other wordes
She ſpake not of hir huſbonde,
And whan thei had all underſtonde
Of thilke place what hem liſte,
Thei gone hem forth that none it wiſt.
Beſide thilke yate of bras,
Collacea whiche cleped was,
where Collatine hath his dwellynge,
There founden thei at home ſittynge
Lucrece his wife all enuironed
With women, whiche were abandoned
To werche, and ſhe wrought eke withall,
And bad hem halke, and ſaid it ſhall
Be for myn huſbondes weare:
whiche with his ſhelde and with his ſpeare
Lieth at ſiege in great diſeaſe,
And if it ſhulde hym not diſpleaſe,
Nowe wolde god, I had hym here.
For certes tyll that I maie here
Some good tidynge of his eſtate,
My herte is euer vpon debate.
For ſo as all men witneſſe,
He is of ſuche an hardineſſe,
That he can not hym ſelfe ſpare,
And that is all my moſte care,
whan thei the walles ſhulde aſſaile.
But if my wilhes might auaile,
I wolde it were a groundles pit,
Be ſo the ſiege were vnknit,
And I my huſbonde ſie.
With that the water in hir eie
Aroſe, that ſhe ne might it ſtoppe,
And as men ſene the dew bedroppe
The leues and the floures eke:
Right ſo vpon hir white cheke:
The wofull ſalte teres felle.
whan Collatine hath herde hir telle
The meanynge of hir trewe herte,
Anone with that to hir he ſterte,
And ſayd: Lo my good dere,
Nowe is he come to you here,
That ye moſte loven as ye ſeyne.
And ſhe with goodly chere ageyne
Beclipt him in hir armes ſmale.
And the colour, whiche erſte was pale
To beautee than was reſtored,
So that it might not be mored.
The kynges ſonne, which was nigh,
And of this lady herde and ſigh
The thynges, as thei ben befall,
The reaſon of his wittes all
Hath loſte: for loue vpon his parte
Cam than, and of his firie darte
With ſuch a wounde him hath throughſmite,
That he muſt nedes fele & wite
Of thilke blinde maladie,
To whiche no cure of ſurgerie
Can helpe, but yet netheles
At thilke tyme he helde his pes,
That he no countenance made,
But openly with wordes glade,
So as he conde in his manere,

He ſpake, and made frendly chere,
Tyl it was tyme for to goe.
And Collatine with him alſo
His leue toke, ſo that by night,
With all the halle that thei might,
Thei riden to the ſiege ageyn.
But Arrous was ſo wo beſein
With thoughtes, which vpon him ronne,
That he all by the brode ſonne
To bedde goth, not for to reſte,
But for to thinke vpon the beſte,
And the faireſt forth with alle,
That euer he ſigh, or euer ſhalle,
So as him thought in his corage,
Where he portreied hir image,
Fyrſt the fetures of hir face,
In whiche nature had all grace
Of womanlie beutee beſette,
So that it might not be bette.
And howe hir yelowe heare was treſſed,
And hir atyre ſo well adreſſed.
And howe ſhe wepte, al this he thought.
And howe ſhe ſpake, & how ſhe wrought,
That he foryeten hath no dele,
But all it liketh him ſo wele,
That in the worde nor in the dede
Hir lacked nought of womanhede.
And thus this tyranniſhe knight
Was ſoupled, but not halfe aright.
For he none other hede toke,
But that he might by ſomme croke,
All though it were ageyne hir wille,
The luſtes of his fleſh fulfille,
Whiche loue was not reaſonable.
For where honour is remeuable,
It ought well to ben aduiſed:
But he whiche hath his luſt aſſiſed
With medlid loue and tyrannie,
Hath founde vpon his trecherie
A wepe, whiche he thinketh to holde,
And ſayth: fortune vnto the bolde
Is fauorable for to helpe.
And thus within him ſelfe to yelpe,
As he whiche was a wilde man
Vpon his treaſon he began.
And vp he ſterte, and forth he wente
On horſbacke, but his entente
There knewe no wight, and he name
The nerte waie, till he came
Vnto Collacea the gate
Of Rome, and it was ſomedele late,
Right euen vpon the ſonne ſette.
And he whiche had ſhape his nette
Hir innocence to betrappe,
And as it ſhulde tho mishappe,
As priuely as euer he might
He rode, and of his hors alight
Tofore Collatines Inne,
And all frendeliche goth him in,
As he that was cosin of houſe.
And ſhe, whiche is the good ſpouſe
Lucrece, whan that ſhe hym ſighe,
With goodly chere drewe hym nighe,
As ſhe, whiche all honour ſuppoſeth,
And hym, ſo as ſhe dare, oppoſeth
Howe it ſtode of hir huſbonde.
And he tho did hir underſtonde
With tales feigned in this wiſe,
Right as he wolde him ſelfe deuiſe.
Wherof he might hir herte gladde,
That ſhe the better chere made,
Whan ſhe the gladde wordes herde,
Howe that hir huſbande ferde.
And thus the trouthe was deceiued
With ſlie treaſon, whiche was receiued
To hir, whiche mente all good.
For as the feſtes than ſtoode
His ſouper was right wel arraied:
But yet he hath no worde aſſaied
To ſpeke of loue in no degree,
But with couert ſubtilitee
His frendly ſpeches he affaiteth,
And as the tigre his tyme awaiteth
In hope for to catche his praie.
Whan that the bordes were awaie,
And thei haue ſouped in the halle,
He ſaith, that ſlepe is on him falle,
And praith, he mote go to bedde.
And ſhe with all halle ſpedde,
So as hir thought it was to doone,
That euery thinge was redie ſoone.
She brought him to his chamber tho,
And toke hir leue, and forth is go
In to hir owne chambre by:
And ſhe that wende certeynly
Haue had a frende, and had a fo,

Wherof

wherof fill after mochell wo.
This tyrranne though he lie ſofte,
Oute of his bedde aroſe full ofte,
And goeth aboute, and leied his ere
To herken, till that all were
To bedde gone, and ſlepten faſte.
And than vpon hym ſelfe he caſte
A mantel, and his ſwerde all naked
He toke in honde, and the vnwaked
A bedde laie: but what ſhe mette
God wote, for he the doze vnſhette
So priuely, that none it herde,
The ſofte paas and forth he ferde
Into the bedde, where that ſhe ſlepte,
All ſodeinly and in he crepte,
And hir in bothe his armes toke,
With that this worthy wyfe awoke,
Whiche through tendreſſe of womanhed,
Hir boyce hath loſte for pure dreede,
That one worde ſpeke ſhe ne dare.
And eke he bade hir to beware.
For if ſhe made noyſe or crie,
He ſayd, his ſwerde laie faſte bie
To ſlee hir, and hir folke aboute.
And thus he brought hir herte in doute,
That like a lambe, whan it is reſed
In wolues mouth, ſo was diſeaſed
Lucrece whiche he naked fonde,
wherof ſhe ſwouned in his honde,
And, as who ſaith, laie dede oppreſſed.
And he whiche all him had adreſſed
To luſte, toke than what him liſte,
And goth his weye, that none it wiſt,
In to his owne chambre ageyn,
And cleped vp his chamberleyn,
And made hym redie for to ride.
And thus this lecherous pride
To hors lepte, and forth he rode.
And ſhe whiche in hir bed abode,
Whan that ſhe wiſt he was agone,
She cleped after light anone,
And vp aroſe longe er the daie,
And caſt aweie hir freſſhe araie,
As ſhe whiche hath the worlde forſake,
And toke vpon the clothes blake.
And euer vpon continuinge
Right as men ſee a welle ſpringe,
With eien full of wofull teares
Hir heare hangynge aboute her eares
She wepte, and no man wiſt whie.
But yet amonge full pitouſlie
She praied, that thei nolden dretche
Hir huſbonde for to fetche,
Forthwith hir fader eke alſo.
Thus be thei comen bothe two,
And Brutus came with Collatine,
Whiche to Lucrece was coſine,
And in thei wenten all three
To chambre, where thei might ſee
The wofulleſt vpon this molde,
Whiche wepte, as ſhe to water ſholde.
The chambre doze anone was ſtoke
Er thei haue ought vnto hir ſpoke.
Thei ſee hir clothes all diſgiſed,
And howe ſhe hath hir ſelfe deſpiſed,
Hir heare hangynge vnkemte aboute.
But netheles ſhe gan to lowte,
And knele vnto hir huſbonde.
And he wolde fayne haue vnderſtonde
The cauſe, why ſhe fared ſo.
With ſofte wordes aſked tho:
What maie you be my god ſwete?
And ſhe, whiche thought hir ſelfe vnmete,
And the leſt worthe of women alle,
Hir wofull chere lete downe falle
For ſhame, and coude vnnethes loke,
And thei therof good hede toke,
And praiden hir in all waie,
That ſhe ne ſpare for to ſaie
Vnto hir frendes, what hir aileth,
Why ſhe ſo ſore hir ſelfe bewaileth,
And what the ſoothe wolde mene.
And ſhe whiche hath hir ſorowe grene,
Hir wo to tell then aſſaied,
But tender ſhame hir worde delaied,
That ſondry tymes as ſhe mente
To ſpeke, vpon the poynte ſhe ſtente.
And thei hir beden euer in one
To telle forth, and there vpon,
Whan that ſhe ſighe ſhe muſt nede,
Hir tale betwene ſhame and dreede
She tolde, not without peyne.
And he whiche wolde hir wo reſtreyne,
Hir huſbond, a ſory man,
Comforteth hir all that he can,
And ſwore, and eke hir fader bothe,

That thei with hir be not wroth,
Of that is do ageinſt hir wille,
And praiden hir to be ſtille.
For thei to hir haue all forgeue.
But ſhe whiche thought not to leue,
Of hem will no forgeuenelle,
And ſaid: of thilke wickednelle,
Whiche was to hir body wrought,
All were it ſo ſhe might it nought,
Neuer afterwarde the worlde ne ſhall
Reproue hir: and forthwithall,
Or any man therof be ware,
A naked ſwerde the whiche ſhe bare
Within hir mantell priuely,
Betwene hir hondes ſodeinly
She toke, and thrugh hir herte it thronge,
And fill to grounde, and euer amonge,
Whan that ſhe fill, ſo as ſhe might,
Hir clothes with hir honde ſhe right,
That no man downewarde fro the knee
Shuld any thynge of hir ſee,
Thus laie this wife honeſtely,
All though ſhe died wofully.
Tho was no ſorowe for to ſeke,
Hir huſbande and hir father eke
A ſwoune vpon the body felle,
There maie no mans tonge telle,
In whiche anguiſſhe that thei were.
But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Towarde hym ſelfe his hert kepte,
And to Lucrece anone he lepte,
The bloudy ſwerde and pulleth out,
And ſwore the gods all aboute,
That he therof ſhall do vengeance:
And ſhe tho made a countenance,
Hir dedly eie and at laſte
In thonkynge as it were vp caſt,
And ſo beheldе hym in the wiſe,
While ſhe to loke maie ſuffiſe.
And Brutus with a manly herte
Hir huſbonde hath made vp ſterte,
Forth with hir father eke alſo,
In all haſte and ſaide hem tho,
That thei anone without lette
A bere for the body fette:
Lucrece and therupon bleedend
He laide, and ſo forth out crieud
He goth vnto the market place
Of Rome: and in a litell ſpace
Thrugh crie the citee was aſſembled,
And euery mans hert trembled,
Whan thei the ſoth herde of the cas,
And there vpon the counſeyle was
Take, of the great and of the ſmale:
And Brutus tolde hem all the tale.
And thus cam in to remembrance
Of ſynne the continuance,
Whiche Arrous had do toforе.
And eke longe tyme er he was bore
Of that his father had do
The wronge came in to place tho,
So that the common clamour tolde
The newe ſhame of ſynnes olde.
And all the towne began to crie:
Awey awey the tyrannie
Of lecherie and couetiſe.
And at laſte in ſuche a wiſe
The father in the ſame while
Forth with the ſonne thei exile,
And taken better gouernance.
But yet an other remembrance,
That rightwiſenes and lecherie
Accorden not in companie,
With hym that hath the lawe on honde,
That may a man well vnderſtonde,
As by a tale thou ſchalte witte
Of olde enſample as it is writte.

¶Hic ponit exemplum ſuper eodem, qualiter Lucius Virginius dux exercitus Romanorum vnicam filiam pulcherrimam habens, cum quodam nobili viro nomine Icilio, vt ipſam in vxorē duceret finaliter concordauit. Sed interim Appius Claudius Imperator Virginis formoſitatem, vt eam violaret concupiſcens, occaſiones, quibꝰ matrimonii impedire, ipſam qꝫ ad ſui vſum apprehendere poſſet, ſubdola conſpiracione fieri coniecit, et cum propoſitum ſui deſiderii producti falſis teſtibus in Iudicio, Imperator habere deBuiſſet: pater tunc ibidē preſens extracto gladio filie ſue pectus mortali vulnere per medium trāsfodit, dicens, malo michi de filia mea virginē habere mortuam, qꝫ in ſui ſcandalum meretricem ſeruare viuentem.

At

CAt Rome whan Appius,
Whose other name was Claudius,
Was gouernour of the citee,
There fyll a wonder thynge to see,
Touchend a gentill mayde, as thus:
Whome Liuius Virginius
Begeten had vpon his wife,
Men saiden, that so faire a life
As she, was not in all the towne.
This fame, whiche goth vp and downe,
To Claudius came in his ere,
Wherof his thought anone was there,
Whiche all his herte hath sette a fyre,
That he began the floure desyre,
Whiche longeth vnto maidenhede,
And sende, if that he might spede
The blynde lustes of his wille.
But that thyng he might not fulfille.
For she stoode vpon mariage,
A worthy knight of great lignage
(Ilicius whiche than hight)
Accorded in hir faders sight
Was, that he shuld his doughter wed.
But er the cause were fully spedde
Hir fader, whiche in Romanie
The ledyng of the chiualrie
In gouernance hath vndertake
Spon a werre, whiche was take,
Gothe out with all the strength he had
Of men of armes whiche he lad.
So was the mariage lefte,
And stode vpon accorde till efte.
The kynge, whiche herde tell of this,
Howe that this maide ordeined is
To mariage, thought a nother,
And had thilke time a brother,
Whiche Marcus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of suche riote,
Right as the kynge hym selfe was,
Thei two togider vpon this caas
In counceyle founden out the weye,
That Marcus Claudius shall seye,
Howe she by weye of couenante
To his seruice apurtenante
Was holle, and to none other man.
And there vpon he saith he can
In euery poynt witnesse take,
So that she shall it not forsake.
Whan that thei had shape so
After the lawe whiche was tho,
While that hir fader was absente,
She was somoned and assente
To come in presence of the kynge,
And stoode in answere of this thynge.
Hir frendes willen all wele,
That it was fallhede euery dele,
And comen to the kynge, and saiden
Upon the comune lawe and praiden,
So as this noble worthy knight
Hir fader for the common right
In thilke tyme, as was befall,
Laie for the profite of them all
Upon the wilde feldes armed,
That he ne shulde not ben harmed
Ne shamed, while that he were oute,
And thus thei preiden all aboute,
For all the clamour that he herde,
The kinge vpon his luste answerde,
And yaue hem onely daies two
Of respite: for he wende tho,
That in so shorte a tyme appere
Hir fader might in no manere.
But as therof he was deceiued.
For Liuius had all conceiued
The purpos of the kynge tofore,
So that to Rome ayene therfore
In all haste he came ridende,
And lefte vpon the felde liggende
His host, till that he came ageyne.
And thus this worthy capiteyne
Appered redy at his daie.
Where all that euer reasone maie
By lawe in audience he dooth,
So that his doughter vpon sooth,
Of that Marcus hir had accused,
He hath tofore the courte excused.
The kynge, which saw his purpose faile,
And that no sleight might auayle,
Incombred of his lustes blynde
The lawe tourneth out of kynde,
And halfe in wrathe as though it were,
In presence of hem all there,
Deceiued of concupiscence,
Yaue for his broder the sentence:
And bad hym, that he shulde cease
This mayde, and make hym well at ease.

But

But all within his owne entent,
He will how that the cause went,
Of that his brother hath the wife,
He was hym selfe for to wite.
But thus this maiden had wronge,
Whiche was vpon the kynge alonge,
But ageyne hym was none apele,
And that the father will wele.
Wherof vpon the tyrannie,
That for the lucke of lecherie
His doughter shuld be disceiued,
And that Ilicius was weiued
Untruly from the mariage:
Right as a lyon in his rage,
Whiche of no drede set account,
And not what ptee shulde amount,
A naked swerde he pulled out,
The whiche amonges all the rout
He threst through his doughters side,
And all aloude thus he cride:
To take hir there thou wrongfull kynge.
For me is leuer vpon this thynge
To be the father of a maide,
Though she be dead, than if men saide,
That in hir life she were shamed,
And I therof were euill named.
Tho bad the kynge men shulde aresse
His body, but of thilke hesse
Like to the chased wilde boze
The houndes whan he feleth soze
To throwe, and goth forth his wey:
In suche a wise for to sey
This worthy knight with swerde in honde,
His wey made, and thei hym wonde,
That none of hem his strokes kepte,
And thus vpon his hors he lepte,
And with his swerde droppyng all bloode,
Whiche within his doughter stoode,
He cam there as the power was
Of Rome, and tolde hem all the cas:
And sayd hem: that thei might lere
Upon the wronge of this matere,
That better it were to redresse
At home the great vnrightwisnesse,
Than for to warre in strange place,
And lese at home her owne grace.
For thus stant euery mans life
In ieopardie for his wife,
And for his doughter, if thei bee
Passyng an other of beautee.
Of this meruaile, whiche thei se
So apparant afore her eie
Of that the kynge hath hym misbore,
Her othes thei haue all swore,
That thei will stonde by the right.
And thus of one accorde vpright
To Rome at ones home ageyne
Thei torne, and shortly for to seyne,
This tyrannie cam to mouth,
And euery man saith, what he couth,
So that the preuie trecherie,
Whiche set was vpon lecherie,
Cam openly to mannes eare,
And that brought in the commun feare,
That euery man the perill dradde
Of hym, that so hem ouerlad.
For thei-or that were worse falle,
Through common counseile of hem all
Thei haue her wrongfull kyng deposed.
And hem, in whom it was supposed
The counceyle stoode of his ledynge,
By lawe vnto the dome thei bringe,
Where thei receiuen the penance,
That longeth to suche gouernance.
And thus the vnchaste was chastised,
Wherof thei might ben aduised,
That shulde afterwarde gouerne,
And by this euidence lerne,
Howe it is good a kynge eschewe
The lucke of vice, and vertue sewe.

Hic inter alia castitatis regimen concernentia loquitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuius statum sacramentum quasi continentiam equiparans etiã honeste delectationis regimine moderari decet, Et narrat in exẽplũ qualiter pro eo quod illi septẽ viri, qui Sare Raguelis filie magis propter concupiscentiam q̃ propter matrimonium voluptuose nupserunt, vnus post alium omnes prima nocte a demone Asmodeo figillatim iugulati interierunt.

To make an ende in this partie,
Whiche toucheth to the policie
Of chastitee in speciall.
As for conclusion finall,
That euery luste is to eschewe,
By great ensample I maie argewe,

How

Howe in Rages a towne of Mede
There was a maide, and as I rede
Sara she hight, and Raguelle
Hir father was: and so befelle
Of bodie bothe and of vilage
Was none so faire of the lignage,
To seche amonge hem all, as shee,
Wherof the riche of the citee
Of lustie folke, that couden loue,
Assoted were vpon hir loue,
And aren hir for to wedde.
One was, whiche at last spedde,
But that was more for likinge
To haue his lust, than for weddynge,
As he within his herte caste,
Whiche hym repenteth at laste.
For so it felle the first night,
Whan he was to the bedde dight,
As he, whiche nothinge god besecheth,
But all onely his lustes secheth.
A bedde er he was fully warme,
And wolde haue take hir in his arme,
Asmode, whiche was a fende of helle,
And serueth as the bokes telle
To tempte a man in suche a wise,
Was redy there, and thilke empryse,
Whiche he hath set vpon delite,
He vengeth than in such a plite,
That he his necke hath writh a two.
This yonge wife was sorie tho,
Whiche wist nothinge what it ment.
And netheleste yet thus it went,
Not onely for this fyrst man,
But after right as he began,
Sire other of hir husbondes
Asmode hath take in to his hondes.
So that thei all a bedde deide,
Whan thei hir hande towarde hir leyde,
Nought for the lawe of mariage,
But for that ilke firie rage,
In whiche that thei the lawe excede.
For who that wolde take hede,
What after fill in this matere,
There might he well the sooth here.
Whan she was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in companie
Hath taught hym, howe to be honest.
Asmode wan nought at thilke feste:
And yet Thobie his wille had,
For he his lust so goddely ladde,
That both lawe and kynde is serued,
Wherof he hath hym selfe preserued,
That he fill not in the sentence,
Of whiche an open euidence
Of this ensample a man maie see,
That whan likynge in the degree
Of mariage maie forsweie,
Well ought hym than in other weie
Of lust to be the better aduised.
For god the lawe hath assised
As well to reason as to kynde,
But he the beastes wolde bynde
Onely to lawes of nature,
But to the mannes creature
God gaue hym reason forth withall,
Wherof that he nature shall
Vpon the causes modifie,
That he shall do no lecherie.
And yet he shall his lustes haue,
So ben the lawes both saue,
And euery thinge put out of sclander,
As whilom to kynge Alisander
The wise philosopher taught,
Whan he his first loze caught,
Not only vpon chastitee,
But vpon all honestee.
Wherof a kynge hym selfe maie take,
How trewe, how large, how iust, how chast
Hym ought of reason for to bee,
Forth with the vertue of pitee,
Through which he mai great thonke deserue
Toward his god, that he preserue
Hym, and his people in all welthe,
Of peas, richelle, honour, and helthe
Here in this worlde, and elles eke.
My sonne as we tofore speke.
In shrifte, so as thou me seidest,
And for thin ease as thou me preidest,
Thy loue throwes for to lisse,
That I the wolde telle and wisse
The forme of Aristoteles lore:
I haue it seide, and somdele more
Of other ensamples, to assaie
If I thy peines might alaie
Through any thynge, whiche I can saie.
Do waie my father, I you praie,

Of

Of that ye haue vnto me tolde,
I thanke you a thousande folde.
The tales sounden in mine ere,
But yet my herte is elles where,
I make my selfe not restreygne,
That I name euer in loues peyne.
Suche loze coude I neuer gete,
Whiche might make me forzete
O poynte, but if so were I slepte,
That I my tides aie ne kepte
To thinke on loue, and on his lawe,
That hert can I not withdrawe.
For thy my good fader dere
Leue, and speke of my matere,
Touchend of loue as we begonne,
If that there be ought ouer ronne,
Or ought forzete, or lefte behynde,
Whiche falleth vnto loues kynde,
Wherof it nedeth to be shrine,
Nowe asketh, so that while I liue
I might amende, that is amis.
¶My good dere sonne yis,
Thy shrifte for to make playne
There is yet moze for to sayne
Of loue, whiche is vnauised.
But for thou shalt ben well aduised
Unto thy shrifte, as it belongeth,
A poynte, whiche vpon loue hongeth,
And is the laste of all tho,
A wyl the telle, and than ho.

¶Explicit liber septimus,

Quæ fauet ad vicia vet⁹ hæc modo regula cō
Nec noue ecōtra qui docet ordo placat. (fert
Cæcus amor dudum nō dū sua lumina cæpit,
Quo Venus impositum deuia fallat iter.

¶ Post quam ad instantiam amantis confessi cōfessor Genius super his que Aristoteles regem Alexandrum edocuit, vna cum aliarum cronicarū eyēplis seriose tractauit, iam vltimo in isto octauo volumine ad confessionem in amoris causa regrediens tractare proponit, super hoc quod non nulli primordia nature ad libitum voluptuose cōsequentes, nullo humano rationis arbitrio, seu ecclesie legum impositione a suis excessib⁹ debite refrenantur, vnde quatenus amorem concernit amantis conscientiam pro finali sue cōfessionis materia Genius rimari conatur.

¶INCIPIT LIBER OCTAVVS.

THe mightie god, whiche vnbegonne
Stonte of hym selfe, and hath begonne
Al other thinges at his will,
The heuen him liste to fulfill
Of all loye, where as hee
Sit entronised in his see,
And hath his angels hym to serue,
Suche as him liketh to preserue,
So that thei mowe nought forsweie,
But Lucifer he put aweie,
With al the route apostated
Of hem that ben to him alied,
Whiche out of heauen in to helle,
From angels in to fendes felle,
Where that there nis no loye of light,
But moze derke than any night,
The peyne shall ben endeleste,
And yet of fires netheles
There is plentee, but thei ben blake,
Wherof no sight maie be take.
Thus whan the thinges ben befall,
That Lucifers courte was fall,
Where deadly pride hem hath conueied,
Anone forthwith it was pursued
Through hym whiche all thinges maie.
He made Adam the firste daie
In paradise and to his make
Him liketh Eue also to make,
And bad hem crece and multiplie,
For of the mans progenie,
Whiche of the woman shall be boze,
The nombze of angels, whiche was loze,
Whan thei oute of the blisse felle,
He thought to reskoze and fille
In heuen thilke holy place,
Whiche stoode tho voyde vpon his grace,
But as it is well wist and knowe,
Adam and Eue but a throwe,
So as it shuld of hem betide,
In Paradise at thilke tide
Ne dwelten, and the cause whie
Writte in the boke of Genesie,

As

As who saith, all men haue herde,
Howe Rhaphael the fyrie swerde
In honde toke and droue hem out,
To gete her liues foode aboute
Upon this wofull erthe here.
Metodre saith to this matere,
As he by reuelacion
It had vpon a vision,
Howe that Adam and Eue also
Virgines comen bothe two
In to the worlde and were ashamed,
Till that nature hath hem reclaimed
To loue, and taught hem thilke lore,
That firste thei kisse, and ouer more
Thei done, that is to kynde due,
Wherof thei hadden faire issue.
A sonne was the firste of all,
And Caim by name thei hym call.
Abel was after the seconde,
And in the gesse as it is founde,
Nature so the cause ladde,
Two doughters eke dame Eue hadde,
The firste cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.
Thus was mankynde to begynne:
For thy that tyme it was no synne
The suster to take the brother,
Whan that there was of choise none other.
To Caim was Calmana betake,
And Delbora hath Abel take,
In whom was gete natheles
Of worldes folke the first encres.
Men sein that nede hath no lawe.
And so it was by thilke dawe,
And laste vnto the seconde age,
Till that the great water rage
Of Noe, whiche was saide the flood,
The worlde, whiche than in synne stood,
Hath dreinte, out take liues eight.
Tho was mankynde of litell weight.
Sem, Cam, Iaphet, of these thre,
That ben the sonnes of Noe,
The worlde of mans nacion
In to multiplicacion
Was restored newe ageyne,
So forforth as these bokes seyne,
That of hem thre, and her issue
There was so large a retinue
Of nacions seuentie and two,
In sondrie place eche one of tho
The wide worlde haue enhabited.
But as nature hem hath excited
Thei toke than litell hede
The brother of the susterhede,
To wedde wiues, till it came
In to the tyme of Abraham,
Whan the thirde age was bygonne,
The nede tho was ouergonne.
For there was people enough in londe.
Than at firste it came to honde,
That susterhode of mariage
Was torned in to cosinage:
So that after the right line
The cosyn weddeth the cosine.
For Abraham er that he deied
This charge vpon his seruant leied,
To him and in this wyse spake,
That he his sonne Isaac
Do wedde for no worldes good,
But onely to his owne blood.
Wherof the seruant as he hadde,
Whan he was deade, his sonne hath ladde
To Bethuel, where he Rebecke
Hath wedded with the white necke.
For she, he wist well and sighe,
Was to the childe cosine nighe.
And thus as Abraham hath taught,
Whan Isaac was god betaught,
His sonne Iacob did also,
And of Laban the doughters two,
Whiche was his eme, he toke to wife,
And gate vpon hem in his life,
Of hir fyrst whiche highte Lie,
Syx sonnes of his progenie:
And of Rachel two sonnes eke,
The remenant was for to seke,
That is to sein of foure mo,
Wherof he gate on Bila two,
And of Zilpha he had eke twey.
And these twelue, as I the sey
Through prouidence of god hym selfe,
Ben saide the Patriarkes twelfe.
Of whom as afterwarde befel
The tribus twelfe of Israel
Engendred were, and ben the same,
That of hebrewes tho hadden name,

Whiche

Whiche of Libred in aliance
For euer kepten thilke vsance
Most comonly till Christe was borne,
But afterwarde it was forlorne
Amonge vs that ben baptised.
For of the lawe canonised
The pope hath bode to the men,
That none shall wedden of his kyn,
Ne the seconde, ne the third.
But though that holy churche bid
So to restreyne mariage,
There ben yet vpon lones rage
Full many of suche nowe a daie,
That taken where thei take maie.
For loue, whiche is vnbesein
Of all reason, as men sein,
Through sotie, and through nicetee
Of his voluptuositee,
Ne spareth no condicion
Of kynne, ne yet religion,
But as a corke amonge the hennes,
Or as a falon in the kennes,
Whiche goth amonge all the foode:
Right so can he no more good,
But taketh what thyng comth next to hōde.
My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
That suche delite is for to blame.
For thy if thou hast ben the same
To loue in any suche manere.
Tell forth therof, and shrive the here:
¶My fader nale, god wote the soothe,
My feyre is not in suche a boothe,
So wilde a man yet was I neuer,
That of my kynne or leue or leuer
Me lust loue in suche a wise.
And eke I not for what empryse
I shulde assote vpon a nonne,
For though I had hir loue wonne,
It might into no price amounte,
So therof set I none acounte.
Ye maie well aske of this and that,
But sothely for to tell plat,
In all this worlde there is but one,
The whiche my herte hath ouergone.
I am toward all other free.
¶Full well my sonne nowe I see,
Thy worde stonte euer vpon o place,
But yet therof thou hast a grace,
That thou the might so well excuse
Of loue, suche as some men vse,
So as I spake of nowe tofore.
For all suche tyme of loue is lore,
And like vnto the bitter swete.
For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,
Ye shall well felen at laste,
That it is sower, and maie not laste.
For as a morcell enuenomed:
So hath suche loue his lust mistimed
And great enlamples many one
A man maie fynde therupon.

¶Hic loquitur contra illos, quos Venus sui desiderii feruore inflammans, ita incestuosos effecit, vt neq; propriis sororibus parcunt. Et narrat exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Gaius Caligula tres sorores suas Virgines coitu illicito oppressit, deus tanti sceleris peccatū non ferens, ipsum non solum ab imperio, sed a vita iusticia vindice priuauit. Narrat etiam aliud exemplum super eodē, qualiter Amon filius Dauid fatui amoris concupiscencia preuentus, sororem suam Thamar a sue Virginitatis pudicicia minimē defloranit, propter quod et ipse a fratre suo Absolon postea interfectus, peccatū sue mortis precio iniuit⁹ redemit.

¶At Rome fyrste it we begyn.
There shall I fynde howe of this syn
An emperour was for to blame,
Gaius Caligula by name,
Whiche of his owne susters three
Berefte the virginitee.
And whan he had hem so forleyn,
As he, whiche was all vileyn,
Ye did hem oute of londe exile.
But afterwarde within a while
God hath berefte him in his ire
His life, and eke his large empire.
And thus for likinge of a throwe,
For euer his lust was ouerthrowe.
¶Of this soty also I fynde,
Amon his suster ageyn kynde,
Whiche highte Thamar, he forlaye,
But he that lust another daie
Abought, whan that Absolon
His owne broder there vpon,
Of that he had his suster shente,
Toke of that synne vengemente,
And slough him with his owne honde.
And thus vnkynde, vnkynde fonde.

Hic

¶ Hic narrat qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsis consencientibus carnali copula cognouit, duosq; ex eis filios scilicz Moab & Amō progenuit: quorum postea generatio prava et exasperans contra populū dei in terra saltim promissionis vario grauamine q̄ sepius insultabat.

¶And for to se more of this thinge,
The bible maketh a knowlegeinge,
Wherof thou might take euidence
Upon the sothe experience,
Whan Lothes wife was ouergone,
And shape vnto the salte stone,
As it is spoke vnto this date,
By both his doughters than he late.
With childe he made hem both great,
Till that nature hem wolde lette,
And so the cause about ladde,
That eche of hem a sonne had.
Moab the fyrst, and the seconde
Amon, of whiche, as it is founde,
Cam afterwarde to great encres
Two nacions: and netheles
For that the stockes were not good,
The braunches mighten not ben good.
For of the false Moabites,
Forth with the strength of Amonites
Of that thei were first miset.
The people of god was ofte vpset
In Israell and in Judee.
As in the bible a man mate see.
¶So thus my sonne as I the sate
Thou might thy selfe be belate
Of that thou hast of other herde.
For euer yet it hath so ferde
Of loues lust, if so befall,
That it in other place falle,
Than it is of the lawe sette.
He whiche his loue hathe so besette,
Mote afterwarde repent hym sore.
And euery man is others lore,
Of that befill in tyme er this,
The present tyme, whiche nowe is,
Mate ben enformed, how it stoode,
And take that hym thynketh good,
And leue that, whiche is nought so:
But for to loke of tyme ago,
Howe lust of loue exceedeth lawe,
It ought for to be withdrawe.
For euery man it shulde drede,
And namelithe in his sibrede,
Whiche tourneth oft to vengeance,
Wherof a tale in remembrance,
Whiche is a longe proces to here,
I thinke for to tellen here.

Omnib⁹ est cōmunis amor, sed imoderatos
Que facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamē vnde Venus attractat corda videre
Quæ rationis erunt, non ratione finit.

¶Hic loquitur adhuc contra incestuosos amantū coitus, Et narrat mirabile exemplum de magno rege Antiocho, qui vxore mortua propriam filiā violauit, et quia filie matrimonium penes alios impedire voluit, tale ab eo exiit edictum, quod si quis eam in vxorem peterit, nisi quoddam problema questionis, quam ipse rex proposuerat, veraciter solueret, capitali sentencia puniretur, super quo veniens tandem discretus iuuenis princeps Tyri Appolinus questionē solvit, Nec tamē filiam habere potuit, sed rex indignatus ipsum propter hoc in mortis odium recollegit, Unde Appolinus a facie regis fugiens, quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter amorem periculā passus est.

¶Of a cronike in dates gone,
The which is cleped Panteone,
In loues cause I rede thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioche toke
His firste name, as saith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had a doughter hem betwene.
But such fortune cam to honde,
That deth, which no kyng mate withstond,
But euery life it mote obey,
This worthy quene toke awey.
The kynge, whiche made mochel mone,
Tho stoode, as who saith, all hym one
Without wyfe: but netheles
His doughter, whiche was pereles
Of bewtee, dwelt about hym stille.
But whan a man hath welth at wille
The flesh is freel, and falleth ofte,
And that this maide tender and softe,
Whiche in hir fathers chamber dwelte,
Within a tyme wist and felte:
For likynge of concupitence,

Without inſight of conſcience,
The fader ſo with luſtes blente,
That he call all his hole entente
His owne doughter for to ſpille.
The kynge hath leiſer at his wille,
With ſtrengthe and whan he tyme ſeye
The yonge maiden he forleie.
And ſhe was tender, and full of drede,
She couth not hir maydenhede
Defende: and thus ſhe hath forlore
The floure, whiche ſhe hath longe bore.
It helpeth not all though ſhe wepe,
For thei that ſhulde hir bodie kepe
Of women, were abſent as than.
And thus this mayden goeth to man.
The wilde fader thus devoureth
His owne fleſh, whiche none ſocoureth,
And that was cauſe of mochel care.
But after this vnkinde fare
Out of the chamber goeth the kinge.
And ſhe laie ſtill, and of this thinge
Within hir ſelfe ſuche ſorowe made,
There was no wight, that might hir glade
For fere of thilke horrible vice.
With that came in the norice,
Whiche fro childhode hir had kepte,
And aſketh, if ſhe had ſlepte,
And why hir chere was vnglad.
But ſhe, whiche hath ben overlad,
Of that ſhe might not be wreke,
For ſhame couth vnnethes ſpeke.
And nethelefe mercy ſhe praied
With weppynge eie, and thus ſhe ſaied.
Alas my ſuſter wele awaie
That ever I ſigh this ilke daie.
Thynge whiche my bodie firſte begate
In to this worlde, onelich that
My worldes worſhip hath bereſte.
With that ſhe ſwouneth nowe and efte,
And euer wiſheth after deth,
So that welnie hir lacketh breth.
That other, whiche hir wordes herde,
In comfortynge of hir anſwerde,
To lete hir faders foule deſyre
She wiſt no recouerire,
Whan thinge is do, there is no bote,
So ſuffren thei that ſuffren mote:
There was none other, whiche it wiſt.
Thus hath this kynge all that hym liſte
Of his likinge and his pleſance,
And laſt in ſuche a continuance,
And ſuche delite he toke therin,
Him thought that it was no ſin.
And ſhe durſt him no thinge withſeye.
But fame, whiche goeth euery weye
To londry reignes all aboute,
The great beautee telleth oute
Of ſuche a mayde of hie parage.
So that for loue of mariage
The worthie princes come and ſende,
As they, whiche all honour wende,
And knewe no thinge, howe that it ſtoode.
The fader whan he underſtood,
That thei his doughter thus beſought,
With all his wit he caſt and ſought,
Howe that he mighte fynde a lette,
And ſuche a ſtatute then he ſette,
And in this wiſe his lawe tareth,
That what man his doughter areth,
But if he couth his queſtion
Aſſoyle vpon ſuggeſtion
Of certeyn thinges, that befell,
The whiche he wolde vnto him tell,
He ſhulde in certeyn leſe his hede.
And thus there were many dede,
Her heades ſtondinge on the gate,
Till at laſt longe and late,
For lacke of anſwere in this wiſe
The remenante, that weren wyſe,
Eſchewden to make aſſaie.

¶ De aduentu Appolini in Antiochiam, Vbi ipſe filiam regis Antiochi in vxorem poſtulauit.

¶ Til it befil vpon a daie
Appolinus the prince of Tyre,
Whiche hath to loue a great deſire.
As he whiche in his high moode,
Was likinge of his hote bloode
A ponge, a freſhe, a luſtie knyght,
As he laie muſynge on a nyght
Of the tidinges, whiche he herde,
He thought aſſaie howe that it ferde.
He was with worthie companie
Araied, and with good naute
To ſhip he goeth, the winde him driueth,
And ſaileth, till that he ariueth

Sauſe

Sauke in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth, and goeth to approche
The kynges courte, and his presence.
Of euery naturall science,
Whiche any clerke him couth teche,
Him couthe enough: and in his speche
Of wordes he was eloquente.
And whan he sigh the kynge present,
He praieth, he mote his doughter haue.
The kinge againe began to craue,
And tolde hym the condition,
Howe fyrst vnto his question
He mote answere, and faile nought,
Or with his heed it shall be bought.
And he him asketh, what it was.

¶ Questio regis Antiochi: scelere Vehor, materna carne Vescor, quero patrem meum matris mee virum, vxoris mee filium,

¶ The kinge declareth him the caas
With sterne worde and stordie chere,
To him and saide in this manere.
With felonie I am vp boze,
I ete, and haue it not forloze
My moders flesshe whose husbonde
My fader for to seche I fonde,
Whiche is the sonne eke of my wife
Herof I am inquisitife.
And who that can my tale saue,
All quite he shall my doughter haue.
Of his answere and if he faile,
He shall be dead withouten faile.
For thy my sonne, quod the kinge,
Be well aduised of this thynge,
Whiche hath thy life in ieopardie.
Appollinus for his partie,
Whan he that question had herde,
Vnto the kinge he hath answerde.
And hath reherced one and one
The poyntes, and saide therupon.
The question, whiche thou hast spoke,
If thou wilte, that it be vnloke,
It toucheth all the priuitee
Betwene thyn owne childe and thee,
And stonte all holle vpon you two.
The kinge was wonder sorie tho,
And thought, if that he said it oute,
Then were he shamed all aboute.
With slie wordes and with felle,
He sayth: My sonne I shall the telle,
Though that thou be of litell witte,
It is no great meruaile as yit,
Thin age maie it not suffise.
But loke well thou nought despise
Thyn owne life: for of my grace
Of thirtie daies full a space
I graunte the to ben aduised.
And thus with leue and tyme assised
This yonge prince forth he wente,
And vnderstode well what it mente.
Within his herte as he was lered,
That for to make hym afered,
The kinge his time hath so delaied,
Wherof he drad and was amaied
Of treson, that he dede shulde.
For he the kynge his couthe tolde.
And sodeinly the nightes tide,
That more wolde he nought abide,
All priuely his barge he hente,
And home ageyne to Tyre he wente.
And in his owne witte he saied,
For drede if he the kynge bewrayed,
He knewe so well the kinges herte,
That deth ne shulde he nought asterte,
The kynge him wolde so pursewe.
But he that wolde his deth eschewe,
And knewe all this tofore the honde,
Forsake he thought his owne londe,
That there wolde he not abide.
For well he knewe that on some side
This tyranne of his felonie,
By some manere of trecherie,
To greue his bodie will not leue.

¶ De fuga Appollini per mare a regno suo.

¶ For thy withouten taking leue
As priuilich as thei might,
He goeth him to the sea by night,
Her shippes that ben with whete laden,
Her takill redie tho thei maden,
And haleth sayle, and forth thei fare.
But for to tellen of the care,
That thei of Tyre began tho,
Whan that thei wist he was ago,
It is a pitee for to here.
Thei lokken lust, thei lokken chere,

Thei toke vpon hem ſuche penance,
There was no ſonge, there was no daunce,
But euery myrthe and melodie
To hem was then a maladie.
For vnluſt of that auenture
There was no man whiche toke tonſure.
In deadly clothes thei hem clothe,
The bathes and the ſtewes bothe
Thei ſhit in by euery wey:
There was no life whiche luſt pley,
Ne take of any ioye kepe.
But for hir liege lorde to wepe,
And euery wight ſaith as he couth,
Alas the luſtie floure of youth,
Our prince, our head, our gouernour,
Through whom we ſtonden in honour,
Without the commune aſſent,
That ſodeinly is fro vs went.
Suche was the clamour of hem all.

¶ Quakiter Thaliartus miles, vt Appolinum veneno intoxicaret, ab antiocho in Tyrum miſſ⁹, ipſo ibidem non inuento Antiochiam rediit.

¶ But ſee we nowe what is befalle
Upon the fyrſt tale playne,
And tourne we therto agayne.
¶ Antiochus the great ſyre,
Whiche full of rancour and of yre
His herte bereth ſo as ye herde,
Of that this prynce of Tyre anſwerde.
He had a felowe bacheler,
whiche was his preuie counceyler,
And Thaliart by name he hight,
The kynge a ſtronge poyſon hym dight
Within a bore, and golde therto,
In all haſte and bad hym go
Streight vnto Tyre, and for no coſte
Ne ſpare, till he had loſt
The prynce, whiche he wolde ſpille.
And whan the kynge hath ſaid his will,
This Taliart in a galeye
With all the haſte he toke his wey.
The wynde is good, thei ſeilen blithe,
Till he toke londe vpon the riue
Of Tyre, and forth with all anone
Into the borough he gan to gone,
And toke his inne, and bode a throwe.
But for he wold nought be knowe,
Diſguiſed than he goth hym out.
He ſigh the weppynge all about,
And areth, what the cauſe was.
And thei hym tolde all the cas,
Howe ſodeynly the prynce is go.
And whan he ſigh, that it was ſo,
And that his labour was in vayne,
Anone he tourneth home agayne.
And to the kynge whan he cam nigh,
He tolde of that he herde and ſigh,
Howe that the prynce of Tyre is fled.
So was he come ageyne vnſped.
The kynge was ſorie for a while.
But whan he ſighe, that with no wile
He might acheue his crueltee,
He ſtynt his wrath, and let hym bee.

¶ Quakiter Appolinus in portu Tharſis appli cuit, Vbi in hoſpicio cuiuſdam magni Viri nomine Stranguilionis hoſpitatus eſt.

¶ But ouer this nowe for to telle
Of aduentures that befelle
Unto this prince, of whiche I tolde.
He hath his right cours forth holde
By ſtone and nedell, till he cam
To Tharſe, and ther his londe he nam.
A bourgeis riche of golde and fee
Was thilke tyme in that citee,
whiche cleped was Stranguilio,
His wyfe was Dionyſe alſo.
This yonge prince, as ſaith the boke,
With him his herbergage toke.
And it befill that citee ſo
Before tyme, and than alſo,
Through ſtronge famyn, which hem lad,
Was none, that any wheate had.
Appolinus, whan that he herde
The miſcheſe howe the citee ferde,
All freliche of his owne gifte
His wheate amonge hem for to ſhifte,
The whiche by ſhip he had brought,
He yaue, and toke of hem right nought.
But ſithen fyrſt this worlde began,
Was neuer yet to ſuche a man
More ioye made, than thei hym made.
For thei were all of hym ſo glade,
That thei for euer in remembrance
Made a figure in reſemblance

Of

Of hym, and in a commen place
Thei set it vp: so that his face
Might euery maner man beholde,
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton ouergylte.
Thus hath he nought his yefte spilte.

☞ Qualiter Hellicanus ciuis Tyri Tharsim veniens Appolinum de insidiis Antiochi prænunciauit.

¶Upon a tyme with a route,
This lorde to ply goeth hym oute:
And in his waie of Tyre he mette
A man, whiche on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Whiche praide his lorde to haue inlight
Upon hym selfe: and saide hym thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth, if that he might hym spille,
That other thought, and helde hym stille,
And thanked hym of his warnynge,
And bad hym telle no tidynge,
Whan he to Tyre cam home ageyne,
That he in Tharse hym had seyne.

¶Qualiter Appolinus postum Tharsis relinquens cum ipse per mare nauigio securiorem quesiuit, superueniente tempestate nauis cum omnibus preter ipsum solum in eadem contentis iuxta Pentapolim periclitabatur.

¶Fortune hath euer be mutable,
And maie no while stonde stable.
For nowe it hieth, nowe it loweth,
Nowe stant vpright, nowe ouerthroweth,
Nowe full of blisse, and noweof bale,
As in the tellynge of my tale
Here afterwarde a man maie lere,
Whiche is great routh for to here.
¶This lorde, whiche wold done his beſt,
Within hym selfe hath litell rest,
And thought he wolde his place chaunge,
And seke a countrei moze straunge.
Of Tharsiens his leue anone
He toke, and is to shippe ygone.
His cours he name with saile vp drawe,
Where as fortune doth the lawe
And sheweth, as I shall reherse,
Howe she was to this lorde diuerse,
The whiche vpon the sea she serketh,
The wynde arose, the wether derketh,
It blewe, and made suche tempeste,
None anker maie the ship areste,
Whiche hath to broken all his gere.
The shipmen stoode in suche a fere,
Was none that might him selfe beskere,
But euer awaite vpon the lere,
Whan that thei shulden drenche at ones,
There was enough within the wones,
Of weppynge, and of sorowe tho.
The yonge kynge maketh mochel wo,
So for to see the ship trauaile.
But all that might him nought auaile.
The mast to brake, the sayle to roofe,
The ship vpon the wawes droofe,
Till that thei see the londes colke.
Tho made a bowe the leske and mokke,
Be so thei mighten come a londe.
But he whiche hath the sea on honde,
Neptunus wolde nought accorde,
But all to brake cable and corde
Er thei to londe might approche.
The ship to clawe vpon a roche,
And all geth downe in to the depe.
But he that all thinge maie kepe,
Unto this lorde was merciable,
And brought him saue vpon a table,
Whiche to the lande him hath vpbore,
The remenant was all forlore.
Therof he made mochel mone.

¶Qualiter Appolinus nudus super litus iactabatur, vbi quidam piscator ipsum suo collobio vestiens, ad Urbem Pentapolim direxit.

¶Thus was this yonge lorde alone
All naked in a poure plite.
His colour, which was whilom white
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was so sore a cale,
That he wist of him selfe no bote,
It helpe him no thynge for to mote,
To gete ageyn that he hath lore,
But she which hath his deth forlore
Fortune, though she will not yelpe,
All sodeynly hath sente him helpe,
Whan him thought all grace awete.
There came a fisher in the weye,
And sigh a man there naked stonde.
And whan that he hath vnderstonde

The cause, he hath of hym great routh,
And onely of his poure trouth,
Of suche clothes as he hadde,
With great pitee this lorde he cladde.
And he hym thonketh as he sholde,
And saith hym, that it shall be yolde,
If euer he gete his state ageyne,
And prayth, that he wolde hym seyne,
If nigh were any towne for hym.
He sayde ye, Pentapolim,
Where both kynge and quene dwellen,
Whan he this tale herde tellen,
He gladdeth hym, and gan beseche,
That he the wey hym wolde teche.
And he hym taught: and forth he went,
And prayd god with good entent,
To sende hym ioye after his sorowe,
It was nought passed yet midmorowe.

¶Qualiter Appolino Pentapolim adeuniente, ludus gimnasii per vrbem publice proclamatus est.

¶Than afterwarde his wey he nam,
Where soone vpon the noone he cam.
He ete suche as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to see the towne aboute,
And cam there as he fonde a route
Of yonge lusty men withall.
And as it shulde tho befalle,
That daie was set of suche assle
That thei shulde in the londe gyse,
As was herde of the people seie,
Her commune game than pleye.
And cried was, that thei shulde come
Vnto the game all and some
Of hem that ben deliuer and wight,
To do suche maistrie as thei might.
Thei made hem naked as thei sholde.
For so that like game wolde,
And it was the custome, and vse,
Amonge hem was no refuse.
The floure of all the towne was there,
And of the courte also there were,
And that was in a large place,
Right euen before the kynges face,
Whiche Artheseates than hight.
The pley was pleyed right in his sight.
And who moste worthie was of dede,
Receine he shulde a certaine mede,
And in the citee beare a prise.
Appolinus, whiche ware and wise
Of euery game routh an ende,
He thought assaie, howe so it wende:

¶Qualiter Appolinus ludum gimnasii vincens, in aula regis ad cenam honorefice ceptus est.

¶And till amonge hem into game,
And there he wanne hym suche a name,
So as the kynge hym selfe accounteth,
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the prise aboue hem all.
The kynge bad, that in to his halle
At souper tyme he shulde be brought.
And he cam than, and lefte it nought,
Without companie alone.
Was none so semely of persone,
Of visage, and of limmes bothe,
If that he had what to clothe.
At souper tyme netheles
The kynge amiddes all the pres
Let clepe hym vp amonge hem all,
And bad his marshall of his hall,
To setten hym in suche degree
That he vpon hym might see.
The kynge was soone sette and serued,
And he whiche had his prise deserued
After the kynges owne worde,
Was made begyn a middel borde,
That both kynge and quene hym sie.
He sette, and cast about his eie,
And sawe the lordes in estate,
And with hym selfe were in debate,
Thynkende what he had lore,
And suche a sorowe he toke therfore,
That he sat euer stille, and thought,
As he whiche of no meate rought.

¶Qualiter Appolinus in cena recumbens, nihil comedit, sed dolorose vultu, submisso capite, magis me ingemescebat, qui tandem a filia regis confortatus Citheram plectens cunctis audientibus, citherando letra modum complacuit.

¶The kynge behelde his heuinesse,
And of his great gentilnesse
His doughter, which was fayre and good,

And

And at the boꝛde beſoꝛe him ſtoode,
As it was thilke tyme vſage,
He bad to go on his meſſage,
And ſonde ſoꝛ to make him glade.
And ſhe did as hir fader bade.
And goth to him the ſofte paas,
And aſketh whens, and what he was,
And pꝛaithe he ſhulde his thought leue.
He ſaith, madame by your leue,
My name is hote Appolinus,
And of my riches it is thus,
Upon the ſea I haue it loꝛe,
The contrei, where as I was boꝛe,
Where that my londe is, and my rente
I lefte at Tyꝛe, whan that I wente,
The worſhip there, of whiche I ought,
Unto the god I there betought.
And thus togider as thei two ſpeke,
The tearis ranne downe by his cheke.
The king, whiche therof toke good kepe,
Had great pitee to ſee him wepe.
And ſoꝛ his doughter ſende ageyn,
And pꝛaid hir kayꝛe, and gan to sayn,
That ſhe no lenger wolde dꝛetche,
But that ſhe wolde anone foꝛth fetche
Hir harpe, and done al that ſhe can
To glad with that ſoꝛy man.
And ſhe to doone hir faders heſt,
Hir harpe fet, and in the feſte
Upon a chaire, whiche thei ſette,
Hir ſelfe next to this man ſhe ſette.
With harpe both and eke with mouth
To him ſhe did, all that ſhe couth,
To make him chere, and euer he ſigheth,
And ſhe him aſketh, howe him liketh.
Madame certes wel, he ſaied.
But if ye the meaſure plaied,
Whiche, if you liſt, I ſhall you lere,
It were a gladde thinge foꝛ to here.
A leue ſyꝛ, tho quod ſhe,
Nowe take the harpe, and lete me ſee,
Of what meaſure that ye mene.
Tho pꝛaith the kinge, tho pꝛaith the quene,
Foꝛth with the loꝛdes all arewe,
That he ſomme myrthe wolde ſhewe.
He taketh the harpe, and in his wiſe
He tempꝛeth, and of ſuche aſſiſe
Synginge he harpeth foꝛth with all,
That as a voyce celeſtiall
Hem thought it ſowned in her ere,
As though that it an angell were,
They gladen of his melodie
But moſte of all the companie,
The kynges doughter, whiche it herde,
And thought eke of that he anſwerde.
Whan that it was of hir appoſed,
Within hir herte hath well ſuppoſed,
That he is of great gentilneſſe.
His dedes ben therof witneſſe,
Foꝛthwith the wiſdome of his loꝛe,
It nedeth not to ſeche moꝛe.
He might not haue ſuche manere,
Of gentill blood but if he were,
Whan he hath harped all his fille,
The kinges heſt to fulfille,
A weie goth diſhe, a waie goth cup,
Doun goth the boꝛde, the cloth was vp,
Thei riſen, and gone oute of the halle.

¶ Qualiter Appolinus cum rege pro filia ſua erudienda retentus eſt.

¶ The kynge his chamberleyn let calle,
And bad, that he by all weye
A chamber foꝛ this man puruete,
Whiche nighe his owne chambꝛe bee.
It ſhall be do me loꝛde quod hee.
Appolinus, of whom I mene,
Tho toke his leue of kynge and quene,
And of the woꝛthie maide alſo,
Whiche pꝛaied vnto hir fader tho,
That ſhe might of the ponge man
Of tho ſciences, whiche he can,
His loꝛe haue. And in this wiſe
The kynge hir graunteth hir appꝛiſe
So that hym ſelfe therto aſſent.
Thus was accoꝛded er thei wente,
That he with all that euer he mate
This ponge kayꝛe frelhe maie
Of that he couth ſhulde enfoꝛme.
And full aſſented in this foꝛme,
Thei token leue as foꝛ that night,

¶ Qualiter filia regis Appolinum oznato apꝫ paratu veſtiri fecit, Et ipſe ad puelle doctrinum in q̄ pluribus familiariter intendebat, vnde plaꝛ cata puella in amoꝛem Appollini eyardeſcens, infirmabatur.

And

¶And whan it was on morowe right
Unto this yonge man of Tyre,
Of clothes, and of good attyre,
With golde and siluer to dispende
This worthie yonge ladie sende.
And thus she made hym well at ease,
And he with all that he can please
Hir serueth well and faire ageine.
He taught hir, till she was certeyne
Of harpe, citole, and of riote,
With many a tewne, and many a note,
Upon musike, vpon measure.
And of hir harpe the temprure
He taught hir eke, as he well couth.
But as men seyne, that frele is youth,
With leiser and continuance
This mayde fill vpon a chance,
That loue hath made hym a quarele
Ageyne hir youth freshe and frele.
That maugre where she wolde or nought,
She mote with all hir hertes thought,
To loue and to his lawe obey.
And that she shall full sore obeie.
For she wote neuer what it is,
But euer amonge she feleth this
Touchinge vpon this man of Tyre,
Hir herte is hote as any fyre.
And otherwhile it is a cale.
Nowe is she redde, nowe is she pale,
Right after the condicion
Of hir imaginacion.
But euer amonge hir thoughtes all
She thought, whan so male befall,
Or that she laugh or that she wepe,
She wolde hir good name kepe
For fere of womannyshe shame.
But what in ernest what in game
She stant for loue in suche a plite,
That she hath lost all appetite
Of mete and drynke, of nightes rest,
As she that note what is the best.
But for to thynke all hir fille
She helde hir ofte tymes stille
Within hir chamber, and goth not out.
The kynge was of hir lyfe in doute,
Whiche wist nothynge what it ment.

¶Qualiter tres filii principū filiā regis sigillatim in vxorem suis supplicationibus postularent.

¶But till a tyme, as he out wente
To walke, of princes sonnes three
There came, and fill to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondrie wyse
Besought, and profereth his seruice,
So that he might his doughter haue.
The kynge, which wold hir honour saue,
Saieth, she is sicke, and of that spethe
Tho was no time to beseche,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad, and write his owne wille,
His name, his fader, and his good.
And whan she wist howe that it stood,
And had her billes ouerseyne,
Thei shulden haue answere ageyne.
Of this counseyle thei weren glad,
And written, as the kynge hem bad,
And euery man his owne boke
Into the kynges honde betoke.
And he it to his doughter sende,
And praide hir for to make an ende
And write ageyne hir owne honde,
Right as she in hir hert fonde.

¶Qualiter filia regis omnibus aliis relictis Appolinum in maritum preelegit.

¶The billes weren well receiued,
But she hath all her loues weiued:
And thought tho was tyme and spare
To put hir in hir faders grace,
And wrote ageyne, and thus she sayde.
The shame, which is in a mayde,
With spethe dare not be vnloke,
But in writynge it male be spoke.
So write I to you fader thus,
But if I haue Appolinus
Of all this worlde what so betide,
I wil none other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile,
I wot right welle withoute faile,
Ye shall for me be doughterles.
This letter came, and there was prese
Tofore the kinge, there as he stode,
And whan that he it vnderstode,
He yaue hem answere by and by.
But that was doone so priuely,
That none of others counceile wiste.
Thei toke her leue, and where hem list

They

Thei wente forth vpon their wey.

¶ Qualiter rex et regina in matrimonium filie sue cum Appolino consencierunt.

¶ The kynge ne wold nought bewrey
The counceil for no maner hie,
But suffreth till he time sie
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath vnto counceill nome
This man of Tyre, and lete hym see
The letter, and all the priuitee,
The whiche his doughter to him sente.
And he his knee to grounde bente,
And thongeth him and hir also.
And er thei wente then a two,
With good herte, and with good corage,
Of full loue and full mariage
The kinge and he be hole accorded.
And after, whan it was recorded
Vnto the doughter, howe it stoode,
The yefte of all this worldes good
Me thuld haue made hir halfe so blithe,
And forth with all the kinge als swith,
For he woll haue hir good assent,
Hath for the quene hir moder sente.
The quene is come: and whan she herde
Of this mater, howe that it ferde,
She sigh debate, she sighe disease,
But if she wolde hir doughter please.
And is therto assented full,
Whiche is a dede wonderfull.
For no man knewe the soth cas,
But he hym selfe, what man he was,
And netheless so as hem thought,
His dedes to the soth wrought,
That he was come of gentill blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldes good.
And as therof is no dispeire,
For she shall be hir faders heyre,
And he was able to gouerne.
Thus wyll thei not the loue werne
Of him and hir in no wise,
But all accorded thei deuise
The daie and time of mariage,
Where loue is lorde of the corage
Him thinketh longe, er that he spede,
But at laste vnto the dede.

¶ Qualiter Appolinus filie regis nupsit, et prima nocte cum ea concubiens ipsam impregnauit.

¶ The time is come, and in her wise,
With great offrynge and sacrifice
Thei wedde, and make a great feste,
And euery thynge was right honeste
Within hous, and eke without
It was so doone, that all aboute,
Of great worshyp, and great nobleste,
There cried many a man largeste
Vnto the lordes high and loude.
The knightes, that be yonge and proude,
Thei Iuste firste, and after daunce:
The daie is go, the nightes chaunce
Hath derked all the bright sonne,
This lorde, whiche hath his loue wonne,
Is go to bed with his wife,
Where as thei lede a luste life,
And that was after somdele sene,
For as thei pleiden hem betwene,
Thei gete a childe betwene hem two,
To whom full after mochell wo.

¶ Qualiter ambassiatores a Tyro in quadam nau Pentapolim venientes, mortem regis Antiochi Appolino nunciauerunt.

¶ Now haue I tolde of the spousailes,
But for to speake of the meruailes,
Whiche afterwarde to hem befelle;
It is a wonder for to telle.
¶ It fell a daie thei riden oute,
The kinge, and quene, and all the route,
To pleien hem vpon the stronde,
Where as thei seen towarde the londe
A ship sailyng of great arraie.
To knowe what it mene maie
Till it be come thei abide,
Than see thei stonde on euery side
Endlonge the shippes borde to shewe,
Of penounceals a ryche rewe.
Thei asken, whens the ship is come,
Fro Tyre anone answerde some.
And ouer this thei saiden more
The cause why thei comen fore
Was for to seche, and for to synde
Appollinus, whiche is of kynde
Her liege lorde: and he appereth,
And of the tale whiche he hereth,

He

He was right glad: for they hym tolde,
That for vengeance, as god it wolde,
Antiochus as men male witte,
With thonder and lightnyng is forsmitte.
His doughter hath the same chance:
So ben thei both in o balance.
For thy our liege lorde we seie,
In name of all the londe, and preie,
That lefte all other thynge to doone,
It like you to come soone,
And see your owne liege men,
With other that ben of your ken,
That liuen in longynge and desyre,
Till ye be come ageyne to Tyre.
This tale after the kynge it had
Pentapolin all ouerspradd.
There was no ioye for to seche.
For euery man it had in speche,
And saiden all of one accorde:
A worthy kynge shall ben our lorde.
That thought vs first an heuines,
Is shape vs nowe to great gladnes.
Thus goth the tydynge ouer all.

¶ Qualiter Appolino ell vxore sua impregnata a Pentapoli. Versus Tyrum nauigãtibus contigit vxorem mortis articulo angustiatã, in naui filiã, que postea Thaisis vocabatur, parere.

¶ But nede he mote, that nede shall,
Appolinus his leue toke,
To god and all the londe betoke,
With all the people longe and brode,
That he no lenger there abode.
¶ The kynge and quene sorowe made,
But yet somdele thei were glade
Of suche thynge, as thei herde tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
The whiche was euer mete and milde,
And wolde not departe hym fro,
Suche loue was betwene hem two.
Lichorida for hir office
Was take, whiche was a norice,
To wende with this ponge wife,
To whom was shape a wofull life.
Within a tyme, as it betid,
Whan thei were in the sea amid,
Out of the north thei see a cloude,
The storme arose, the wyndes loude
Shei blewen many a dredefull blaste,
The welken was all ouercaste:
The derke night the sonne hath vnder,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moone, and eke the sterres bothe
In blacke cloudes thei hem clothe,
Wherof their bright loke thei hide,
This ponge ladie wepte and cride,
To whom no comforte might auaile,
Of childe she began trauaile
Where she laie in a caban close,
Hir wofull lorde fro hir arose,
And that was longe or any morowe,
So that in anguisshe and in sorowe
She was deliuered all by night
And deide in euery mannes sight.
¶ But netheless for all this wo
A maide childe was bore tho.

Qualiter Appolinus mortem vxoris sue plãxit.

¶ Appolinus when he this knewe,
For sorowe a swoune he ouerthrewe,
That no man wist in hym no life.
And whan he woke, he said: a wife,
My ioye, my lust, and my desyre,
My welth, and my recouerire,
Why shall I liue, and thou shalt die?
Ha thou fortune I the defie,
Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
A herte, why ne wilt thou berst,
That forth with hir I might passe?
My peynes were well the lasse.
In suche weppynge, and suche crie
His dead wife, whiche late hym bie,
A thousande sithes he hir kisse,
Was neuer man that sawe ne wisse
A sorowe, to his sorowe liche,
Was euer amonge vpon the liche,
He fill swounynge, as he that thought
His owne deth, whiche he sought
Vnto the goddes all aboue,
With many a pitous worde of loue:
But suche wordes as tho were
Herde neuer no mannes eare
But onely thilke, whiche he saide.
The maister shipman came and praide

With

With other suche, as ben therin,
And saine, that he maie nothinge win
Ageyne the deth, but thei hym rede
He be well ware, and take hede:
The sea by weie of his nature
Receiue maie no creature,
Within hym selfe as for to holde,
The whiche is dead. For thy thei wolde,
As thei counceilen all about
The dead bodie casten out.
For better it is, thei saiden all,
That it of hir so befalle,
Than if thei shulden all spille.

¶ Quakiter suadentibus nautis corpus Syoris sue mortue in quadam cista plumbo et ferro obtusa, que circumligata Appolinus cum magno thesauro una cum quadam littera sub eius capite scripta recludi, in mari proici fecit.

¶ The kynge, which vnderstode her will,
And knew her counsaile that was trewe,
Began ageyn his sorowe newe,
With pitous herte, and thus to sein,
It is all reason that ye preye.
I am (quod he) but one alone,
So wolde I not for my persone,
There fell suche aduersitee,
But whan it maie no better bee,
Doth than thus vpon my worde,
Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
That it be firme with lead and pitche.
Anone was made a coffer siche
All redie brought vnto his honde.
And whan he sawe, and redie fonde
This coffre made, and well englued,
The dead bodie was besewed
In cloth of golde, and leide therin.
And for he wolde vnto hir win
Vpon some coste a sepulture,
Under hir head in aduenture
Of golde he leyde sommes great,
And of iewels stronge beyete,
Forth with a letter, and sayd thus.

¶ Copia littere capiti Syoris sue suppposite.

¶ I kynge of Tyre Appolinus
Doth all men for to witte,
That here and see this letter writte,
That helpeles without rede
Here lieth a kynges doughter dede,
And who that happeth hir to finde,
For charitee take in his mynde,
And do so, that she be begraue:
With this treasour, whiche he shall haue.
Thus whan the letter was full spoke,
Thei haue anone the coffre stoke,
And bounden it with yron sasse,
That it maie with the wawes lasse,
And stoppen it by suche a weie,
That it shall be within deie,
So that no water might it greue.
And thus in hope, and good beleue
Of that the corps shall well ariue,
Thei cast it ouer borde as bliue.

¶ Quakiter Appolinus, Syoris sue corpore in mare proiecto, Tyrum relinquens, cursum suum versus Tharsim nauigio dolens arripuit.

¶ The ship forthe on the wawes went,
The prince hath changed his entent,
And saith, he will not come at Tyre,
As than, but all his desire.
Is sirke to sailen vnto Tharse.
The wyndie storme began to scarse,
The sonne arist, the weder clereth,
The shipman, which behinde stereth,
Whan that he saw the wyndes saught,
Towards Tharse his cours he straught.

¶ Quakiter corpus predicte defuncte super litus apud Epheson quidam medicus nomine Cerimo, cum aliquibus suis discipulis inuenit, quod in hospicium portans, et extra cistam ponens spiraculo vite i ea adhuc inuento, ipsã plene sanitati restituit.

¶ But nowe to my matere ageyn,
To telle as olde bokes seyne,
This dead corps, of whiche ye knowe,
With wynde and was forth throwe,
Nowe here, now there, till at lasse
At Ephesus the sea vpcasse
The coffre, and all that was therin.
Of great mernaile nowe begyn
Maie here, who that sitteth still.
That god will saue maie not spill.
Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
There cam walkynge vpon the stronde,

A worthie clerke, and surgien,
And eke a great physicien,
Of all the londe the wisest one,
Whiche hight maister Cerimone.
There were of his disciples some.
This maister is to the coffer come,
He peyseth there was somwhat in,
And bad hem beare it to his inne,
And goeth him selfe forthe with alle.
All that shall falle, falle shall.

Thei comen home, and tarie nought.
This coffer in to his chamber is brought,
Whiche that thei finde fast stoke,
But thei with crafte it haue vnloke.
Thei loken in, where as thei founde
A body deade, whiche was wounde
In cloth of golde, as I saide ere.
The tresour eke thei founden there,
Forthwith the letter, whiche thei rede,
And tho thei token better hede.
Unslowed was the body soone,
As he that knewe, what was to doone,
This noble clerke with all haste
Began the veynes for to taste,
And sawe hir age was of youthe.
And with the craftes, whiche he couth,
He sought and founde a signe of life.
With that this worthie kinges wife
Honestlie thei token oute,
And maden fyres all aboute.
Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
And with a shete warmed ofte
Hir colde brest began to heate,
Hir herte also to slacke and beate,
This maister hath hir euery ioynte
With certein oyle and balsam anoynte,
And put a licour in hir mouthe,
Whiche is to fewe clerkes couthe.
So that she couereth at laste.
And first hir eien vp she caste,
And whan she more of strength caught,
Hir armes both forth she straughe,
Held vp hir honde, and pitouslie
She spake, and said, where am I?
where is my lorde, what worlde is this?
As she that wote not howe it is.

But Cerimone the worthie liche
Answerde anone vpon his spethe,
And saide: madame ye ben here,
Where ye be saue, as ye shall here
Here afterwarde, for thy as nowe
My counceil is comforteth you.
For trusteth wel withoute faile,
There is no thinge, which shall you faile,
That ought of reason to be do.
Thus passen thei a daie or two.

¶ Qualiter vpor Appolini sanata, domum regis gionis petiit, vbi sacro velamine munita, castam omni tempore vouit.

¶ Thei speke of nought as for an ende,
Til she began somdele amende,
And wist hir selfe, what she mente.
Tho for to knowe hir hole entente.
This maister asketh all the caas,
Howe she cam there, and what she was.

Howe I came here, wote I nought,
Quod she, but well I am bethought
Of other thinges all about,
Fro poynte to poynte and tolde him oute,
As ferforthly as she it wist.

And he hir tolde howe in a chiste
The sea hir threwe vpon the londe,
And what tresour with hir he fonde,
Whiche was all redy at hir wille,
As he that hope him to fulfille
With al his might, what thinge he sholde.

She thonketh him, that he so wolde,
And all hir herte she discloseth,
And saith him wel, that she supposeth,
Hir lorde be deint, hir childe also.
So sawe she nought but all wo.
Wherof as to the worlde no more
Ne wil she torne, and praieth therfore,
That in some temple of the citee,
To kepe and holde hir chastitee,
She might amonge the women dwell.
Whan he this tale herde tell,
He was right glad, & made hir knowen,
That he a doughter of his owen
Hath, whiche he wil vnto hir yeue
To serue, while thei both liue,
In stede of that, whiche she hath loste.
Al onely at his owne coste,
She shall be rendred forth with hir.

She saith, graunte mercy leue sir,

God

God quite it you, there I ne maie.
And thus thei driue forth the daie
Till time cam, that she was hole.
And tho thei toke her counseyle hole
To shape vpon good gouernance,
And made a worthie purueiance
Ageyne daie, whan thei be veiled.
And thus when that thei were counseiled,
In blacke clothes thei them cloth,
The doughter and the lady both,
And yolde hem to religion.
The felle, and the profession,
After the rule of that degree,
Was made with great solemnitee
Where as Diane is sanctified.
Thus stant this lady iustified.
In ordre, where she thynketh to dwelle.

¶ Qualiter Appolinus Tharsim nauigans, filiã suã Thaisim Strãgulioni et Dionysie Pyrzi sue educandum commẽdauit, et deinde Tyrum adiit, Vbi cum ineſtimabili gaudio a ſuis receptus eſt.

¶ But nowe ageinwarde for to telle
In what plite that hir lorde stode in.
He saileth, till that he maie wynne
The hauen of Tharse, as I saide ere.
And whan he was arriued there,
Tho was it through the citee knowe,
Men might see within a throwe,
As who saith all the towne at ones
Thei come ageyne hym for the nones
To yeuen hym the reuerence,
So glad thei were of his presence.
And though he were in his corage
Diseased, yet with glad visage
He made hem there, and to his inne,
Where he whylom soiourned in,
He goth hym straught, and was receiued.
And whan the prees of people is weiued,
He taketh his horse vnto hym tho
And saith: My frende Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is befalle:
And thou thy selfe arte one of all,
Forthwith thy wife, whiche I most trist.
For thy if it you both list,
My doughter Thaise by your leue
I thynke shall with you bileue
As for a tyme: and thus I praie,
That she be kepte by all waie.
And whan she hath of age more,
That she be set to bokes lore.
And this auowe to god I make,
That I shall neuer for hir sake
My berde for no likynge shaue,
Till it befalle, that I haue
In conenable tyme of age
Beset te hir vnto marriage.
Thus thei accorde, and all is welle:
And for to reken hym somdele,
As for a while he ther soiourneth,
And than he taketh his leue, and tourneth
To ship, and goth hym home to Tyre.
Where euery man with great desyre
Awaiteth vpon his comynge.
But whan the ship cam in sailynge,
And perceiuen that it is he,
Was neuer yet in no citee
Suche ioye made, as thei tho made.
His herte also began to glade
Of that he seeth his people gladde.
Lo thus fortune his happe hath ladde,
In sondry wise he was trauailed,
But how so euer he be assailed,
His later ende shall be good.

¶ Qualiter Thaisis vna cum Philotenna Strangulionis et Dionysie filia, omnis sciencie et honestatis doctrina imbuta eſt, sed et Thaisis Philotennam prereddens in odium mortale per inuidiam a Dionysia recollecta eſt.

¶ And for to speke howe that it stoode
Of Thaise his doughter, where she dwelleth (leth,
In Tharse as the cronike telleth
She was well kepte, she was well loked,
She was well taught, she was well boked:
So well she sped hir in hir youth,
That she of euery wysedome couth,
That for to seche in euery londe
So wise an other no man fonde,
Ne so well taught at mannes eie.
But wo worth euer false enuie.
For it befill that tyme so,
A doughter hath Srangulio,
Whiche was cleped Philotenne,
But fame, whiche will euer renne
Came all daie to hir mothers eare,
And saith, where euer hir doughter were

With Thaiſe ſet in any place,
The common voyce, the comon grace
Was all vpon that other mayde,
And of hir daughter no man ſayde.
Who was wroth but Dionyſe than?
Hir thought a thouſande yere till whan
She might be of Thaiſe wreke,
Of that the herde folke ſo ſpeke.
And till that ilke ſame tide,
That dead was trewe Lichoride,
Whiche had be ſeruant to Thaiſe,
So that ſhe was the worſe at eaſe.
For ſhe hath than no ſeruiſe,
But onely through this Dionyſe,
Whiche was her deadly emmemie:
Through pure treaſon and enuie,
She that of all ſorowe can,
Tho ſpake vnto hir bondeman,
Whiche cleped was Theophilus,
And made hym ſwere in counceill thus,
That he ſuche tyme as ſhe hym ſet,
Shall come Thaiſe for to fette,
And lede hir out of all ſight,
Where that no man hir helpe might,
Vpon the ſtronde nighe the ſea,
And there he ſhall this maiden ſlea.
This chorles herte is in a trance,
As he whiche drad hym of vengeance,
Whan tyme cometh an other date:
But yet durſt he not ſaie naie,
But ſwore, and ſaid he ſhulde fulfill
Hir heſtes at hir owne will.

Qualiter Dionyſia Thaiſim vt occideret, Theophilo ſerno ſuo tradidit, qui cū noctanter longius ab vrbe ipſam ,ppe litus maris interficere ,ppoſuerat, pirate ibidem latitantes Thaiſim de manu carnificis eripuerunt, ipſam q; vſque ciuitatem Mitelenam ducentes, eidem Leonino ſeortorum ibidem magiſtro vendiderunt.

¶The treaſon and eke tyme is ſhape,
So fell that this churliſſhe knape
Hath lad this maiden where he wolde
Vpon the ſtronde, and what ſhe ſholde
She was adrad, and he out brayde
A ruſty ſwerde, and to hir ſaide,
Thou ſhalt be dead: alas quod ſhe,
Why ſhall I ſo? Lo thus quod he
My ladie Dionyſe hath bede,
Thou ſhalt be murdred in this ſtede.
This maiden tho for feare ſhright,
And for the loue of god all might
She preith that for a litell ſtounde,
She might knele vpon the grounde
Towarde the heuen for to craue
Hir wofull ſoule that ſhe maie ſaue.
And with this noyſe, and with this crie,
Out of a barge faſte by,
Whiche hid was there on ſcomer fare,
Men ſterten out and weren ware
Of this felon. and he to go.
And ſhe began to crie tho,
A mercy helpe for goddes ſake.
In to the barge thei hir take,
As theues ſhulde, and forth thei wente.
Vpon the ſea the wynde hem hent,
And maulgre where thei wolde or none,
Tofore the weder forth thei gone.
There helpe no ſaile, there helpe none ors,
Forſtormed, and forblowen ſore
In great perill ſo forth thei driue,
Till at laſte thei arriue
At Mitelene the citee.
In hauen ſaufe and whan thei bee,
The maiſter ſhipman made him bowne,
And goth hym out in to the towne,
And profereth Thaiſe for to ſelle.
One Leonin it herde telle,
Whiche maiſter of the bordel was,
And bad hym go a redie pas
To fetchen hir: and forth he went,
And Thaiſe out of his barge he hent,
And to the bordeler hir ſolde.
And that he by hir body wolde
Take auantage, let do crie,
That what man wolde his lecherie
Attempte vpon hir maidenhede,
Laie downe the golde, and he ſhulde ſpede.
And thus whan he hath cried it out,
In ſight of all the people about.

¶Qualiter Leoninus Thaiſim ad lupanar deſtinauit, Vbi dei gracia preuenta, ipſius virginitatem nullus violare potuit.

¶He ladde hir to the bordell tho,
No wonder though ſhe were wo,
Cloſe in a chambre by hir ſelfe,

Eche

Eche after other ten or twelfe
Of yonge men in to hir went.
But suche a grace god hir sent,
That for the sorowe, whiche she made,
Was none of hem, which power hade
To done hir any vilanie.
This Leonin let euer aspie,
And wayteth after great beyete.
But all for nought she was forlete,
That no man wolde there come.
Whan he therof hath hede nome,
And knewe, that she was yet a mayde,
Unto his owne man he sayde,
That he with strength ageyne hir leue,
Tho shulde hir maydenhode bereue.
This man goth in, but so it ferde,
whan he hir wofull pleintes herde,
And he therof hath take kepe,
Hym lift better for to wepe,
Than do ought elles to the game.
And thus she kepte hir selfe fro shame,
And kneled downe to therthe and prayde
Unto this man, and thus she sayde:
If so be, that thy maister wolde,
That I his good encrees sholde,
It male not falle by this weie,
But suffre me to go my weye
Out of this hous, where I am in,
And I shall make hym for to wyn
In some place els of the towne,
Be so it be of religiowne,
Where that honest women dwelle.
And thus thou might thy maister telle,
That whan I haue a chambre there,
Let hym do crie aie wide where,
What lorde, that hath his doughter dere,
And is in will that she shall lere
Of suche a schole that is trewe,
I shall hir teche of thynges newe,
whiche that none other woman can
In all this londe. And tho this man
Hir tale hath herde, he goth ageyn,
And tolde vnto his maister pleyn,
That she hath seyde: and therupon,
whan that he sawe beyete none
At the bordell because of hir,
He bad his man go and spir
A place, where she might abide,
That he male wynne vpon some side
By that she can: but at lest
Thus was she sauf of this tempest.

¶ Quakter Thaisis a lupanari virgo liberata, inter sacras mulieres hospicium habens, scientias, quibus edocta fuit, nobiles regni puellas ibidem docebat.

He hath hir fro the bordell take,
But that was not for goddes sake,
But for the lucre, as she hym tolde,
Nowe comen tho, that comen wolde
Of women in her luftie youth
To here and see, what thinge she couth.
She can the wisedome of a clerke,
She can of any luftie werke,
whiche to a gentill woman longeth,
And some of hem she vnderfongeth
To the citole, and to the harpe,
And whom it liketh for to carpe
Prouerbes and demaundes slie,
An other suche thei neuer sie,
whiche that science so well taught,
wherof she great giftes caught,
That she to Leonin hath wonne.
And thus hir name is so begonne
Of sondrie thynges, that she techeth,
That all the londe to hir fecheth
Of yonge women, for to lere.

¶ Quakter Theophilus ad Dionysiam mane redens affirmauit se Thaisim occidisse, super quo Dionysia vna cum Stragulione marito suo dolore in publico confingentes, exequias et sepultu eam honorifice, quantum ad extra subdola conjectatione fieri constituerunt.

Nowe lette we this mayden here,
And speke of Dionyse agayne,
And of Theophile the vilayne,
Of whiche I spake of nowe tofore,
whan Thaise shulde haue be forlore.
This false chorle to his ladie
whan he cam home all priuely,
He saith: Madame clayne I haue
This mayde Thaise, and is begrane
In priuy place, as ye me bede.
For thy madame taketh hede,
And kepe counceyle, howe so it stonde.
This sende, whiche hath this vnderstond,

was glad, and weneth it be sooth.
Now se hereafter how she dooth,
She wepeth, she crieth, she compleyneth,
And of sickenes, whiche she feyneth
She saith, that Thaise sodeynly
By night is dead, as she and I
To gether lien nigh my lorde.
She was a woman of recorde,
And all is leued, that she seyth:
And for to yeue a more feith
Hir husbonde, and eke she both
In blacke clothes thei hem cloth,
And make a great enterement.
And for the people shall be blent,
Of Thaise as for the remembrance,
After the riall olde vsance,
A tombe of laton noble and riche,
With an ymage vnto hir liche
Liggynge, aboue therupon,
Thei made, and set it vp anon.
Hir epitaphe of good assise
Was writte about: and in this wise
It spake, Ye that this beholde,
Lo here lieth she, the whiche was holde
The fairest, and the floure of all,
Whose name Thaisis men call.
The kynge of Tyre Appolinus
Hir father was, nowe lieth she thus.
Fourtene yere she was of age,
Whan deth hir toke to his viage.

¶Qualiter Appolinus in regno suo apud Tyrū episkens, parliamentum fieri constituit.

¶Thus was this false treason hid,
Whiche afterward was wyde kid,
As by the tale a man shall here,
But to declare my matere
To Tyre I thynke tourne ageyne.
And telle, as the cronikes seyne.
Whan that the kynge was comen home,
And hath lefte in the salte fome
His wife, whiche he nale not forgete,
For he some comforte wolde gete,
He lette somnione a parlement,
To whiche the lordes weren assent,
And of the tyme he hath ben out,
He seeth the thynges all about,
And tolde hem eke howe he hath fare
While he was out of londe fare,
And praide hem all to abide:
For he wolde at some tide
Do shape for his wines wynde,
As he that wolde not be vnkinde.
Solempne was that ilke office,
And riche was the sacrifice,
The feast rially was holde,
And therto was he well beholde.
For suche a wife as he had one,
In thilke dales was there none.

¶Qualiter Appolinus post parliamentū Tharsim pro Thaise filia sua querenda adiit, quaq; diē non inuenta abinde nauigio recessit.

¶Whā this was done, then he him thought
Upon his doughter, and besought
Suche of his lordes, as he wolde,
That thei with him to Tharse sholde
To fette his doughter Thaise there,
And thei anone all redie were.
To ship thei gone, and forth thei went,
Till thei the hauen of Tharse hente.
Thei londe, and faile of that thei seche
By couerture and sleight of speche.
This false man Strangulio,
And Dionyse his wife also,
That he the better trowe might,
Thei ladde hym to haue a sight,
Where that hir tombe was arraied,
The false yet he was mispayde.
And netheles so as he durst,
He curseth, and sayth all the wurst
Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
Whiche can no siker wey finde.
For hym she neweth euer amonge,
And medleth sorowe with his songe,
But sithe it male no better be,
He thonketh god, and forth goth he
Sailynge towarde Tyre ageyne.
But sodeynly the wynde and reyne
Began vpon the sea debate,
So that he suffre mote algate.

¶Qualiter nauis Appolini demis agitata ponit tum vrbis Mitelene in die quo festa Neptuni celebrari consueuerūt, applicuit, sz ipse pre dolore Thaisis filie sue, quam mortuam reputabat, in fundo nauis obscuro iacens lumen videre noluit.

The

¶The lawe, which Neptune ordeineth,
Wherof full ofte tyme he pleyneth,
And held him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath tofore assaied.
So that for pure sorowe and care,
Of that he seeth this worlde so fare,
The rest he leueth of his caban,
That for the counseil of no man,
Ageyne therin he nolde come,
But hath beneth his place nome,
Where he weppynge alone laie,
There as he sawe no light of daie.
And thus tofore the wynde thei driue,
Till longe and late thei arriue
With great distresse, as it was sene
Upon this towne of Mitelene,
Whiche was a noble citee tho.
And happeneth thilke tyme so,
The lordes both, and the commune
The high festes of Neptune
Upon the stronde at riuage,
As it was custome and vsage
Solempneliche thei be sigh.
Whan thei this strange vessell sigh
Com in, and hath his saile aualed,
The towne therof hath spoke and taled.

¶Qualiter Atenagoras Vrbis Mitelene princeps nauim Appolini infestigans, ipsū sic cōtristatū nihil q3 respondentem consolari satagebat.

¶The lorde, whiche of that citee was,
Whose name is Atenagoras,
Was there, and saide, he wolde see,
What ship it is, and who they bee,
That ben therin: and after soone,
Whan that he sigh it was to doone,
His barge was for him araied,
And he goeth forth, and hath assaied,
Pe fonde the ship of great araie:
But what thynge it amounte maie,
Pe sigh thei maden heuy chere,
But well him thinketh by the manere,
That thei ben worthie men of blood,
And asketh of hem howe it stoode:
And thei him tellen all the caas,
Howe that her lorde forthinne was,
And whiche a sorowe that he made,
Of whiche there maie no man him glade.
Pe praieth that he her lorde maie see.
But thei him tolde it maie not bee.
For he lieth in so derke a place,
That there maie no wight see his face.
But for all that though hem be lothe,
Pe fonde the ladder, and downe he goeth,
And to him spake but none answere
Ageine of him ne might he here,
For ought that he can do or seyne,
And thus he goeth him vp ageyn.

¶Qualiter precepto principis, vt Appolinum consolaretur, Thaisis cum cithera sua ad ipsū in obscuro nauis, vbi iacebat, producta est.

¶Tho was there spoke in many wise
Amonges hem, that weren wise,
Nowe this, nowe that, but at last
The wisdome of the towne thus cast,
That yonge Thaise was assent.
For if there be amendement
To glad with this wofull kynge,
She can so muche of euery thynge,
That she shall glad him anone.
A messager for hir is gone,
And she came with hir harpe in honde,
And saide hem, that she wolde fonde
By all the weies, that she can,
To glad with this sory man.
But what he was, she wist nought
But all the ship hir hath besought,
That she hir witte on him dispende,
In aunter if he might amende,
And sayn: it shall be well aquit.
Whan she hath vnderstonden it,
She goeth hir doune, there as he laie,
Where that she harpeth many a laie.
And like an angell songe with alle.
But he no more than the walle
Toke hede of any thynge he herde.
And whan she sawe that he so ferde,
She talleth with hym vnto wordes,
And telleth him of sondrie bordes,
And asketh him demandes strange,
Whereof she made his herte change,
And to hir speche his eare he leyde
And hath merualle, of that she sayde.
For in prouerbe, and in probleme
She spake, and bad he shulde deme,

In many a ſubtile queſtion.
But he for no ſuggeſtion
Whiche towarde hym ſhe coude ſtere,
He wolde not one worde anſwere.
But as a mad man at laſte,
His head weppynge awey he caſte,
And halfe in wrath he bad hir go.
But yet ſhe wolde not do ſo,
And in the derke forth ſhe gothe,
Till ſhe hym toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hir with his honde
He ſmote: and thus whan ſhe him fonde
Diſeaſed, courteiſly ſhe ſayde,
Auoy my lorde, I am a mayde,
And if ye wyſt, what I am,
And out of what linage I cam,
Ye wolde not be ſo ſaluage.
With that he ſobreth his courage,

¶ Qualiter ſicut deus deſtinauit patri filiã ſuam ſam recognouit.

¶ And put awey his henie there.
But of hem two a man maie lere,
What is to be ſo ſibbe of bloode,
None wiſt of other howe it ſtoode,
And yet the father at laſte
His herte vpon this mayde caſte,
That he hir loueth kyndely.
And yet he wiſt neuer why,
But all was knowe er that thei went.
For god wote her hole entent,
Her hertes both anone diſcloſeth.
This kynge, vnto this maide oppoſeth,
And aſketh firſt, what is hir name,
And where ſhe lerned all this game,
And of what kyn ſhe was come.
And ſhe that hath his wordes nome,
Anſwereth, and ſaith: my name is Thaiſe,
That was ſometyme well at aiſe.
In Tharſe I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There I lerned, till I was ſpedde
Of that I can: my father eke
I not where that I ſhulde hym ſeke,
He was a kynge men tolde me.
My mother deint in the ſee.
Fro poynt to poynt all ſhe hym tolde,
That ſhe hath longe in herte holde,
And neuer durſt make hir mone,
But onely to this lorde allone,
To whom hir herte can not hele,
Tourne it to wo, tourne it to wele,
Tourne it to good, tourne it to harme.
And he tho toke hir in his arme,
But ſuche a ioye as he tho made,
Was neuer ſene, thus ben thei glade,
That ſory hadden be tofore,
Fro this daie fortune hath ſworne
To ſet hym vpwarde on the whele.
So goth the worlde, now wo, now wele.

¶ Qualiter Athenagoras Appolinum de nani in hoſpicium honorifice recollegit, et Thaiſim, patre conſenſciente, in vxorem duxit.

¶ This kynge hath founde newe grace,
So that out of his derke place,
He goth hym vp in to the light,
And with hym cam that ſwete wight
His doughter Thaiſe, and forth anone
Thei bothe into the caban gone,
Whiche was ordeined for the kynge,
And there he did of all his thynge,
And was araied rially,
And out he cam all openly,
Where Athenagoras he fonde,
Whiche was lorde of all the londe.
He prayeth the kynge to come and ſee
His caſtell bothe, and his citee.
And thus thei gone forth all in fere
This kyng, this lorde, this maiden dere.
This lorde tho made hem riche feſte,
With euery thynge, whiche was honeſte
To pleſe with this worthy kynge:
Ther lacketh hem no maner thynge.
But yet for all his noble araie
Wiueles he was vnto that daie.
As he that yet was of yonge age.
So fill ther in to his corage
The luſtie wo, the glad payne
Of loue, whiche no man reſtrayne
Pet neuer might as now tofore.
This lorde thynketh all this world lore,
But if the kynge will doone hym grace,
He waiteth tyme, he waiteth place,
Hym thought his herte wold to breke,
Till he maie to this maide ſpeke,
And to hir fader eke alſo.

For

for marlage, and it fyll so,
That all was doone, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded hym as for hir lorde,
Thus ben thei all of one accorde.

¶ Quakiter Appolinus, vna cũ filia et eius nutrito nauim ingredientes, a Mitilena vsq; Tharsim cursum proposuerunt, sz Appolinus in somnis admonitus versus Epheſũ, vt ibidẽ in templo Diane sacrificaret, vela per mare diuertit.

¶ Whan all was done right as thei wolde,
The kynge vnto his sonne tolde
Of Tharse thilke traiterie,
And said, howe in his companie
His doughter and him seluen eke,
Shall go vengeance for to seke.
The shippes were redie soone.
And whan thei sawe it was to doone,
Without let of any went,
With saile vp drawe forth thei wente
Towarde Tharse vpon the tide:
But he that wote what shall betide,
The hie god, whiche wolde hym kepe,
Whan that this kynge was fall a slepe
By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
To saple vnto another stede.
To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shall do there his sacrifice.
And eke he bad in all wise,
That in the temple amongest all
His fortune, as it is befalle,
Touchyng his doughter, and his wife,
He shall be knowe vpon his life.
The kinge of this auision
Hath great imagination,
What thinge it signifie male.
And netheleſſe whan it was daie,
He bad cast anker, and abode.
And while that he on anker rode,
The wynde, that was tofore strange,
Upon the poynte began to change,
And tourneth thider, as it sholde.
Tho knewe he well, that god it wolde,
And bad the maister make hym yare,
Tofore the wynde for he wolde fare
To Ephesum, and so he dede.
And whan he came into the stede,
Where as he shulde londe, he londeth,
With all the haste he maie and fondeth
To shapen him in suche a wise,
That he maie by the morowe arise,
And doone after the mandement
Of hym, whiche hath hym thider sent.
And in the wise that he thought,
Upon the morowe so he wrought.
His doughter, and his sonne he nome,
And forth to the temple he come,
With a great route in companie,
His yeftes for to sacrifie.
The citezens tho herden sale
Of suche a kynge that came to praie
Unto Diane the goddesse,
And lefte all other besinesse,
Thei comen thider for to see
The kinge and the solempnitee.

¶ Quakiter Appolinus Epheſum in templo Diane sacrificans, vxorem suam ibidem velatam inuenit, qua secum assumpta nauim versus Tyrum pegressus est.

¶ With worthie knightes enuironed
The kynge hym selfe hath abandoned
To the temple in good entente.
The dore is vp, and in he wente,
Where as with great deuocion,
Of holy contemplacion,
Within his herte he made his shrifte:
And after that a riche yifte
He offreth with great reuerence,
And there in open audience,
Of hem that stoden all aboute,
He tolde hem, and declareth out
His happe, suche as him is befalle,
There was no thynge forgete of alle.
His wyfe, as it was goddes grace,
Whiche was professed in the place,
As she that was abbesse there,
Unto his tale hath leied hir ere.
She knewe the voyce, and the visage:
For pure ioye as in a rage
She straught to hym all at ones,
And fill a swoune vpon the stones,
Wherof the temple sore was paued.
She was anone with water laued
Till she came to hir selfe ageyne,

And

And than ſhe began to ſeyne:
A bleſſed be the high ſonde
That I may ſe my huſbonde,
Whiche whilom he, and I were one.
The kynge with that knewe hir anone,
And toke hir in his arme, and kiſſ,
And all the towne this ſoone it wiſſ.
Tho was there ioye many ſolde.
For euery man this tale hath tolde,
As for miracle, and weren glade.
But neuer man ſuche ioye made,
As doth the kyng, which hath his wife.
And whan men herde how that hir life
Was ſaued, and by whom it was,
Thei wondred all of ſuche a cas.
Thrꝛough all the londe aroſe the ſpeche
Of maiſter Cerimon the leche,
And of the cure whiche he dede.
The kynge hym ſelfe tho hath bede,
And eke the quene forth with hym,
That he the towne of Epheſym
Will leue, and go where as thei bee.
For neuer man of his degree
Hath do to hem ſo mychell good.
And he his profite vnderſtoode,
And granteth with hem for to wende.
And thus thei maden there an ende,
And token leue, and gone to ſhip
With all the hole felaulhip.

¶Qualiter Appolinus vna cum vxore et filia ſua Tyrum applicuit.

¶This kyng, whiche now hath his deſire,
Saith, he woll holde his cours to Tyre.
Thei hadden wynde at will tho,
With topſayle coole, and forth thei go.
And ſtryken neuer till thei come
To Tyre, where as thei haue nome
And londen hem with mochell bliſſe,
There was many a mouth to kiſſe,
Ethe one welcometh other home.
But whan the quene to londe come,
And Thaiſe hir doughter by hir ſide,
The whiche ioye was thilke tide
There maie no mans tunge telle.
Thei ſayden all, here cometh the welle
Of all womanniſſhe grace.
The kynge hath take his roiall place,
The quene is in to chambre go.
There was great feſt araied tho.
Whan tyme was thei gone to mete,
All olde ſorowes ben forgete,
And gladen hem with ioyes newe,
The diſcoloured pale hewe
Is nowe become a ruddy cheke,
There was no mirth for to ſeke.

¶Qualiter Appolinus Athenagorã cũ Thaiſe filiã ſua ſuper Tyrum coronari fecit.

¶But euery man hath what he wolde,
The kynge as he well coude and ſholde
Maketh to his people right good chere.
And after ſoone, as thou ſhalt here,
A parlement he had ſommoned,
Where he his doughter hath coroned,
Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
That on his kynge, that other quene.
And thus the fathers ordinance,
This londe hath ſet in gouernance,
And ſayde that he wolde wende
To Tharſe, for to make an ende
Of that his doughter was betraied,
Wherof were all men well paied,
And ſaid, howe it was for to done.
The ſhippes weren redy ſoone.

¶Qualiter Appolinus a Tyro per mare veniens Tharſim ſuũ ingreſſus, vindictã cõtra Strãgulionem et Dionyſiam vxorem ſuam, p iniuria, quã ipſi Taiſi filie ſue ſtuleruñt iudiciaſiter affecit eſt.

¶A ſtronge power with him he toke,
Vpon the ſkie he caſt his loke,
And ſigh the wynde was conenable,
Thei hale vp ancre with the cable,
Thei ſaile on hie, the ſtere on honde,
Thei ſailen, till thei come a londe
At Tharſe nygh to the citee.
And whan thei wiſten it was hee,
The towne hath done hym reuerence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Whiche the traitour Strangulio
And Dionyſe hym had do
Touchynge his doughter, as ye herde.
And whan thei wiſt, how it ferde,
As he whiche pees and loue ſought,
Vnto the towne this he beſought.

To

To done him right in iugement.
Anone thei weren both assente,
With strengthe of men and comen soone,
And as hem thought it was to doone,
Attepnt thei weren by the lawe,
And demed so honged and drawe,
And brent, and with wynde to blowe,
That all the worlde it might knowe.
And vpon this condicion,
The dome in execucion
Was put anone withoute faile.
And euery man hath great merualle,
Whiche herde tellen of this chance,
And thonked goddes purueance,
Whiche doth mercy forth with iustice.
Slain is the mordrer, and the mordrice
Through very trouth of rightwisnesse,
And through mercy saue is simplesse
Of hir, whom mercy preserueth.
Thus hath he wel, that wel deserueth.

¶Qualiter Artestrate Pentapoli rege mortuo, ipsi de regno episkopas super hoc Appolino direxerunt, Vnde Appolinus vna cum vxore sua ibidē aduenientes, ad decus imperii est magno gaudio coronati sunt.

¶When al this thinge is doone and ded,
This kinge, which loued was and frended
A letter hath, which came to hym
By ship fro Pentapolim,
In whiche the lorde hath to him writte,
That he wolde vnderstonde and witte,
Howe in good mynde and in good pees
Dead is the kinge Artestrates,
Wherof thei all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her liege lorde,
That he the letter wol receyue,
And come, his reigne to receiue:
Whiche god hath yeue him, and fortune.
And thus besought the commune,
Forthwith the great lordes all.
This kinge sighe howe it is befalle.
Fro Tharse and in prosperitee
He toke his leue of that citee,
And goeth him in to ship ayene.
The wynde was good, the sea was pleyne,
Hem needeth not a riffe to slake,
Til thei Pentapolim haue take.

The lorde whiche herde of that tydinge
Was wonder glad of his cominge,
He resteth him a daie or two,
And toke his counceil to him tho,
And set a tyme af parlement,
Where al the lorde of one assente,
Forthwith his wife haue him croned,
Where all good him was forsoned.
Lo what it is to be well grounded,
For he hath first his loue founded
Honestly as for to wedde,
Honestly his loue he spedde,
And had chyldren with his wife,
And as him liste he led his life.
And in ensample his life was writte,
That all louers mighten witte
Howe at laste it shal be sene
Of loue what thei wolden mene.
For see nowe on that other side,
Antiochus with all his pride,
Whiche sette his loue vnkyndely,
His ende had sodeynly,
Set ageyn kynde vpon vengeance,
And for his iust hath his penance.
¶Lo thus my sonne might thou lere,
What is to loue in good manere,
And what to loue in other wise,
The mede ariseth of the seruice,
Fortune though she be not stable,
Yet at somtime is fauourable
To hem, that ben of loue trewe.
But certes it is for to rewe,
To see loue agein kynde falle.
For that maketh sore a man to falle,
As thou might of tofore rede.
For thy my sonne I wolde the rede
To let all other loue aweie,
But if it be through suche aweie,
As loue and reason wold accorde.
For elles if that thou discorde,
And take luste as doeth a-beste,
Thy loue maie nought ben honeste.
For by no skil that I finde
Suche luste is nought of loues kynde.

¶Confessio amantis, vnde pro finali conclusione consilium confessoris impetrat.

¶My fader howe so that it stonde,

Pour

Pour tale is herde, and vnderstonde,
As thinge, whiche worthie is to here
Of great ensample and great matere,
Wherof my fader god you quite.
But in this poynte my selfe acquite
I make right wel, that euer yit
I was alloted in my wit,
But onely in that worthy place,
Where all lust and all grace
Is set, if that Danger ne were:
But that is all my moste fere.
I not what ye fortune acompte,
But what thinge Danger make amounte
I wot wel: for I haue assayed.
For whan myn hert is beste arayed,
And I haue all my wit thorough sought
Of loue to besethe hir ought,
For all that euer I like make,
I am concluded with a nake.
That o syllable hath ouer throwe
A thousand wordes on a rowe
Of suche as I best spede can,
Thus am I but a leude man.
But fader, for ye ben a clerke
Of loue, and this matere is derke,
And I can euer lenger the lasse,
(But yet I make not lete it passe)
Pour hole counseil I besethe,
That ye me by some weye techе,
What is my best, as for an ende.
My sonne vnto the trouth wende
Nowe woll I for the loue of thee,
And lete al other tryfles be.

Hic super amoris causa finita confessione, Confessor Genius ea, que sibi salubrius expedire aut sano consilio finaliter imungit.

The more that the nede is hie,
The more it nedeth to be slie
To him whiche hath the nede on honde,
I haue well herde and vnderstonde,
My sonne, all that thou hast me saied:
And eke of that thou hast me prayed
Nowe at this tyme, that I shall,
As for conclusion final,
Counseyl vpon thy nede set,
So thinke I finally to knette
Thy cause, there it is to broke,
And make an ende of that is spoke.
For I behight the that gifte
First whan thou come vnder my shrifte,
That though I towarde Venus were,
Yet spake I suche wordes there,
That for the prelthode, whiche I haue,
Myn order, and my state to saue,
I sayde, I wolde of myn office
To vertue more than to vice
Encline, and teche the my lore.
For thy to speken ouermore
Of loue, whiche the make auaile.
Take loue, where it make auaile.
For as of this, whiche thou arte in
By that thou seest it is a sinne,
And sinne make no price deserue,
Without price and who shall serue,
I note what profit might auaile.
This soloweth it, if thou trauaile
Where thou no profit hast ne price,
Thou arte towarde thy selfe vnwise:
And sith thou mightest lust atteine.
Of euery lust the ende is peine.
And euery peyne is good to flee,
So is it wonder thinge to see,
Why suche a thynge shall be desyred,
The more that a flocke is fired
The rather in to ashe it torneth.
The foote, which in the weye sporneth,
Full ofte his heade hath ouerthrowe.
Thus loue is blynde, and can not knowe,
Where that he goeth, till he be falle.
For thy but if it so befalle
With good counceyle that he be ladde,
Hym ought for to ben a dradde.
For counceyl palleth all thinge
To him, whiche thinketh to ben a kinge,
And euery man for his partie
A kyngdome hath to iustifie,
That is to sein his owne dome.
If he misrule that kyngdome,
He leseth him selfe, that is more,
Than if he lolde ship and ore,
And all the worldes good with alle.
For what man that in speciall
Hath not him selfe, he hath not els,
No more the perles than the shels,
All is to him of o value,

Though

Though he had all his retinewe
The wide worlde right as he wolde,
Whan he his herte hath not with holde
Towarde hym selfe, all is in vaine.
And thus my sonne I wolde sayne,
As I said er, that thou arise
Er that thou fall in suche a wise,
That thou ne might thy selfe recouer.
For loue whiche that blynde was euer,
Maketh all his seruantes blynde also.
My sonne and if thou haue ben so,
Yet is it tyme to withdrawe,
And set thyn herte vnder that lawe,
The whiche of reason is gouerned,
And not of wille: and to be lerned
Ensample thou hast many one
Of nowe and eke of tyme a gone,
That euery lust is but a while,
And who that will him selfe begyle
Ye maie the rather be disceiued.
My sonne nowe thou hast conceiued
Somwhat of that I wolde mene,
Here afterwarde it shall be sene,
If that thou leue vpon my lore.
For I can do to the no more,
But teche the, the right weie,
Nowe chese, if thou wilt line or deie.

Hic loquitur de controuersia, que inter confessorem et amantem in fine confessionis versabatur

My fader so as I haue herde
Your tale, but it were answerde,
I were mochell for to blame.
My wo to you is but a game,
That feleth not of that I fele.
The felynge of a mans hele
Maie not be likened to the herte,
I nought though I wolde a sterte,
And ye be fre from all the peyne
Of loue, wherof I me pleyne,
It is right easy to commaunde
The herte, whiche fre goeth on the launde,
Not of an ore what him eileth,
It falleth ofte a man merueileth,
Of that he seeth another fare.
But if he knewe him selfe the fare,
And felte it, as it is in soth,
He shulde do right as he doth,
Or elles wors in his degree.
For well I wote, and so do yee,
That loue hath euer yet ben vsed,
So mote I nede ben excused.
But fader if ye wolde thus
Vnto Cupide and to Venus
Be frendly toward my quarele,
So that my herte were in hele
Of loue, whiche is in my breste,
I wote well than a better preste
Was neuer made to my behoue,
But all the while that I houe
In none certeyn betwene the two,
I not where I to wele or wo
Shall torne: that is all my drede.
So that I not what is to rede.
But for finall conclusion,
I thynke a supplication,
With plaine wordes and expresse,
Writte vnto Venus the goddesse,
The whiche I praie you to bere,
And bringe ageyne a good answere.
Tho was betwene my preste and mee
Debate, and great perplexitee.
My reason vnderstoode hym wele,
And knewe it was soth euery dele,
That he hath said, but not for thy
My will hath nothyng set ther by.
For towchinge of so wise a porte
It is vnto loue no disporte.
Yet might neuer man beholde
Reason, where loue was withholde.
Thei be not of o gouernance.
And thus we fellen in distance
My preste and I, but I spake fayre,
And through my wordes debonayre
Than at last we accorden,
So that he saith, he will accorden
To speke, and stonde on my side
To Venus both and to Cupide,
And bad me write, what I wolde,
And said me truly that he sholde
My letter bere vnto the quene.
And I sat downe vpon the grene,
Fulfylled of loues fantasie,
And with the teres of mine eie,
In stede of ynke, I gan to write
The wordes, whiche I woll endite.

Vnto

Unto Cupide and to Venus,
And in my letter I sayde thus.

☞ Hic tractat formam cuiusdam supplicationis, quam ex parte amantis per manus Genii sacerdotis sui, Venus sibi porrectam acceptabat.

¶ The wofull peyne of loues maladie,
Ageine the whiche male no phisike auaile,
My herte hath so be wapped with sotie,
That where so that I reste or trauaile,
I synde it euer redy to assaile
My reason, whiche can not hym defende,
Thus seche I help, wherof I might amende.

Fyrst to nature if that I me complayne,
There finde I howe that euery creature
Somtime a yere hath loue in his demayne,
So that the litell wrenne in his measure
Hath of kynde loue vnder his cure,
And I but one desyre, whiche I mis,
So but I, hath euery kynde his blis.

The reason of my witte it ouerpasseth,
Of that nature techeth me the weie
To loue, and yet no certeyn she compasseth,
How shal I spede & thus betwene the tweie
I stonde, and not if I shall liue or deie.
For though reason ageyn my will debate,
I may not flee, that I ne loue algate.

Upon my selfe this ilke tale come,
Howe whilom Pan, whiche is the god of
With loue wrestled, & is ouercome. (kinde,
For euer I wraste, & euer I am behynde,
That I no strengthe in all my herte finde,
Wherof that I male stonden any throwe,
So fer my wit with loue is ouerthrowe.

Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe craue,
Or helples he shall his nede spille,
Plainly throughout my wittes all I haue,
But none of hem can helpe after my will,
And also well I might sit stille,
As praie vnto my lady of any helpe:
Thus wote I not wherof my selfe to yelpe.

Unto the great Joue and if I bid
To do me grace of thilke swete tonne,
Whiche vnder keie, in his cellere amidde
Lieth couched, that fortune is ouercome:
But of the bitter cuppe I haue begonne,
I not howe ofte, and thus I finde no game,
For euer I aske and euer it is the same.

I see the worlde stonde euer vpon chaunge,
Now windes lowde, now the weder softe,
I male see eke the great moone change,
And thing whiche now is low is eke alofte,
The dredfull werres in to pes full ofte
Thei torne, & euer is Daunger in o place,
Whiche nill chaūge his will to do me grace,

But vpon this the great clerke Ouide
Of loue whan he makth his remēbraunce,
He sayth: there is the blynde god Cupide,
The which hath loue vnder his gouernāce,
And in honde with many a firie launce
He woundeth ofte, where he woll not hele,
And that somdele is cause of my quarele.

Ouide eke sayth, that loue to performe
Stāt in the hond of Venus the goddesse,
But whan she takth coūseill with Saturne,
Ther is no grace, and in that tyme I gesse
Began my loue, of which myn heuinesse
Is now and euer shall, but if I spede,
So wot I not my selfe what is to rede.

For thy to you Cupide and Venus both,
With all my hertes obeissance I praie,
If ye were at fyrst tyme wrothe,
Whan I began to loue, I you saye
Nowe stynte, and do this fortune awaye,
So that Daunger, which stont of retinewe
With my lady, his place may remewe.

O thou Cupide god of loues lawe,
That with thy darte brēnyng hast set a fire
My herte, do that wounde be withdrawe,
Or yeue me salue, suche as I desyre.
For seruice in thy courte withouten hyre
To me, whiche euer hath kept thin hestе
Male neuer be to loues lawe honestе.

O thou gentell Venus loues quene,
Without gilte thou dost on me thy wrech,

Tho

Thou woteſt my pein is euer alich grene,
For loue, and yet I maie it not areche:
Thus wolde I for my laſt worde beſeche,
That thou my loue acquite, as I deſerue:
Or elles do me playnly for to ſterue.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Venus accepta amantis ſupplicatione, indilate ad ſingula reſpondit.

Whan I this ſupplicacion,
With good deliberacion,
In ſuche a wiſe as ye nowe witte,
Had after myn entente writte
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
This preeſt, whiche hight Genius,
It toke on honde to preſente,
On my meſſage and forth he wente
To Venus, for to wit hir wille:
And I bode in the place ſtille,
And was there but a litell whyle,
Not full the mountnance of a mile,
Whan I beheld, and ſodeinly
I ſigh where Venus ſtoode me by.
So as I might vnder a tree
To grounde I felle vpon my knee,
And preied hir for to do me grace,
She caſt hir chere vpon my face,
And as it were halvynge a game,
She aſketh me, what was my name.
Madame I ſaide, Iohan Gower.
Now Iohan, quod ſhe, in my power
Thou muſt as of thy loue ſtonde.
For I thy bille haue vnderſtonde,
In whiche to Cupide and to mee
Somdele thou haſt complayned thee,
And somedele to nature alſo,
But that ſhall ſtonde amonge you two.
For therof haue I not to doone,
For nature is vnder the moone
Maiſtreſſe of euery liues kynde.
But if ſo be, that the maie kynde
Some holy man, that wyl withdrawe
Hir kyndely luſt ageine hir lawe,
But ſelde whan it falleth ſo.
For fewe men there ben of tho.
But of theſe other enough there bee,
Whiche of her owne nicitee,
Agein nature and hir office,
Deliten hem in ſondrie vice
Wherof that the full ofte hath pleined,
And eke my courte it hath diſdeigned,
And euer ſhall: for it receyueth
None ſuche, that kynde ſo diſceineth.
For all onelich of gentill loue
My courte ſtont, all courtes aboue,
And taketh none into retinewe,
But thynge, whiche is to kynde dewe.
For els it ſhall be refuſed:
Wherof I holde the excuſed.
For it is many daies gone,
That thou amonge hem were one,
Whiche of my courte haſt be witholde,
So that the more I am beholde
Of thy diſeaſe to commune,
And to remewe that fortune,
Whiche many daies hath the greued.
But if my counſaile maie be leued,
Thou ſhalt be eaſed er thou go
Of thilke vnſely ſoly wo,
Wherof thou ſaiſt thyn hert is fired.
But as of that thou haſt deſyred,
After the ſentence of thy bille,
Thou muſt therof doone at my will,
And I therof me woll aduiſe:
For be thou hole, it ſhall ſuffice,
My medicine is not to ſeke,
The whiche is holſome to the ſeke,
Not all perchance as ye it wolde,
But ſo as ye by reaſon ſholde,
Accordant vnto loues kynde.
For in the plite, whiche I the fynde,
So as my courte it hath awarded,
Thou ſhalt be duely rewarded.
And if thou woldeſt more craue,
It is no right that thou it haue.

Qui cupit id, q̄ habere nequit, ſua tēpora pdit
Eſt vbi non poſſe velle, ſalute caret.
Non æſtatis opus gelidis hirſuta capillos
Cum calor abceſſit æquiparabit hyems.
Sicut habet Maius non dat natura decembri,
Nec poterit compar floribus eſſe lutum.
Sic neq; decrepita ſenum iuuenile voluptas
Floret in obſequiū, quod Venus ipſa petit.
Cōueniēs igitur foret, vt quod cana ſenectus
Attigit, vlterius corpora caſta colant.

Hic cetera quoscūq; viros inueteratos amoris cōcupiscentiā affectātes loquitur Venus, huiusque amantis confessi supplicationem quasi deridens, ipsum pro eo q; senescit, debilis est, multis exhortationibus insufficientem redarguit.

¶Venus which stant without lawe,
In none certeine, but as men drawe
Of Ragman vpon the chance,
She leith no peise in the balance,
But as hir liketh for to weie,
The trewe man full ofte aweie
She put, whiche hath hir grace bede,
And sette an vntrue in his stede.
Lo thus blindly the world she demeth
In loues cause, as to me semeth,
I not what other men wolde seyn,
But I algate am so beseyne,
And stonde as one amongest all,
Whiche am oute of hir grace fall:
It nedeth take no witnesse.
For she, whiche saide is the goddesse,
To whether parte of loue it wende,
Hath sette me for a small ende
The poynt wherto that I shall holde.
For whan she hath me well beholde,
Halvynge of scorne she sayd thus:
Thou wost well that I am Venus,
Whiche all onely my lustes seche.
And well I wote though thou beseche
My loue, lustes ben there none,
Whiche I make take in thy persone.
For loues lustе and lockes hore
In chamber accorden neuermore.
And though thou feigne a yonge corage,
It sheweth well by thy visage,
That olde grisell is no sole,
There ben full many yeres stole
With the, and suche other mo,
That outwarde feignen youth so,
And ben within of poore astate.
My herte wolde, and I ne mate,
Is nought beloued nowe a dates,
Er thou make any suche assates
To loue, and falle vpon thy fete,
Better is to make beaw retreate
For though thou mightest loue atteyne,
Yet were it but an idell peine,
Whan thou arte not sufficiant,
To holde loue his couenante,
For thy take home thy herte againe,
That thou trauaile not in vayne,
Wherof my courte make be discreued.
I wote, and haue it wel conceiued,
Howe that thy wille is good enough.
But more behoueth to the plough,
Wherof the lacketh as I trowe.
So sit it wel, that thou beknowe
Thy feble estate er thou beginne
Thing, wher thou might none ende winne,
What bargein shulde a man assaie,
Whan that him lacketh for to paie?
My sonne if that thou well bethought,
This toucheth the, forpete it nought,
The thinge is torned in to was,
The whiche was whilome grene gras,
Is withered heie, as time nowe:
For thy my counseil is that thou
Remembre well, howe thou arte olde.

☞Quakiter super derisoriam Veneris exhortationem contristatus amans, quasi mortuus in terram corruit, vbi vt sibi videbatur, Cupidinem cū innumera multitudine nuper amantum variis armis assistentem conspiceret.

¶Whan Venus hath hir tale tolde,
Than I bethought was all aboute,
And will wel without doubte,
That there was no recouerire,
And as a man the blase of fyre
With water queincheth, so ferde I,
A colde me caught sodeynly,
For sorowe that my herte made,
My dedely face pale and fade
Becam, and swoone I fil to grounde.
And as I laie the same stounde,
Me fully quicke, ne fully deade,
Me thought I sawe tofore myn head
Cupide with his bowe bente,
And like vnto a parlement,
Whiche were ordeined for the nones,
With him cam all the worlde attones
Of gentill folke, that whilome were
Louers, I sawe hem all there.
Forth with Cupide in sondry rowtes.
Myn eie I caste all aboutes,

To

To knowe amonge hem who was who:
I sigh where lustie pougth tho,
As he whiche was a capitayne,
Before all other vpon the playne
Stode with his rout well begon.
Her heades kempt, and therupon
Garlondes, not of one colour
Some of the lefe, some of the floure,
And some of great perles were.
The newe guise of Beme was there,
With sondry thynges well deuised
I see, wherof thei be queintised:
It was all lust, that thei with ferde.
There was no songe that I ne herde,
Whiche vnto loue was touchynge.
Of Pan, and all that was likynge,
As in pippynge of melodie
Was herde in thilke companie.
So loude that on euery side
It thought that all the heuen cride
In suche accorde, and suche a sowne
Of bumbarde, and of clariowne,
With cornemuse, and shalmele,
That it was halfe a mannes hele
So glad a noyse for to here
And as me thought in this manere
All freshe I sigh hem springe and daunce,
And do to loue her entendaunce.
After the lust of youthes hestе,
There was enough of ioy and fest.
For euer amonge thei laugh and ply,
And put Care out of the weie,
That he with hem ne sat ne stode.
And euer this I vnderstode,
So as myn eare might areche,
The most matere of her speche

¶ De nominibus illorum nuper amantū, qui tunc amanti spasmato aliqui iuuenes, aliqui senes apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga deū q̄ deam amoris pro sanitate amantis recuperāda multiplicatis precibus misericorditer instabant.

It was of knighthode and of armes:
And what it is to ligge in armes
With loue, whan it is acheued.
Ther was Tristram, whith was beloued
With bele Isolde: and Lancelot
Stode with Gonnor: and Galahot
With his lady: and as me thought,
I sawe where Iason with hym brought
His loue whiche Creusa hight.
And Hercules, whiche mochell might,
Was there, bearyng his great mace.
And most of all in thilke place
He peyneth hym to make chere
With Iolen, which was hym dere.
Theseus though he were vntrewe
To loue, as all women knewe,
Yet was he there netheles
With Phedra, whiche to loue he ches.
Of Grece eke there was Thelamon,
Whiche fro the kynge Laomedon
At Troie his doughter refte away
Eseonen as for his praie,
Whiche take was, whan Iason cam
Fro Colchos, and the citee nam,
In vengeance of the fyrste hate,
That made hem after to debate,
Whan Priamus the newe towne
Hath made. And in a visowne
Me thought that I sigh also
Hector, forth with his bretherne two,
Hym selfe stoode with Penthasilee,
And nerte to hym I might see,
Where Paris stode with fayre Helaine,
Whiche was his ioye soueraine.
And Troilus stode with Cresеide:
But euer amonge though he pleide
By semblant, he was heuy chered.
For Diomede, as hym was lered,
Claimeth to be his partinere.
And thus full many a bachelere,
A thousande mo than I can seyne,
With pougth I sigh there well beseyne,
Forth with her loues glad and blith.
And some I sigh, whiche ofte sithe
Compleynen hem in otherwise.
Amonge the whiche I sawe Narcise,
And Piramus, that sory were.
The worthy greke also was there
Achilles, whiche for loue deied.
Agamemnon eke as men seied,
And Menelaie the kynge also
I sigh, with many an other mo,
Whiche hadden be fortuned sore
In loues cause: And ouermore,

Of women in the same caas
With hem I sigh where Dido was
Forsake, whiche was with Aenee.
And Phillis eke I might see,
Whom Demophon deceiued had,
And Ariadne hir sorowe lad,
For Theseus hir sister toke,
And hir vnkindly forsoke.

I sigh there eke amonge the prees
Complaynyng vpon Hercules,
His fyrst loue Deianire,
Whiche set him afterwarde a fyre.

Medea was there eke, and pleyneth
Upon Iason, for that he feigneth,
Without cause and toke a newe,
She saide, fie on all vntrewe.

I sigh there Deidamie,
Whiche had lasse the companie
Of Achilles, whan Diomede
To Troie him set vpon the nede.
Amonge these other vpon the grene
I sigh also the wofull quene
Cleopatras, whiche in a graue
With serpentes hath hir selfe begraue
All quicke, and so she was to sore,
For sorowe of that she had lore
Antonie, whiche hir loue hath be.

And forth with hir I sigh Thisbe,
Whiche on the sharpe swerdes poynte,
For loue deied in sory poynte.
And as myn eare it might knowe,
She sayde, wo worth all slowe.

The plaint of Proigne and Philomene

There herde I what it wolde mene,
How Thereus of his vntrouthe
Undid hem both, and that was routhe.

And next to hem I sawe Canace,
Whiche for Machayr hir faders grace
Hath lost, and deied in wofull plite.

And as I sigh in my spirite,
Me thought amonge other thus
The doughter of kynge Priamus
Polixena, whom Pyrrus slough
Was there, and made sorowe enough:
As she whiche deied giltles
For loue, and yet was loueles.

And for to take the disporte
I sawe there some of other porte,
And that was Circes, and Calypse,
That couthen do the moone clypse,
Of men and chaunge the likenesse,
Of artmagike sorcerelle,
Thei helde in honde many one
To loue, whether thei wolde or none.

But aboue all that there were
Of women I sawe foure there,
Whose name I herde most commended.
By hem the courte stode all amended.
For where thei comen in presence,
Men deden hem the reuerence,
As though thei had ben goddesses
Of all the worlde, or empresses.
And as me thought, an ere I leide,
And herde, how that these other seide:

Lo these ben the foure wines,
Whose feith was proued in her liues
For in ensaumple of all good,
With mariage so thei stoode,
That fame, whiche no great thing hideth,
Yet in cronicke of hem abideth.

Penolope that one was hote,
Whome many a knight hath loued hote,
While that hir lorde Vlysses laie
Full many a yere and many a daie
Upon the great siege of Troie:
But she, whiche hath no worldes ioye,
But onely of hir husbonde,
While that hir lorde was out of londe,
So well she kept hir womanhede,
That all the worlde therof toke hede,
And namliche of hem in Grece.

That other woman was Lucrece,
Wife to the Romayn Collatine.
And she constreigned of Tarquine
To thinge, whiche was ayenst hir will,
She wolde not hir selfen still,
But deied onely for drede of shame,
In keppyng of hir good name,
As she whiche was one of the beste.

The thirde wife was hote Alceste
Whiche whan Admetus shulde die
Upon his great maladie,
She praied vnto the goddes so,
That she resceiueth all the wo,
And deied hir selfe, to gyue him life:
Se where this were a noble wife.

The fourth wife, whiche I there sigh,
I herde of hem that were nighe,
Howe she was cleped Alceone,
Whiche Ceix hir lorde allone,
And to no mo hir bodie kepte:
And whan she sigh him drenche, she lepte
Into the wawes, where he swam,
And there a sea foule she becam:
And with hir winges she him besprad
For loue that she to him had.
Lo these foure weren tho,
Whiche I sigh as me bethought tho
Amonge the great companie,
Whiche loue had for to gie.
But yongthe, whiche in special
Of loues courte was marshall,
So besie was vpon his laie,
That he none hede, where he laie
Hath take, And than as I beheide,
Me thought I sigh vpon the felde,
Where elde came a softe paas
Towarde Venus, there as she was
With him great companie he ladde,
But not so fele as youth had.
The mosse parte were of great age,
And that was sene in her visage,
And not for thy so as they might,
Thei made hem yongely to the sight.
But yet I herde no pipes there
To make mirth in mannes ere,
But the musike I might knowe:
For olde men, which sowned lowe
With harpe, and lute, and with citole,
The houe daunce, and the carole,
In suche a wise as loue hath bede,
A softe paas thei daunce and trede,
And with the women otherwhile
With sobre chere awonge thei smile.
For laughter was there none on hie.
And netheles full well I sie,
That thei the more queinte it made
For loue in whom thei weren glade.
And there me thought I might see
The kinge Dauid with Bersabee,
And Salomon was not withoute
Passinge an hondreth in a route
Of wyues and of concubines,
Iewes eke and sarazines
To him I sighe all intendant,
I not where he were sufficiante.
But netheles for all his witte
He was attached with that writte,
Whiche loue with his honde enseleth,
From whom none erthly man appeleth.
And ouer this, as for no wonder
With his lion, whiche he put vnder,
With Dalida Sampson I knewe,
Whos loue his strength all ouerthrewe.
I sawe there Aristotle also,
Whome that the quene of Grece also
Hath brideled, that in thilke tyme
She made him suche a silogesime,
That he forgate all his logike,
There was none arte of his practike,
Through whiche it might ben excluded,
That he ne was fully concluded
To loue, and did his obeisance.
And eke Virgile of acqueintance
I sigh, where he the maiden praid,
Whiche was the doughter, as men sayd,
Of themperour whilom of Rome.
Sortes and Plato with him come,
So did Ouide the poete,
I thought than howe loue is swete,
Whiche hath so wise men reclamed,
And was my selfe the lasse ashamed,
Or for to lese or for to wynne
In the mischief that I was in.
And thus I laie in hope of grace:
And whan thei comen to the place,
Where Venus stode, and I was falle,
This olde men with one voyce alle
To Venus praiden for my sake.
And she that mighte not forsake
So great a clamour, as was there,
Lete pitee come in to hir ere:
And forth with all vnto Cupide
She praieth, that he vpon his side
Me wolde through his grace sende
Some comforte, that I might amende
Vpon the caas, which is befall.
And thus for me thei praiden all
Of hem that weren olde aboute,
And eke some of the ponge route,
And of gentilnes and pure trouth
I herde hem tel, it was great routhe

That I withouten helpe so ferde.
And thus me thought I laie and herde.

¶ Hic tractat, qualiter Cupido amātis senectute confracti viscera perscrutans, ignita sue cōcupiscētie tela ab eo penitꝰ extrapit, quē Denꝰ postea absqꝫ calore percipiens, vacuum reliquit, Et sic tandē prouisa senectus rationē inuocans, hominē interiorem perpius amore infatuatum mentis sanitati plenius restauranit.

¶ Cupide, whiche maie hurte and hele
In loues cause, as for my hele,
Upon the poynte which him was preyd
Cam with Venus, where I was leyde
Swouenēd vpon the grene gras,
And as me thought anone there was
On euery side so great prees,
That euery life began to prees,
I wote not wel howe many score,
Suche as I spake of nowe tofore
Louers, that comen to beholde
But most of hem that were olde,
Thei stoden there at thilke tide
To see what ende shall betide
Upon the cure of my sotie.
Tho might I here great partie
Spekende, and eche his owne aduis
Hath tolde, one that, another this.
But amonge all this I herde,
Thei weren two, that I so ferde,
And saiden that for no riote,
An olde man shulde not assote.
For as thei tolden redily,
There is in him no cause why,
But if he wolde him selfe be nice,
So were he well the more nice.
And thus desputen some of tho:
And some saiden no thinge so,
But that the wilde loues rage
In mannes life forbereth none age,
While there is oyle for to fire
The lampe is lightly set a fire,
And is full herde er it be queinte,
But onely if he be some seinte,
Whiche god preserueth of his grace.
And thus me thought in sondrie place,
Of hem that walken vp and doune,
There was diuers opinion.
And so for a while it last,
Til that Cupide to the lasse,
Forthwith his moder ful aduised,
Hath determined and deuised,
Unto what pointe he woll destende,
And all this tyme I was liggende
Upon the grounde tofore his eien.
And thei that my disease sien,
Supposen nought I shulde liue:
But he, whiche wolde than yeue
His grace, so as it maie bee,
This blynde god, whiche maie not see,
Hath groped, til that he me fonde:
And as he put forth his honde
Upon my body, where I laie,
Me thought a firie launcegaie,
Which whilom through my hert he rafte,
He pulleth oute, and also fafte
As this was do, Cupide nam
His wey, I not where he becam:
And so did all the remenant,
Whiche vnto him was entendant,
Of hem that in a vision
I had a reuelation,
So as I tolde nowe tofore.
But Venus went nought therfore,
Ne Genius, whiche thilke tyme
Aboden both fast byme,
And she whiche maie the hertes binde
In loues cause, and eke vnbynde,
Er I out of my traunce arose,
Venus whiche helde a bore close,
And wolde not I sholde deie,
Toke out, more colde then ony keye,
An ointement: and in suche pointe
She hath my wounded herte anointe,
My temples, and my reynes also:
And forth with al the toke me tho
A wonder mirrour for to holde,
In whiche she bad me to beholde,
And take hede, of that I seie.
Wherin anone my hertes eie
I tafte, and sawe my colour fade,
Myn eien dim, and all vnglade,
My chekes thinne, and all my face
With elde I might see deface.
So riueled, and so wo beseine,
That there was no thinge full ne pleyn.

I sawe also myn heares hore,
My will was tho to see no more
On whiche for there was no pleasance.
And then into my remembrance
I drewe myn olde daies passed,
And as reason it hath compassed.

¶Quod status hominis mensibus anni equiperatur.

¶I Made a likenes of my selue
Unto the sondry monthes twelue,
Wherof the yere in his estate
Is made, and stant vpon debate,
That like to other none accordeth.
For who the tymes wel recordeth,
And than at Marche if he begin,
Whan that the lustie yere comth in,
Till Auguste be paste and Septembre
The mighty yongth he maie remembre,
In whiche the yere hath his deduite
Of grasse, of lefe, of floure, of fruite,
Of corne, and eke the winy grape,
And afterwarde the tyme is shape
To frost, to snowe, to wynde to rayne,
Till efte that Marche be come agayne.
The winter woll no sommer knowe,
The grene lefe is ouerthrowe,
The clothed erth is than bare,
Dispoiled is the sommer fare,
That erst was hete, is than chele,
And thus thinkende thoughtes fele,
I was out of my swowne affraide,
Wherof I sigh my wittes straide,
And gan to clepe hem home ageyne,
And whan reason it herde seyne,
That loues rage was aweye,
He cam to me the right weye:
And hath remeued the sotie
Of thilke vnwise fantasie,
Wherof that I was wont to plain,
So that of thilke firy paine
I was made sobre, and hole enough.
Venus beheldе me than, and lough,
And asketh, as it were in game,
What loue was: and I for shame.
Ne wist, what I shulde answere:
And netheles I gan to swere,
That by my trouth, I knewe him nought,
So ferre it was out of my thought,
Right as it had neuer be.
My good sonne, tho quod she,
Nowe at this tyme I leue it wele,
So goth the fortune of my whele.
For thy my counceile is thou leue.
¶Madame, I said, by your leue,
Ye weten well, and so wote I,
That I am vnbehouely
Your courte, fro this day, for to serue.
And for I maie no thonke deserue,
And also for I am refused,
I praie you to ben excused.
And netheles as for to lasse,
While that my wittes with me lasse,
Touchende my confession,
I axe an absolusion
Of Genius, er that I go.
¶The preest anone was redy tho,
And sayde: Sonne as of thy shrifte,
Thou hast full pardon, and forgifte,
Forgete it thou, and so will I.
¶My holy father graunt mercy
Quod I to hym, and to the quene
I fill on knees vpon the grene,
And toke my leue for to wende.
But she that wolde make an ende,
As therto, whiche I was most able,
A paire of bedes blacke as sable
She toke, and hynge my necke about.
Upon the gaudees all without
Was writte of golde *pur reposer*.
Lo thus she sayd, Iohan Gower,
Nowe thou art at lasse casse,
Thus haue I for thin ease casse,
That thou of loue no more sechе.
But my will is, that thou besechе,
And pray hereafter for the pees,
And that thou make a pleyne relees
To loue, whiche taketh litell hede
Of olde men vpon the nede,
Whan that the lustes ben awey,
For thy to the nis but o wey,
In whiche let reason be thy guyde.
For he maie soone hym selfe misgyde,
That seeth not the perill tofore.
My sonne be well ware therfore,
And kepe the sentence of my lore,

And

And take thou in my courte no more:
But go there vertue moꝛall dwelleth:
There ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
Whiche of longe tyme thou hafte wꝛitte.
For this I do the welle to witte,
If thou thyn hele wilt purchace,
Thou might not make fute and chace,
Where that the game is not pꝛouable,
It were a thynge vnreaſonable,
A man to be ſo ouerſaie.
For thy take hede of that I ſaie.
For in the lawe of my commune
We be nought ſhape to commune
Thy ſelfe and I neuer after this.
Nowe haue I ſeyde all that there is
Of loue, as for thy finall ende,
Adeu, for I mote fro the wende.
And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
As my diſciple and my poete.
For in the floures of his youth,
In ſondꝛie wiſe, as he well couth
Of ditees, and of ſonges glade,
The whiche he for my ſake made,
The londe fulfilled is ouer all,
Wherof to hym in ſpeciall
Aboue all other I am moſt holde.
For thy nowe in his daies olde
Thou ſhalt hym tell this meſſage,
That he vpon his later age,
To ſette an ende of all his werke,
As he whiche is myn owne clerke,
Do make his teſtament of loue,
As thou haſt done thy ſhꝛifte aboue,
So that my courte it maie recoꝛde.
Madame, I can me well accoꝛde,
(Quod I) to telle as ye me bid.
And with that woꝛde it ſo betid
Out of ſight all ſodeynly,
Enclofed in a ſterred ſkie,
Venus, whiche is the quene of loue,
Was take in to hir place aboue,
Moꝛe wiſt I not where ſhe becam.
And thus my leue of hir I nam.
And forth with al that ſame tide
Hir pꝛeeſt, whiche wolde not abide,
Nor me be leſe, nor me be lothe,
Out of my ſight forth he goth.
And I was lefte withouten helpe,
So wiſt I not wherof to yelpe,
But that onely I had loꝛe
My tyme, and was ſoꝛie therfoꝛe.
And thus bewhaped in my thought,
Whan all was tourned in to nought,
I ſtood amaſed for a while,
And in my ſelfe I gan to ſmile,
Thynkende vpon the bedes blake,
And howe thei were me betake,
For that I ſhulde bid and pꝛaie:
And whan I ſawe none other waie,
But onelie that I was refuſed,
Unto the life, whiche I had cheſed
I thought neuer to ꝛyne ageyne.
And in this wiſe ſoth to ſeyne
Homwarde a ſofte pas I went,
Where that with all myn hole entent,
Upon the point that I am ſhꝛiue,
I thinke bide, while I liue.

Parce precor Chriſte, populus quo gaudeat Anglia ne triſte ſubeat, rex ſume reſiſte (iſte
Corrige quoſq; ſtat⁹ fragiles, abſolue reat⁹:
Vnde deo gratus vigeat locus iſte beatus.

He whiche within daies ſeuen,
This large woꝛlde, forth with the heuen,
Of his eternall pꝛouidence,
Hath made, and thilke intelligence
In mannes ſoule reaſonable
Hath ſhape to be perdurable:
Wherof the man of his feture
Aboue all erthly creature
After the ſoule is immoꝛtall,
To thilke loꝛde in ſpeciall,
As he whiche is of all thynges,
The creatour, and of the kynges
Hath the foꝛtunes vpon honde,
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I pꝛaie,
That he this londe in ſiker waie:
Will ſette vpon good gouernance.
For if men take in remembꝛance,
What is to liue in vnitee,
There is no ſtate in his degree,
That ne ought to deſire pes,
Without whiche it is no les
To ſeche and loke in to the laſſe,
There maie no woꝛldes ioye laſt.

Cfyrſt for to loke the clergie,
Hem ought well to iuſtifie
Thyng, whiche belongeth to their cure,
As for to praie, and to procure
Our pees, towarde the heuen aboue,
And eke to ſet reſt and loue
Amonge vs on this erthe here,
For if thei wrought in this manere
After the rule of charitee,
I hope that men ſhulden ſee
This londe amende: and ouer this
To ſeche and loke howe that it is
Touchende of the chiualrie,
Whiche for to loke in ſome partie
Is worthie for to be commended,
And in ſome parte to be amended,
That of her large retenue
The londe is full of mayntenue,
Whiche cauſeth that the commune right,
In fewe countreis ſtont vpright.

Extorcion, contecke, rauine
With holde ben of that couine.
All daie men here great compleint,
Of the diſeaſe, of the conſtreint,
Wherof the people is ſore oppreſſed,
God graunt it mote be redreſſed.
For of knighthode thordre wolde,
That thei defende and kepe iholde
The common right, and the franchiſe
Of holy churche in all wiſe:
So that no wicked man it dere,
And therof ſerueth ſhelde and ſpere.
But for it goth nowe other waie,
Our grace goth the more aweie.

And for to loken ouermore
Wherof the people plainen ſore
Towarde the lawes of our londe,
Men ſein that trouth hath broke his bonde,
And with bracage is gone aweie,
So that no man ſee the weie,
Where for to kynde rightwiſeneſſe.

And if men ſeke ſikerneſſe,
Vpon the lucre of marchandie,
Compaſſement and trecherie
Of ſinguler profite to winne,
Men ſayne is cauſe of mochell ſinne,
And namely of diuiſion,
Whiche many a noble worthie towne
Fro welth, and fro proſperitee
Hath brought to great aduerſitee.
So were it good to be all one.
For mochell grace therupon,
Unto the citees ſhulde fall,
Whiche might auaille to vs all,
If theſe eſtates amended were,
So that the vertues ſtoden there,
And that the vices were aweie,
Me thynketh I durſte than ſeie,
This londes grace ſhulde ariſe,

But yet to loke in otherwiſe,
There is eſtate, as ye ſhall here
Aboue all other on erthe here,
Whiche hath the londe in his balance,
To hym belongeth the ligeance
Of clerke, of knight, of man of lawe,
Under his honde is all forthdrawe
The marchaunt and the laborer,
So ſtant it all in his power
Or for to ſpille, or for to ſaue,
But though that he ſuche power haue,
And that his mightes ben ſo large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To whithe that euery kynge is ſworne.
So were it good, that he therfore
Firſt vnto rightwiſenes entende,
Wherof that he hym ſelfe amende
Towarde his god, and leue vice,
Whiche is the chiefe of his office.
And after all the remenant
He ſhall vpon his couenant
Gouerne, and lede in ſuche a wiſe,
So that there be no tyrannie,
Wherof that he his people greue:
Or elles maie he nought acheue,
That longeth to his regalie.
For if a kynge will iuſtifie
His londe, and hem that ben within,
Firſt at hym ſelfe he mot begin
To kepe and rule his owe eſtate,
That in hym ſelfe be no debate
Towarde his god: for otherwiſe
Ther maie none erthly kynge ſuffiſe
Of his kyngdome the folke to lede,
But he the kynge of heuen drede.
For what kynge ſette hym vpon pride,
And taketh his luſt on euery ſide,

And will not go the right weie,
Though god his grace call aweie
No wonder is, for at last
He shall well witte, it maie not last
The pompe whiche he secheth here.
But what kynge that with humble chere
After the lawe of god escheweth
The vices and the vertues seweth:
His grace shall not be sufficiant
To governe all the remenant,
Whiche longeth vnto his duetee:
So that in his prosperitee
The people shall not be oppressed,
Wherof his name shall be blessed
For euer: and be memorialle.

Hic in fine recapitulat super hoc, quod in principio libri promisit se in amoris causa specialius tractaturum, concludit enim, quod omnis amoris delectacio extra charitatem nihil est, qui manet in charitate, in deo manet.

And nowe to speke as in finalle,
Touchende that I vndertoke,
In englysshe for to make a boke,
Whiche stant betwene ernest and game,
I haue it made, as thilke same,
Whiche aske for to be excused,
And that my boke be not refused
Of lered men, whan thei it see
For lacke of curiositee
For thilke schole of eloquence
Belongeth not to my science,
Vpon the forme of Rhetorike
My wordes for to peinte and pike,
As Tullius somtyme wrote,
But this I knowe, and this I wote,
That I haue done my trewe peyne,
With rude wordes, and with pleyne
In all that euer I couthe and might,
This boke to write, as I behight.
So as sikenes it suffer wolde,
And also for my daies olde
That I am feble and impotente,
I wote not howe the worlde is wente:
So pray I to my lordes all,
Now in min age, howe so befalle,
That I mot stonden in their grace.
For though me lacke to purchace
Her worthie thonke, as by deserte,
Yet the simplesse of my powerte
Desyreth for to do plesance
To hem, vnder whose gouernance
I hope siker to abide.
But nowe vpon my laste tide
That I this boke haue made and writte,
My muse dothe me for to witte,
And sayth, it shall be for my beste,
Fro this daie forth to take reste,
That I no more of loue make,
Whiche many a herte hath ouertake,
And ouertorned as the blynde
Fro reason in to lawe of kynde.
Where as the wisdome goeth aweie,
And can not see the right weie,
Howe to governe his owne estate:
But euery daie stant in debate
Within him selfe, and can not leue.
And thus for thy my finall leue
I take nowe for euermore
Without makynge any more
Of loue, and of his deadly hele,
Whiche no phisicien can hele.
For his nature is so diuers,
That it hath euer some trauers,
Or of to muche, or of to lite,
That plainly maie no man delite:
But if him faile or that or this,
But thilke loue, whiche that is
Within a mannes herte affirmed,
And stante of charitee confirmed:
Suche loue is goodly for to haue,
Suche loue maie the body saue,
Suche loue maie the sowle amende,
The highe god suche loue vs sende
Forthwith the remenaunt of grace,
So that aboue in thilke place,
Where resteth loue, and all pees,
Our ioye maie be endelees.
AMEN.

Thus endeth De confessione Amantis.

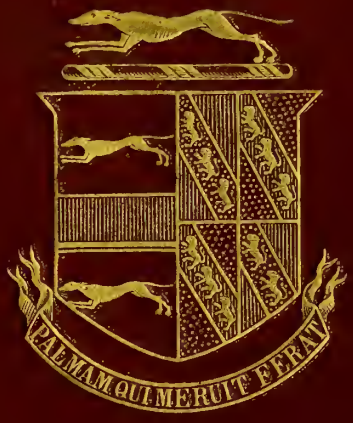
Catch-words
Vary.

Folio (191)
complete, strays
misplaced in
several places.
Signatures and
Signatures
Catch-words
vary in 3 styles
(marked).

Catch-words
Vary.






PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT